E. B. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel, AND GENERAL HARDWARE. Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

E. B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum, in advance

VOL. V., NO. 231. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, September 1, 1881. POSTAGE PREPAID.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

Our Cooper Mall Service.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.—When I first read the letter on the above, written by Hon. B. Flint, I considered it then as I do now wholly unworthy of a reply from me. Yet I would like, Mr. Editor, through your paper to inform Mr. Flint that the letter written by me to the P. O. Inspector in which I expressed the opinion that "the tri-weekly mail between Bridgewater and the Allan Settlement is a waste of $180 a year" was not given gratuitously, as I received a letter from the Inspector purporting to be confidential asking for information. Whether the opinion as expressed is correct or not I will leave it to those to judge whom it concerns and are competent to judge. I would also hasten to inform the worthy Senator of Bancroft that nothing is further removed from my thoughts than severing those links between Bridgewater and Queensboro', and "thereby build up a chinese wall," which has ever been the care of our beloved ex-reeve to cement with bonds of love and affection, yet I cannot see the use of a courier trailing an empty mail bag over miles of road in all kinds of weather at a cost to the country of $180 a year—or by-the-way perhaps the fertile brain of Mr. Flint may devise plans and specifications for a great chinese canal (to match the wall) for the transportation of mails from the thriving village of Bridgewater to Queensboro'.

I might be allowed the liberty of recommending the modest Senator, in as far as his writings affect the people of this vicinity, to confine himself to interesting accounts of his travels in the far north, and a kind of promiscuous advice to adventurous travellers going by rough roads, up steep hills, &c., &c., and leave purely local matters in the hands of those whom it concerns, and who will I think be quite able to arrange matters satisfactorily to themselves.

Your editorial I consider to be fair and correct, the closing part of which I would be very much inclined to believe if it was not for the positive assurance of Mr. Flint to the contrary.

Yours &c.,
DANIEL THOMPSON.

Queensboro', 31st August, 1881.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

Mr. Pusey and his agent Mr. Hutchinson came over to Bancroft last week from the Snowdon mines. They brought some miners with them, who are now engaged in opening up and examining the claims purchased in this neighborhood, with a view to test their quality.

The Hon. B. Flint is now stopping at the Bancroft House.

Mr. W. Jarman has put a new and handsome covered stage on the mail route betwixt Maynooth and Thanet, which, fair weather or foul, will be a great improvement on the former open conveyance.

Mr. Kavanagh has completed his job on the Hastings Road from Thanet north; the crossways were in a ruinous state and he has replaced them with new ones, and also cut round some bad hills making an excellent job of it, as he always does. He is now engaged in repairing the Hastings Road north of Maynooth.

Mr. F. Mullett had the contract of repairing the east and west Monk Roads. The east Monk Road formerly joined the Hastings Road opposite Mr. J. C. George's, half a mile from Bancroft, but Mr. Mullett has made a new cut on this road which avoids several hills, and is three quarters of a mile shorter than the old route, and brings it (the Monk Road) out at the village of Bancroft, where the four corners meet at the Bancroft House. A new piece of road also has been made east of Bronson saving another half mile. Mr. Mullett has cut down several hills and greatly improved the roads. The work on the west Monk Road consisted in repairing crossways, nearly all of which were rotten, and $500.00 (the amount of the grant) goes but a short way in work of this description, but Mr. Mullett has succeeded in putting several miles of road in a good state fit for traffic, which were formerly practically speaking impassible for teams owing to broken crossways. By this means a block of some thousands of acres of fine level hardwood land about six miles west of Bancroft will be rendered available for settlement.

August 17th, the picnic of the Sunday School children of L'Amable, was held on Jarman's Hill, and was the largest gathering of the kind that ever took place here, fully 400 persons being present, several coming from Thanet, Montesgle, Carlow, Mayo, &c. After dinner speeches were made by the following Rev'd gentlemen:—J. Young, W. B. Tucker, Farquharson and Grant, also by Mr. J. Wilson, &c. Various sports and amusements were then endulged in, but the grand attraction of the day was the cricket match, between the L'Amable and Thanet Clubs. The Thanet club were unlucky in their first innings, but played well and made a good score in their second one. But the L'Amable team were too strong for them as they beat them in one innings making a score of 82, the Thanet club in their two innings scoring 74.

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, 27th August, 1881.

There is no better family medicine than Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. They are taken alike by both old and young. They invigorate the system. They should invariably be used instead of those little well-known nauseous purgatives called pills. In large 8 oz. bottles at 50 cents. For sale by all Durggists.

Moveo et Proficio.—The public have so often been deceived by representations made through the advertising columns, that if an announcement is made offering unusual inducements, it is considered at once as a 'blow' and no further attention is paid to it. I believe it pays to advertise providing the truth is told. If the advertiser is not able to carry out the inducements offered to the public it is but a waste of money and printers' ink. I have this season endeavored to secure a stock of furniture suitable for a first-class trade and I think an examination will bear me out in asserting that I have the finest and most complete stock of furniture ever offered in Madoc. I wish the public to understand most particularly that I keep no auction or Cheap John trash in my ware room, but all goods made for a legitimate trade.

UNDERTAKING.

I keep as usual a full stock of Coffins, Caskets, Robes, Shrouds, and Undertakers supplies on hand, and will furnish as usual as low as can possibly be done.

MARSHALL MAYBEE.

For all Liver and Kidney complaints and affections of the Stomach and Bowels use the great Dyspepsia remedy, Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. In large 8 oz. bottles containing 70 teaspoonful doses at 50 cents a bottle. For sale by all Druggists.

Nota Bene.—We buy our goods from the same firms that the dealers here have bought from ever since they dealt in furniture, and they buy now of the same firms. But mark! we pay CASH DOWN, they don't, and by discounts and close bargining we can sell from 25 to 50 per cent. less than credit buyers, or, as advertised, at and under Belleville retail prices. However, proof in pudding: compare our ARTICLES and PRICES. What is it to the public whether Auction or Cheap John so long as they can get what they want almost for half what they have been accustomed to pay. We sold 11 bedsteads on Saturday last, not by auction but private sale, besides other articles. A fact—People can buy at our prices, when they had to do without at extortionate prices. If slanderer wants any more truth let him keep at his little game we have lots more in forte.

THOS. SCOTT, Agent and Auctioneer.

E. B. FRALECK, B. A.,
BARRISTER, &c.,
No. 17, Campbell St., Belleville,
AGENT FOR
Bristol & West of Englan Investment Company,

The only purely English Company loaning money in this Province, and consequently interest less than can be afforded by any other Company. Instalment loans from 2 years up to 20, at 5½ per cent. $152 per year for 10 years pays off a loan of $1000,, principal and interest. Straight loans at 8 and 8½ per cent. Borrowers have privilege of making repayments on account of principal. No commission. $50,000 Private funds to loan at 8½ per cent., payable yearly. Charges reasonable.

Belleville, March 25th, 1880.

NEW
BOOT AND SHOE
SHOP

THE undersigned begs to announce to the people of Madoc and vicinity that he has opened a New Boot and Shoe Shop in the building formerly occupied by M. Ray, one door east of Mrs. Christie's Photograph Gallery, St. Lawrence street, where he will be prepared to receive and execute all orders entrusted to him, in a first-class manner. Having worked in some of the best shops in the city of Toronto and elsewhere I am confident of being able to give satisfaction as regards fits and the quality of the work done, to all who may favor me with their orders.

For patching on Ladies' and fine work I am using a new cement by the use of which no sewing is necessary and the patches cannot be detected. I am the only one in this village who is using this kind of cement.

TERMS Cash. - Give me a call.

H. COTTRELL.

Madoc, July 7th, 1880.

Desirable Property for Sale

THE HOUSE and an acre and a quarter of land on the East side of Wellington Street, in the village of Madoc, owned by Mrs. Dunn. The above lot is well situated, near the Post Office. Title guaranteed. Terms easy. Apply to

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Barristers, Madoc.

Dated, 1st June, 1880.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. BATEMAN, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMERY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
R. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland,
Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month. H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, August 29th
At 8 o'clock.
C. S. MITCHELL, Rec. Secretary.

Gold and Iron.

West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.

THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claims is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.

A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.

Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,
Division Street, Reed's Block,
Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop
22 GEORGE CHOWN.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

THE undersigned keeps on hand large quantities of SUPERIOR EXTRA flour in Bags or Barrels at the North Hastings Warehouse, sold in quantities to suit purchasers and at the lowest possible prices.

He is in receipt within the last few days of

THREE CAR LOADS
OF THE CELEBRATED
"Empress" Brand,

a grade of flour that has given general satisfaction. The best evidence being that he has sold about 1,000 Bbls. since the 1st of Jan. last.

SEED GRAIN.

He keeps on hand Wheat, Peas, Oats and Barley for seed. The Wheat and Oats are from the neighborhood of Lindsay, and of superior quality. A limited quantity of superior Spring Wheat for seed on hand.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, March 2nd, 1881.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHAR. ES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

LOOK! LOOK!
8c. A FACT! 8c.
OUR WONDERFULLY
CHEAP STORE,
Just opened in Reid's Block, for people wishing to secure bargains in such goods as
TINWARE, SOAPS, BRUSHES,
Toys, Novelties, &c..
FRESH ARRIVALS WEEKLY.
GIVE US A CALL. Remember the place,
REID'S BLOCK.
G. BENNETT.
Madoc, Feb. 22nd, 1881. 204.

Money to Loan!
Low Rate of Interest!

To Farmers and Real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to add to your farm?

To build a new house or barn?

To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?

To pay off a mortgage, and get plenty of time at a low rate of interest?

Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
FOR THIS COUNTY.

AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,
with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please

6 Per Cent. INTEREST. 6

The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.

Nov. 1st, 1880.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

R. S. HENDERSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Madoc. Office—over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co. Entrance—Side door.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over the Custom House.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D. &c.,
LICENTIATE of the Royal College of Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Office and residence nearly opposite the Windsor House, Madoc

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

St. FRANCIS HOTEL,
ELDORADO, ONT.
FRANCIS CONLIN - PROPRIETOR.

GOOD accommodation for the traveling public, at reasonable rates.
The Bar stocked with choice Liquors, Cigars, etc. 149

BLAIR & HOUGH,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Offices: No. 4 Ashley Block, over Canadian Bank of Commerce, Front St.
HUGH BLAIR. J. STANLEY HOUGH.
N. B.—Private money to loan at 7 per cent.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
AND
Commission Agency.
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

WINDSOR HOUSE,
MADOC, ONT.

HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.
Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.
Every attention paid to guests.
CONLEY & McNEILL.
Madoc, May 4th, 1880.

PRIVATE FUNDS! TO LOAN.

$25,000

Have been placed in the hands of the subscribers to loan upon farm or city property at from
7 to 8 per Cent. Interest.
according to the size and quality of loan.

NO DELAY in obtaining the money beyond the time employed in the investigation of the titles.

NO COMMISSION OR CHARGES other than those of drawing up the necessary papers and disbursements of loans.

Straight Loans only.
BLAIR & HOUGH,
Barristers, &c.,
Oct. 25, 1880. Ashley Block, Belleville

The Little Kings and Queens.

Monarchs whose kingdom no man bounds,
No leagues uphold, no conquest spreads,
Whose thrones are any mossy mounds,
Whose crowns are curls on sunny heads!

The only sovereigns on the earth
Whose sway is certain to endure:
No line of kings of kingliest birth
Is of its reigning half so sure.

No fortress built in all the land
So strong they cannot storm it free;
No palace made too rich, too grand,
For them to roam triumphantly.

No tyrant so hard-hearted known
Can their diplomacy resist;
They can usurp his very throne:
He abdicates when he is kissed.

No hovel in the world so small,
So meanly built, so squalid, bare,
They will not go within its wall,
And set their reign of splendor there.

No beggar too forlorn and poor
To give them all they need to thrive;
They frolic in his yard and door,
The happiest kings and queens alive.

Oh, blessed little kings and queens,
The only sovereigns in the earth!
Their sovereignty nor rests nor leans
On pomp of riches or of birth.

Nor ends when cruel death lays low
In dust each little curly head.
All other sovereigns crownless go,
And are forgotten, when they're dead;

But these hold changeless empire past,
Triumphant past, all earthly scenes:
We worship, truest to the last,
The buried "little kings and queens."

A GUILTLESS PRODIGAL.

By the Author of "HONOURS DIVIDED," "A CAPTIVE'S CAPTIVE," *&c.*

CHAPTER I.

A gloomy London square—an unfashionable square decidedly—"east of Temple Bar;" an oasis in a busy, dirty neighborhood, the glory of which has long since departed, the square proper consisting of a few sickly-looking dusty trees and a patch of withered down-trodden grass, but the houses good old substantial residences, with large iron-studded doors and with an air of old-fashioned respectability.

The number for which I, Grisel Churchill—alas, not a patient, but a sadly impatient, Grisel I—am seeking is 25, the abode of the Reverend Robert Yorke, Vicar of this degenerate parish; and I have to make a tour of three sides of the quadrangle ere I find it.

Here it is at last, a sombre-looking abode, with blinds down, for its master is away on a Continental trip; and I have come hither to pay a visit to my old nurse, who is left in charge of the Reverend Robert's *Lares* and *Penates*. The servants are away on board wages; so Hannah is in sole possession. It is a warm June afternoon, and the long walk from the station has tired me. Very gladly I ascend the short flight of stone steps and obey the injunction to "knock and ring." The dear old soul is not long in answering my summons, and her honest face beams upon me delighted.

"So you found your way, dearie?" she says, admitting me into a dark oak-panelled hall with a magnificently carved staircase.

"Yes; you see my bump of locality is largely developed." I laugh, my eye wandering about my strange surroundings with girlish curiosity. "What a charming old place!"

The Reverend Robert Yorke is a bachelor, and I feel interested in him and his belongings.—I am romantic—not romantic after the fashion of many of my contemporaries, for my knowledge of lovers and love-making is purely theoretical. Although eighteen years old, I have never had a lover in my life, and I have no particular desire for one. But, because I am exempt from the weakness of falling in love, that is no reason why other people should be; and then and there I begin to weave a romance in which the Reverend Robert figures as hero. Robert Yorke! Not at all a romantic name.

"I am sorry to have to ask you down into the kitchen, Miss Grisel," apologises Hannah; "but the rest of the house is turned topsy-turvy. It has to be cleaned from top to bottom before Mr. Yorke comes home."

"When is he coming home?" I ask, following her down-stairs, my dignity not at all hurt by having to descend to the lower regions.

The reverend gentleman's comfortable well-appointed kitchen is not a room to be despised by me, poor little Grisel Churchill, the daughter of a struggling solicitor with a large family and pitiful small means.

"I don't expect him back for a month or more," answers Hannah, on hospitable thoughts intent. "Come now, dearie; tea's ready. You must be hungry after your long walk."

I am hungry, and do ample justice to the ripe luscious strawberries and home-made cake which my kind old nurse sets before me. I do not get such luxuries every day, for our fare is of the simplest; but fortunately not one of us is troubled with a dainty appetite.

"When you have finished, Miss Grisel," says Hannah, "I must take you up-stairs and show you some of the pictures and knick-knacks. A great many of them are covered up or locked away; still there are several things about well worth looking at."

"I wonder how it is Mr. Yorke has never married?" I remarked thoughtfully, stirring my second cup of tea. "Is he nice looking?"

"Yes; to my mind he is, missie, and a very pleasant spoken gentleman too. There's his portrait up-stairs in the dining-room; and it's his very image."

"Is he fair or dark?" I ask, deeply interested in my hero, now that I know him to be well favored.

"Fair, dearie, very fair indeed—about master Gerald's complexion."

Gerald is the eldest of my brothers, a golden-haired boy, with dreamy blue eyes and a pink-and-white complexion. The "fair Geraldine" we call him, because he is so like a girl. Most people admire his pretty effeminate face, but I do not share in their admiration. I prefer dark men; and nurse's information disappointed me.

"What a pity! I can't bear fair men," I returned. How does he wear his hair?"

"Why, bless you, my dear lady, I haven't noticed! The same as any other man, I suppose. He has a fine long beard."

"How horrid!" I ejaculate scornfully. "I hate beards. Do you know how old he is?"

"Somewhere on the shady side of forty, I believe; about forty-two or three. He might be more; but I don't think so. He looks quite in his prime."

In his prime! Why, he is as old as papa! Alas, for my romance! I abandon it in disgust; and it is with considerably abated interest that I go up-stairs to inspect his goods and chattels.

"This is the dining-room, Miss Grisel."

I follow Hannah into a long dark room, where the furniture is shrouded with holland coverings, and the carpet rolled up and put under the table. The first thing that attracts my attention is a small black-and-gold Oxford frame containing a mounted photograph of two men playing chess. One is the Reverend Robert Yorke—I know him by his beard—that hateful beard!—a fair aristocratic-looking man, with thin, closely-shorn hair parted down the middle, and a grave pleasant face. In spite of his forty odd years, he looks much younger than poor harassed papa; but he is not my "style," and, after a very cursory glance, I turn my disapproving brown eyes from him to his companion.

I see a negligently graceful figure, clad in a light tweed tourist's suit, a dark subtly fascinating face with a beautiful womanly mouth and languid Southern eyes. Ah, that face! I "examine every several lineament" and find no flaw therein. But I have yet to learn that—

"Men's hearts and faces are so far asunder that
They hold no intelligence."

"Hannah, do you know who this other gentleman is?"

"Not I, dearie. How should I know? I know nothing of Mr. Yorke's friends, nor of him either, for the matter of that, except that he's one of the nicest-spoken gentleman I ever came across."

I turned away from the picture with a sigh.

Hannah is right; there are several things worth looking at. Evidently Mr. Yorke is a man of perfect taste. From top to bottom the house is finished in strict accordance with the rules of so-called "high art"—the floors polished, the walls "dado," the mantlepieces bordered with rare antique point lace—the value of which unfashionable little Grisel Churchill can only guess at—the mirrors framed in ebony, with queer little shelves for articles of *vertu*; and, lifting one of the holland coverings of the dining-room furniture, I see that it is carved oak upholstered in sage green velvet. The walls are covered with pictures, for the most part water-colors, and ugly yellow old prints, to which I pay scant attention. I am no lover of old prints and can see nothing in them to admire.

There are a great many book-cases. I pause before one of them, for I have a curiosity to see what class of literature the Reverend Robert most affects. As I expected, they are chiefly dry theological and scientific works; but presently I come to some novels—Sir Walter Scott's, complete set; Dickens', also complete; four of Thackeray's, and—yes, actually one of Rhoda Broughton's! My favorite too, *Nancy*. I stop short here and take down the volume from the shelf. It is so long since I read it; I cannot resist just one stolen chapter.

Hannah laughs at my evident delight.

"What a one you are for reading, Miss Grisel! What book's that you've got hold of now?"

"Oh, such a delightful one! I must sit down and have half an hour's treat. You don't mind, do you, nurse?" I said coaxingly.

"Certainly not, missie! I want to run for some odds and ends; so perhaps, if you sit up here at the window with your book, you won't mind being left alone. I sha'n't be gone long."

"Go by all means; and I'll keep house," I say gaily; and, five minutes later, I hear the heavy hall-door swing to, and I am alone—alone in a strange house.

It is a glorious evening. The tender sunbeams glint in at my window and fall in golden bars across the pages of my book. Leaf after leaf, chapter after chapter, I pursue; and, while I read, time flits by, and gradually the sun goes down.

Suddenly it occurs to me that I have exceeded my stipulated half-hour, and, glancing at the clock upon the mantlepiece, I discover that it is eight o'clock. My train leaves at half-past, and there is fully half an hour's walk to the station. It is strange that Hannah should not remind me of the flight of time; for she must have returned long ago, although I have been too absorbed in my book to hear her. I hastily replace it, and run swiftly down-stairs to the kitchen. She is not there.

"Hannah! Nursie!" I call; but there is no reply. "How very tiresome!" I exclaim impatiently. "There is not another train till half-past nine. Mamma will be in a perfect fever. However, what's done can't be helped," I add philosophically, for I am not given to useless regrets.

Nothing troubles me very long; and presently I begin to think it rather good fun being shut up in this romantic old house all by myself. I am not in the least nervous, and laugh the idea of ghost and ghost-lore to scorn. After casting about in my mind as to the best way of improving the fading hours, I decide on having another peep at that dangerously-fascinating face which has so taken my fastidious fancy; and for that purpose I retrace my steps to the dining-room.

Yes, it is a beautiful face—the ideal of my girlish dreams, a man such as I never expected to meet in this prosaic world of ours. I gaze upon the exquisitely-chiselled features, the delicately formed hands, the dreamy half-laughing eyes, and think how best to describe their perfections to Leonore, my sister and boon companion. I take note of every detail. Nothing escapes me, not even the fact that the piece held between those shapely fingers is his opponent's queen. If I had been in Mr. Yorke's place, I would not have had myself represented in the act of being defeated. I cannot bear to be beaten at chess; it always put me out of temper. But there he sits, without a shade of annoyance on his fair serene face, whilst the enemy captures his most valuable piece and looks up at him with that provoking smile, which would have driven me almost mad. It shows a want of spirit on Mr. Yorke's part.

For fully ten minutes I stand contemplating the photograph; then I bid one of the two men a mute lingering farewell, and go up to the bed-room which Hannah occupies to don my hat and jacket. It is a small quaintly-furnished apartment, the Reverend Robert's dressing-room, so nurse informed me, and she has had a bed made up there, in order, as she terms it, to "save her legs." On the chimney-piece are two curious china mugs. I take up one, and I see that it bears the family crest and the Yorke's motto "*Nec cupias nec metuas*"—"Neither desire nor fear," a salutary piece of advice to me just now, for I cannot help desiring to be as rich as their owner. It must be so nice to be surrounded by every comfort that wealth and refinement can suggest. I infinitely prefer this æsthetic splendor to Brummagem splendor, with it gilt and *prononce* colors. The mellow-green walls, rush-bottom chairs, dingy carpeting, and grotesquely-shaped toilet-jug, all striking my ignorant eyes as being "the thing." I have an intuitive perception that, severely as this house is furnished it is the abode of a gentleman and a man of considerable wealth. On either side of the fireplace is a large closet, and, with the proverbial failing of my sex, I turn the handle of one and peer it.

"Whatever is this?"

The cause of my exclamation is a faded rose-colored brocaded gown. In high delight I take it down from the peg and find that it is a sacque—a loose flowing garment dating back to the period of the earlier Georges.

"It must have belonged to some ancestress. How delightfully romantic! What fun it would be to try it on!"

Quick as thought I divest myself of my own humbler garments and array my slight girlish figure in the rich old brocade. It is ever so much too large for me, and so loose that I could almost jump out of it. Still the color suits my dusky skin, and I sweep the fantastic image reflected in the oak-framed mirror a saucy curtsey.

"I wonder how people did their hair in those time?" I soliloquise. "It was not then that they wore those funny steeple-looking things; yet, I if had a sheet of paper, I would make one, just to see how they look."

But I have not, so abandon the idea, until suddenly I remember having seen a newspaper on the kitchen-table; and, darting down-stairs I take possession of it and return in triumph to Hannah's room. My dexterous fingers soon fashion the paper into a semblance of the quaint old head-dress. I set it gently upon my ruddy brown head, and clap my hand in girlish glee. The effect is perfect. I scarcely know this old-time Grisel. I am perfectly sure nurse would not recognise me, especially between the lights. She would think it was an apparition. With my characteristic thoughtlessness, I laughingly throw my train over my arm and slowly commence descending the shadowy staircase. I accomplish the first flight, and then—

"Great Heaven!" ejaculates a rich deep voice.

At the foot of the second flight, in the dark old hall, stands a tall, fair-bearded man, his face blanched with horror. It is Mr. Yorke.

For a moment I pause dumbfoundered upon the topmost stair, my brown eyes staring fixedly down into the bewildered blue ones. Then the absurdity of the situation proves too much for my risible faculties, and I break into a merry laugh.

"I am not a ghost," I say demurely. "I am only Grisel Churchill, and Hannah is my old nurse, and I have come to see her—that is all."

"All?" queries Mr. Yorke, with a slow amused smile.

I feel the shame blood rush even to the roots of my ridiculously-adorned hair.

"I—I only did it to frighten Hannah," I stammered apologetically.

"And, instead of frightening Hannah, you have frightened me."

"Are you very angry?" I ask, with childish deprecation.

"Very."

But the kind indulgent smile belies the avowal, and I feel my courage revive.

"You see, Hannah went out about two hours ago," I say, "and I scarcely knew how to amuse myself. I know it was horribly rude and hatefully inquisitive of me to look into your cupboard. I only opened one; but I was so dull here all alone and with nothing to do," I add pathetically.

"Poor child! Mrs. Randall had no business to leave you shut up in this gloomy house by yourself."

"Oh, but I am not a bit nervous!" I protest eagerly. "And she didn't intend to stay so long. I can't think what has become of her. She knew I wanted to leave at eight o'clock, and now it must be nearly nine. I sha'n't be able to catch the 9.30 train; and there's not another till half-past ten. It will be eleven before I get home. Mamma will be almost frantic."

"Hadn't you better send her a telegram to say you have been detained?"

Ere I can reply to the considerate suggestion, there is a sharp ring at the door-bell and I exclaim joyfully—

"Ah, here she is at last!"

Poor Hannah! She has had an epileptic fit. A good-natured motherly-looking woman has acted the good Samaritan towards her and led her home. Hannah stares at me in my fantastic costume—which for the moment I had forgotten all about—in open mouthed astonishment.

"I have been dressing up," I say by way of an explanation; and I see Mr. Yorke smile.

Although my poor nurse has in a measure recovered from her attack, she looks sadly ill.

"Would you like this good woman to stay with you a little while? Probably she may better understand what to do for you than Miss Churchill or I should," says Mr. Yorke, with thoughtful kindness.

But Hannah, as I am aware, is suspicious of strangers.

"No, thank you, sir, there's no occasion for that. I shall do very well now," she answers respectfully.

And her good Samaritan departs, but, to judge from her obeisance, not without a very substantial *doucour* from the master of the house.

"Miss Grisel dear, what will your mamma say to your being so late?" says Hannah anxiously. "The worry that I've been in about you!"

"Never mind, nursie," I returned gaily. "I can telegraph if that's all."

"How do you feel now, Mrs. Randall?" asks Mr. Yorke in a gentle pleasant voice.

"A little better, sir, thank you. I dare say I shall be all right by the morning."

"Is there any one you know of whom you would like to sit up with you to-night?"

A sudden thought strikes me.

"Nursie, would you like me to sit up with you?"

"Ah," at would be an excellant plan, Miss Churchill, if you think you parents would not object," says Mr. Yorke in a tone of relief; and somehow I fancy he looks pleased at my suggestion.

"Oh, no, I am sure they wouldn't?" I answer confidently. "But I should like to let them know as soon as possible that they are not to expect me until to-morrow morning."

"If you write down what you wish to say, I will telegraph for you. Mrs. Randall would naturally prefer to have you with her to a stranger," he says, with a smile I do not understand.

So it is arranged; and I find my self located for the night at 25, Chester Square. It is quite an adventure! What will Leo say?

With a due sense of my own importance, I tenderly lead poor Hannah up-stairs and assist her into bed. By the time she is comfortably settled, I hear Mr. Yorke return. About ten minutes later he taps at our door. I rise and open it, still in my "silken gown."

"I thought you might like a glas of wine and a biscuit," he says holding a small tray toward me. "I am very sorry not to have anything more substantial to offer you; but, as you know, I came home quite unexpectedly."

"How kind and thoughtful you are!" I exclaim involuntarily.

"The kindness is all on your side," he says hastily. "I don't know how to thank you sufficiently."

What a pity he is so fair! Were he only dark, he would really be an unusually handsome man.

"Oh, it is nothing! Nursie is so much better that I shall not have to sit up after all. I might just as well have gone home."

"Scarcely."

And in those grave blue eyes I see something which calls a vivid blush to my cheeks.

"Good night, Mr. Yorke," I falter, holding out to him my little brown hand.

"Good night."

His long white fingers close over mine with a soft quick pressure, and he is gone.

Grisel Churchill, for the first time in your life you have made a conquest. Is it your "silken gown" that has done the mischief, or your little dusky face, with its big brown eyes and frame of burnished hair? Its features are shockingly unclassical, and not all the dimples in the world can atone for that wide mouth, even though the lips be red as freshly gathered strawberries, and the teeth small, white, and even. No, Grisel Churchill, your only claim to beauty lies in that rippling wealth of auburn hair—hair that tumbles almost to your knees, each wave tinged with gold.

Your eyes are not bad, but they are nothing out of common; and your long brown lashes ought to curl, but they do not. You make the most of your admirer, Grisel, for you may never have another. Yet all night long you have the presumption to dream of a dark debonair face whose dreamy Southern eyes would see nothing to admire in you; they have seen so many fairer women in their day. Silly little Grisel!

CHAPTER II.

Hannah is better: so much so that she insists in rising at her usual our, six o'clock and leaves me tranquilly dozing amongst the pillows. I am terribly lazy, and "the old clock on the stairs" strikes nine before I begin to think of getting up.

But, when I have effected that difficult feat, I am not long in dressing. I frown disapprovingly at the Grisel of to-day. Her brown serge dress looks so faded and shabby, the braid so rusty, the plain linen collar and cuffs so unpretentious. I shake down the shining masses of my hair, hoping that it may in some measure compensate for other defects. I always wear my hair down indoors, for, to tell the truth, I am proud of it. But to-day I even find fault with that; it is too much inclined to red.

Mr. Yorke is just leaving his room as I open my door. He shakes hands with me, bids me a pleasant good morning, and inquires after Hannah. When I tell him that she has been up for the last three hours, he playfully shrugs his shoulders.

"What an example for us lazy people! Miss Churchill, will you take compassion on a poor old bachelor, and allow him to breakfast with you?"

I assented smilingly. I like Mr. Yorke. He may not be my "style," and I could never be in love with him; but, for all that, I like him.

The rest of the house being, as Hannah says "topsy-turvy," the breakfast is laid in the kitchen. It is with serious misgivings that I take my place at the head of the table. I am not accustomed to preside. It is Leo who always takes mamma's place when occasion requires, and not I. They say I am not to be trusted, that I should be sure to break the cups, spill the milk or pour the tea into the saucer-basin—a gross libel, of course, and wholly without foundation. I only wish they could see me now!

"Do you take milk and sugar, Mr. Yorke?" I inquired with an air of polite dignity.

"Both, thank you, Miss Churchill."

It may be fancy; but I have an uncomfortable conviction that there is a covert smile twitching the corners of his mouth, which is almost hidden from view by that hateful beard. If I knew him a little better, I would advise him to shave it of; I am sure it is no ornament! I do not like being laughed at, and I see no reason why he should laugh. It is not as though I had done or said anything ridiculous. And, when he next addresses me, I answer him with freezing *hauteur*.

I have snubbed him effectually. For some minutes, breakfast progresses in silence, during which I find time to compare this orderly table, with its snowy damask, antique silver, and crested china, with our "scrambly" meal at home—a meal which I often avoid by staying in bed until it is over and the boys are gone off to school. Poverty is no crime, but it is disagreeable; and although I have never "fed on roses, and lain in the lilies of life," I shrink from its petty economies and pitiful make-shifts with a feeling of shame. My coffee tastes ever so much better sipped from this dainty crested porcelain, thin as egg-shell, than it does from our own thin white cups with a narrow green border, and most of them cracked. Nearly everything in our house is either cracked or chipped. Yet, in spite of our poverty, we are one of the happiest families under the sun, merry as crickets, and "poor as church mice."

"May I trouble you for another cup of coffee?"

So engrossed have I become in my thoughts that I have quite forgotten my companion.

"I—I beg your pardon," I stammered confusedly. "I was thinking."

His smile is so kind that I straightway forgive him his past offence.

"Was it about something interesting?"

"I was thinking how nice it must be to be rich. We are so poor, so horribly unromantically poor," is my candid reply. We Churchills are always candid "unpleasantly candid," some people say.

"Riches do not always bring happiness," he says gravely.

"People always say that who are rich themselves," I answer bluntly. "But if they knew what poverty was—genteel poverty especially—they would tell a very different tale. Not that we are unhappy—quite the reverse—but there are so many of us, and it is so hard, so very hard to make both ends meet."

The fair brows contract.

"How many sisters and brothers have you?" he asks gently.

"'Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many you may be?'"

I quote flippantly. "There are eight of us. I, Grisel—isn't it an ugly name?—am the eldest, then comes Leonore—she's the flower of the flock—Gerald—he's nice-looking, but too fair—Jack, Algy, Charlie, Trixie, and baby. Her name is Mabel, but we always call her 'baby,' although she is nearly three years old. Oh, Mr. Yorke, I wish you could see Leo! She is such a pretty girl—just like a picture!"

"I thought some one else looked just like a picture last night," he says, with a gleam of mischief in his blue eyes; "so much so that when I discovered her to be a real little lady—I was sceptical upon that point at first—my fingers itched to transfer her to canvas, newspaper head-gear and all. I wonder if I could screw up sufficient courage to ask permission?"

I stare at him aghast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Difficulties of the German Government.

In addition to constitutional embarrassments, domestic affairs impose at least one serious and permanent dilemma upon the minds of German patriots and statesmen. This concerns the physical endurance of the country. So long as Germany keeps her army up to its present standard of numbers and efficiency, she has little to fear from foreign enemies, except, perhaps, in the case of a general combination against her, which skilful diplomacy will doubtless be able to avert. But the army secures her against one danger only by exposing her uninterruptedly to another. The greater the security against attacks from abroad, the greater the risk of bankruptcy at home. The drafts which the army makes upon the youth, the civic talent, the producing classes of the country, are borne with comparative ease, because service under the flag has become a second nature with the German people, and is hardly regarded as an interruption of the normal career of the successive generations. But the military budget is a much heavier burden, and withal a progressive burden, to which the growth of population and wealth bears no adequate relation. Under this the country is gradually breaking down. The present generation may not see the catastrophe, nor the next, for the endurance of the German people in the matter of taxation can yet withstand severe trial; but there is a point at which its strength, if not its patience, will fail, and under the present system that point will some day be reached.

Finally, the retirement of Bismarck, which has already been often threatened, or his death, which has now become a daily possibility, would be a serious blow to the stability of the imperial system. Of the three men who led the great movement for unity, the Emperor, Moltke, and Bismarck, the last-named could be least easily spared. The Emperor is a man of mediocre ability even as a soldier, and his son is in some respects his superior. Moltke is unquestionably a military genius; but Moltke has created a school and a system, and these will live after him. But the Chancellor has rigorously suppressed every rising pupil, and has formed a strictly personal regime, which no successor could administer. The secret of his power will be buried with him in the grave. It is natural, therefore, that the German people should view the prospect of his loss with dismay, and be paralyzed by every unfavorable report of his condition or his feelings. This is really the great danger which threatens the empire.

Torture in Switzerland.

It is generally supposed that the French revolution of 1789 dealt the practice of judicial torture its death-blow, and that nowhere in Europe did it survive the opening of the present century. This is an error. A man was racked in Zug so lately as 1824, and for several years thereafter the thumb-screw was in common use in this canton, albeit, if that made any difference, as a punishment after conviction, not as a means of extorting confession before trial. In the archives of Obwalden appears an entry, in 1840, of a payment of 30s. to the executioner for beating a prisoner (who had proved refractory under examination) with rods in the "torture-chamber." Even at so recant a date as 1855 this measure of enforcing admissions of guilt seems to have been still in vogue; for in that year it is stated, in the public records, of a certain accused person that, "after being chastised with rods, the prisoner was cautioned that, if he did not answer more frankly, he would be led back to the torture-room and severely handled; whereupon the examination was resumed.

Without "Your Health."

To take a glass of wine during dinner without previously dedicating it to the health of some one was a breach of etiquette that few would care to be found guilty of, and any one so offending would have been thought either eccentric or exclusive. In 1803 when the then Duke of Buccleuch, dining at the table of the Lord Advocate (Charles Hope) drank a glass of sherry without the conventional preliminary address, the act was for years after pointed to as an instance of the ducal contempt.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, the Canadian statesman, began the study of law when fifteen years of age, and was in practice at twenty-one.

THE OLD CIRCUS DAYS.

A Veteran Tells How He Distinguished His Patrons.

A western circus man, in his reminiscences of the circus of the olden time, says that the owners of the show got up a new wrinkle; nobody could go out, even if in sight all the while, without paying again to *go in*—no return checks.

"The fellow who had the candy privilege used to go around and draw the canvas walls up taut, so as to make it as hot as Tophet inside, as it would increase the demand for the vile tartaric acid mixture that he called lemonade. Just let me tell you that when you get five thousand people and a hundred wild animals in a tight canvas tent, with the sun blazing down on it, the place is as hot as a blast furnace, and smells like a New York gutter on a summer day. Why, once in a while a puff of that air used to come out the door where I was standing and almost knock me flat; even a strong cigar under my nose wouldn't help me much. Of course, people would want to come out for breath; I'd let them go, but remind them that they'd have to buy fresh tickets to get back with. 'Twas a regular outrage all around; some of the women would faint, and the children would get sick, though men knocked under quickest in the bad air. Nine out of ten of the people who wanted to go out were men."

"What did you do about it?"

"I got a piece of chalk and cut it down to a good broad point. When a fellow wanted to go out I'd tell him it was against the rules to come back without a fresh ticket, but that I'd make an exception in his case if he'd let me number him so he'd turn around and I chalk'k across his back in big figures any number that happened to come into my head."

"And you kept duplicates?"

"Not much. I knew nobody else would counterfeit my signature—my figures, I mean—for the sake of getting in free; besides, I could remember their faces, anyhow. When the fellow came back I'd turn him around, look at the number, say 'All right,' and shove him in. It always made a big excitement in town. I know one of the managers came to me one day and whispered that he thought a lunatic asylum had been let loose to come to the show. 'What makes you think so?' I asked. 'Because there's a lot of fellows around here with big numbers chalked on their backs,' said he. When I'explained to him he lay right down on the grass and rolled. I really thought he'd burst himself laughing."

"But didn't the chalk spoil his clothes?"

"That was their lookout. They could choose between it and the price of a new ticket. When a tony fellow came along that could afford the fifty cents as well as not, but was too mean to do it, he was well marked, and don't you forget it. A decent fellow who wasn't very well dressed I'd let him off with a single figure, and not a very big one, either—just big enough to warn him against going out too often; but the tonier a man was the more chalk he got. Some of them would have a whole sum in addition on their backs, and the figures were big enough to read half a mile away. You ought to have seen me fresco the backs of a lot of British officers, in full uniform, up in Canada one day. A genuine gentleman I'd sometimes let up on by going through the motion of chalking, I'd do it with my knuckle."

"Did you chalk women, too?"

"No; a woman who went out of that sweat-box never wanted to go back again—not that day, at any rate. Besides, although the numbering was fun to me, I could't stand it to be poisoned at the door by feul air, just because a heartless brute wanted to bull the lemonade market, so I made such a hubbub that the managers forbid any more drawing up of the canvas except in rainy weather."

"Did people always fill circus tents in those days?"

"Every time, if the show had any sort of reputation. We've set our tent at a crossroads without a house in sight, and six hours later we'd have the whole country there; there'd be more waggons than anybody ever saw following an army, besides saddle horses enough to mount two or three regiments of cavalry. Ah, those were the good old times."

The Light of the Late Czar's Eyes.

London Truth.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has been trying to escape from gloom in making a rapid tour through central France and Switzerland. She cannot emancipate her mind from the sentiment of horror which the great calamity of last March brought upon it. The circumstances of her previous life have no been a good preparation for misfortune Her training has been that of a hot-house flower. Every want, whim, caprice, fancy was at once satisfied. When the temperature was at 20° contigrade below freezing-point, flowers were coaxed into blooming round her. Languages which were acquired with much cerebral labor by ordinary morals, were picked up without trouble by a Princess whose nursery was filled with polyglot attendants. She was enabled to travel without inconvenience from St. Petersburg to Perikop. The only thing she seriously studied was music, and it is not an art to fortify one against the ills to which imperial flesh, no less than the meanest human creature, is heir. Up to the day she left Russia as a bride she was the light of the Czar's eyes, and, therefore, the idol of all his courtiers. The sea, on her way to England, told her some rude truths, but not for a long enough time to discipline her for the sharp trials and the frightful catastrophe that was advancing toward her. The Duchess of Edinburgh is much loved by those about her. It is through no fault of hers that severe trouble has overtaken her. She chose in her present visit to Paris the Hotel d'Albe in preference to the Hotel Bristol, because it is a neighborhood where she has a few intimate friends whom she wanted to see often.

A rod and lyin' catches the biggest fish of the season.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD has been added to Madame Tussaud's collection in wax.

THE revenue raised is nearly twice as large per head in Ceylon as in India, and the sea saves Ceylon a vast sum, which in India has to be expended in frontier defences.

Tea-Picking.

In a Chinese tea garden the first duty for which female co-operation is in demand occurs in leaf-picking, on the careful, intelligent, and conscientious performance of which much of the subsequent high character and value of the finished produce depends. Where ignorance was rampart, as in the early days of some of the Indian tea plantations, the blameworthy habit of stripping the branches—that is, grasping them at their junction with the main stem and drawing the closed fingers sharply along, thus clearing them at one sweep of every bud and leaf—was frequently practised. It was a most reprehensible custom, as the planters soon discovered, and was indulged in by unscrupulous pluckers, when safe from the eye of supervision, in order to save themselves trouble and quickly augment the contents in their baskets, thereby completing the day's "task" in the shortest space of time. The practice was physiologically damaging to the tea-bushes and fatal to the value of the finished tea, turning out, as it did with such rough manipulation, a mere confused aggregation of leaves of all ages and sizes—a piebald and harlequin-looking mixture, badly plucked, unevenly fermented, and pleasing neither to palate, nose, nor eye. In China, the home of tea-farming and preparation, such serious, but quite preventable, practices could scarcely happen; and we think we may venture to assert that where British ladies and girls even the most ordinary education were employed, such wilful bungling would be next to an impossibility. On the arrival of the tea-season in Hou-nan and Hu-peh, and doubtless also in other districts, the more experienced among the leaf-pluckers—who have previously undergone a system of dieting and sanitary supervision, so as to avoid the risk of communicating any taint to the delicate flowery pekoe they are about to handle—are marshalled in select companies and taken to the scene of their pleasant labor. By dawn, a day or two afterward perhaps, hundreds, sometimes thousands, of merry, black-eyed, well-dressed girls may be observed tripping gayly along the raised banks of the paddy-fields to the gardens, situated on the hill-slopes beyond, all unmistakably evincing the keen interest they feel in this agreeable and healthful work to which they are hastening. Reaching the gardens, each detachment—accompanied by coolies to bear away the pluckings to the central drying-shed or manipulating *hong*—begins upon a separate plot of tea-bushes, and in a few hours two of every three leaves have been removed, the terminal leaf of every branch or twig being usually allowed to remain.

A Peculiarity of the Nevada Moon.

For several nights past the moon has presented a peculiar appearance. There has been the appearance of a mock moon partially overlapping the true moon, now in crescent shape. The upper horns are joined, while the lower ones stand apart, making a fork. This curious appearance was first observed five nights ago by Will Thomas, watchman at the C. and C. shaft. He called the attention of the miners coming off shift to the moon, asking them if they saw anything peculiar about it. After taking a look the first thing each man did was to rub his eyes and consider within himself whether or not he had at any time within the last week taken too many glasses of beer, for he seemed to be seeing double. There is not only the partial doubleness, but a peculiar bright mist or haze close in about the moon that adds to the perplexity of the observer. Many persons (among those who are astir at a sufficiently late hour) have been observing this strange appearance of the moon for several nights. An amateur astronomer, who has been watching for two nights, gives it as his opinion that the moon is "growing" on atmosphere. He says the bogus moon has precisely the appearance of a reflection of the true moon cast out into a bright haze. He believes that a part of the tail of the comet has been attracted to and settled around the moon, forming a thin gascous atmosphere. The first impression of everyone in looking at the moon is that there is something wrong with his eyes—that they are misty. Old and young, however, find the same appearance, and make the same kind of drawings in trying to represent what they see. Mr. Thomas may be cheated out of the reward to which he is entitled as the first discoverer of the comet, but he has scores of witnesses to bring forward when it shall come to the establishment of his moon discovery.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

A GREAT deal is being said about Bjornsterne Bjornson, but we fail to see anything very pronounced in his name.

JOSH BILLINGS thinks mosquitoes must be very cheerful creatures, for they are always singing as they toil.

A TRAVELLER in Germany speaks of a certain kind of sausage, the like of which was never seen in the earth Bologna in the heavens above.

THINGS are not exactly right. A careful political economist closely calculates that women in this country might annually save $14,509,000 in ribbons, which the men might spend in cigars.

A GREAT many are in the position of the Irishman who, when told that he had an upright judge to try him, replied: "Ah, Biddy, it's not an upright judge I want, my darlin', but one that will lean a little to my side."

"CAN I give my son a college education at home?" says a proud and anxious father. "Certainly," replies an expert, who knows all about it. "All you want is a baseball guide, a racing shell, and a few packages of cigarettes."

THEATRE-GOING is great fun in Leadville. When a new play proves to be very bad, the author is enthusiastically called before the curtain, and at a given signal the audience begin shooting at him with their little revolvers.

THE Scotch are not noted for their proficiency in the Terpsichorean art, but they are excellent flax-dressers, and there is hardly one among their number but who has stripped the light fantastic tow.

IT is a very easy matter for a person to be in two places at the same time, even though those places be thousands of miles apart. One frequently hears of a man being in a strange country and home sick.

RUSSIAN VASTNESS.

Her Enormous Territory, and the Drawbacks Incident to It.

It would hardly seem possible for a sentimental traveller—supposing a person answering that description to exist in our days—to arrive for the first time at St. Petersburg at this moment without a mixture of feelings in which sadness predominated. He is aware that he has crossed the frontier of a large state, the largest of all compact states, and, perhaps, only second to that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with all its colonies and possessions; so big a state that from the frontier station at Vierzbolow, or Wirbalien, to the St. Petersburg terminus there is a distance of 560 miles, far exceeding that between London and Edinburgh, and yet this first journey of two nights and two days only brings one to the capital, which lies in a corner of the empire. A glance at the map will satisfy us that the surface of the smaller half of this empire—European Russia—is considerably larger than that of all the other states of Europe put together; while the other half—Siberia, with the rest of the Asiatic provinces—is not far from covering one-third of the Asiatic continent; and that a recent traveller, the Rev. Henry Lansdell, in his five months' journey from London to the mouth of the Amoor, all across the czar's domionion, went over 2,600 miles by rail, 5,700 miles by steam, and 3,000 miles by horses, or, altogether, 11,500 miles almost in a straight line.

So far, then, as a man may take pride in the mere bigness of country, a Russian has ample reason to be proud. But a state, like a man may, be none the happier for all that. A lofty stature, to be sure, enables a man to look over the heads of a crowd, an unquestionable advantage, and mere height imparts an air of dignity and command which the undersized fully appreciate. But a six-foot-giant, as I once saw, doubling himself up and drawing in his legs to get in a lady's brougham, is a ludicrous sight. Very tall men are seldom well-proportioned or robust, and in war they offer too easy a target to the wicked brech-loaders of modern construction. In the same manner Russia is made unwieldy by her very bulk. She has to struggle with her prodigious length and width, and to do it at a greater disadvantage than other large states. In the western continent, for instance, in the United States, Brazil, and the republics of South America, man was powerfully aided by nature in his fight against enormous distances by the length of navigable water-courses, the Mississippi and Missouri, the St. Lawrence, the Platte, Parana, Uruguay, the Amazon, the San Francisco, etc., even before he could help himself by his railways; whereas in Russia the northern streams both of Europe and Asia, the Nieman, the Dwina, the Obi, the Yenisei, the Lena, etc., empty themselves either in the White and Arctic seas, choked with ice for six or eight months in the year, or in the Baltic, also frozen in the winter months, and for a long time placed beyond reach of the czar's sway; and the southern streams, the Volga, the Don, etc., ended either in the Caspian or the Sea of Azoff and the Euxine, both closed for centuries against Russian enterprise and expansion.

With respect to railways, it was Russia's misfortune to go late to work about their construction, and even what she has achieved between the Crimean and Turkish wars—1854-1876—scarcely amounts now to 14,000 miles, to which, after the peace of Berlin, she is barely adding 700 miles yearly—a striking contrast to other large countries,—as to the United States of North America, for instance, which boasts of a net of railway lines of 95,000 miles, with an average annual addition of 10,000 miles. This backwardness of Russia in her endeavor to annihilate space by rapid and easy means of locomotion can not be without grave consequences for her commercial and social, as well as financial and political, interests. It has lost ground for her in her battle of life; in the incessant struggle against that geographical position which from the beginning doomed her to selusion from the civilized world—a struggle the evidence of which may be read in every page of the country's history, and may be followed in every shift of its government's policy.

Two Thousand Men Looking for Gold.

There are at this time scattered through the mountains of California 2,000 prospectors. Their lives are spent in looking for signs of gold. They are poor and their dress proclaims it. They live on hope and scanty food, and never refuse to "take something." Pick in hand, their sharp eyes are quick to spy a speck of gold in the fragment of quartz turned up. The country is covered with their little shafts and with stakes marking their pre-emption claims, always 1,200 feet along the supposed outcrop of the vein. Of 1,000 so marked perhaps one or two may amount to something, and one in 1,000 of these adventurers, after a life of privation, may succeed in realizing a small competency. But they average happier lives than most people. They imagine themselves prospective millionares. A bit of quartz with three specks of gold sets them wild. There's millions in it. But their gypsy life and its happy excitement unfit them for quiet enjoyment. In age some give it up, and go back to the wilderness and the excitement of prospecting adventure.

Like as Not.

After a citizen had yesterday hunted the length of Adelaide street twice over in search of the office of a lawyer known to hang out somewhere on the street he finally called to a newsboy and asked:

"Say, boy, can you tell me where lawyer —— has his office."

"Have you looked at all the signs?" queried the lad.

"Yes."

"Been down in the basement and up stairs?"

"Yes."

"And you haven't seen his name anywhere?"

"No."

"Say," continued the boy in a confidential tone, "like as not this happens to be one o' them lawyers who don't want bill collectors walkin' in on 'em, and so he meets his customers in the Post-office, instead of hangin' out a sign."

The conclusion seemed so probable that further search was abandoned.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

RISTORI and Bernhardt are studying English, with a view to acting in our language during American tours in 1882-3.

WOMEN of the workhouses at Louisville and Cincinnati are made to break rock in the streets two hours every morning.

A single grape vine at Cajon, Cal., bears five tons of fruit, the weight of which has broken down the sturdy oak tree on which the vine climbs.

A Maine man of wealth left his estate so conditioned that his heirs would lose their income for six months for every breach of a total abstinence pledge.

THE Madrid papers will find additional arguments in favor of the course they adopt in not publishing suicides, since they deem the example contagious, in the case of John E. Jost, a German of St. Louis, who, on reading an account of a suicide, drew his pistol and shot himself.

AFTER an immense deal of trouble and expense, the brothers and sisters of Philip Donagher, who died in San Francisco in 1878, leaving a fortune estimated at $1,500,000, have made good their claim, and even when all expenses are paid will be rich. They have hitherto been quite poor.

THE creditors of the Glasgow Bank have now received 90 per cent. of their claims. Of 1,819 shareholders, only 269 remain. The others are ruined. Nearly 600 gave up all they had, and began the world again. To the trustees of the relief fund, which exceeded $1,950,000, there were 883 applications for aid.

HERE is a description of Henry Irving, the famous London actor, not in accord with the general praise: "The American tourist sees only a very ugly and very painstaking, but weak and insufficient, actor, with an unpleasant voice and an artificial and stagy delivery, and the most atrocious pair of legs that an eminent tragedian was ever afflicted with."

RAILROAD brakemen find it difficult to get their lives insured, owing to the perils of their employment. It is said that five brakemen are accidentally killed on the average throughout the United States every day. Freight trains are considered far more dangerous for employees than passenger trains, owing to the greater precautions taken in running the latter.

A Rhenish regiment of artillery, quartered at Metz, were 30 days absent from barracks on an excursion. Upon opening one of the rooms a dog belonging to the regiment was found, still alive, but in a state of extreme weakness and emaciation. Of ordinary food, or even water, it can have had none. There were evidences that the poor brute had gnawed some pieces of wood lying in the room. It was so weak that it could not even lap, and for two days it was fed with milk through a tube; but it quickly rallied.

A British officer's wife in Burmah describes the climate by this incident: "A friend gave my husband some owl's eggs, which he left in a plate in the drawing room, the coolest place in the house, being in the centre and surrounded by other rooms. The eggs were on a table in the corner, and were forgotten. Some days after I saw one of the eggs moving, and slightly chipped. Presently out came a little owlet. The other eggs followed suit, till they were all hatched. This may seem impossible to any one who has not lived where the thermometer is generally 105 degrees."

King Theebaw of Burmah had a narrow escape from death by poison. One of his royal consorts sent him some dainty confectionery, with a message that she had prepared the toothsome gift with her own fair hands. Theebaw transferred the cakes to a mother-in-law, the parent of the very queen from whom he had received them. The august lady partook freely. Two hours after so doing she was a corpse, and her daughter did not survive her long, for Theebaw, as soon as his mother-in-law's demise was made known to him, gave orders that her Majesty's head should be removed from her shoulders without an instant's delay.

A BABY'S grave at Glasgow, M. D., received for nine years the most careful attention, flowers being frequently planted on it, and the sod always kept in perfect order. Mr. Brown and Mrs. Ellison, each unknown to the other, were doing this work of love. Each had lost an infant, and supposed this was its grave. Brown erected a tombstone lately, and then a controversy arose, Mrs. Ellison insisting that it must be taken down. The church authorities held several meetings of investigation without reaching any conclusion, and then somebody suggested that a neglected grave near the disputed one be opened. This was done, and Brown conceded that the coffin found therein was the one that had enclosed his child. The stone has been removed.

How Salmon are Caught.

Salmon are caught by what is called "the fishing wheel." The device consists of a jetty of rocks built out from a point on the shore of the river, outside of which is a planked sluiceway, in which an undershot wheel with large tank buckets revolves. The sluiceway was built when the river was at its lowest stage of water, and the wheel is hung so that it can be raised or lowered as may be desired, according to stage of water. The instinct of the salmon is to run up the river alongside of the banks instead of mid-channel. By this the fish can take advantage of the eddies below jutting points of land. On these projecting points the Indians have been from time immemorial taking salmon in large number by using dip-nets. The jetty built out from the point above named makes a larger and longer slack-water behind it, and the salmon rounding the point rush into the sluiceway to get up the river. In the sluiceway the wheel, which revolves in the current, is gauged so as to sweep within a foot of the bottom, and the salmon are scooped up in tanks or buckets, which latter let out the water as they ascend. On the wheel descending the fish are thrown out into a trough or gutter leading to a pen below, where they remain until taken away to be canned. The arrangement of the sluice, wheel, etc., is a most successful one, the catch of the adult salmon, which are the only ones canned, running from 1,500 to 4,000 per day. There is virtually no expense in taking the fish save attending to the pen.

PLOTS AGAINST THE CZAR.

Discoveries Recently Made in Russia—The Volcano Still on Fire.

London Times.

My Russian friend favors me with the following interesting particulars: "During the last few days the usual dullness of the Summer season has been again enlivened by several discoveries of revolutionary activity pointing to another plot against the life of the Czar. One discvery has led to another, and the arrest of a large number of persons, as well as to the expulsion of students and others from St. Petersburgh. About a week ago a former revolutionist named Prim, who had been induced to enter the Secret Police and betray his companions was assassinated in the cemetery of Smolensk, on the outskirts of the capital. He had lately come to the town from the South and continued to associate with his Nihilist friends in order to inform against them. The latter, however, appear to have long suspected his sincerity, and at last entrapped him in the cemetery mentioned and cut his throat. The deed took place as he was returning from a drinking party to which they had purposely invited him by letter. By means of this epistle and other traces the Police arrested six persons, and are at present on the track of another secret printing establishment of the party. They have also, I hear, captured an accomplice of Solovieff in the attempt upon the late Emperor's life in 1879.

"At the great religious fete of St. Serge, held at the Sergiefsky Monastery, on the Peterhoff road, where the late Prince Leuchtenberg was buried, 18 persons were arrested on Sunday last, including seven women and some policemen in plain clothes. The Emperor and other members of the imperial family were present at the ceremony, besides an enormous concourse of people, and many pilgrims, estimated altogether at 11,000 persons or more. The interest of the occasion was also, it is said, enhanced by the able speech of an English gentleman, an advocate of unity between the Anglican and Russian Churches, who, according to the press, seeks an introduction to Russian orthodoxy. Closely following the capture of 18, another batch of persons suspected or compromised was collected by the Police somewhere—the number is variously given as from 40 to 70—in the vicinity of Gatchina. Many, probably, of these have since been liberated, as the Police seem to sieze upon whole districts where suspicion is rife, and sort out their victims afterwards.

"It is further reported that a student chosen by the Revolutionary Executive for an attempt upon the Emperor's life—which, it seems, was to be made on or about the first of the month—has been found half dead from his own hand. Many other reports of a less substantial nature have been current during the last week or two, but I think you already have sufficient evidence that although the harvest prospects of the year are good, although trade is reviving, and on the surface of life in Russia there appears to be less anxiety than before, yet the volcano is still on fire which may at any moment convulse the country to its base. The Government are apparently doing nothing to grapple energetically and at once with the thousand and one pressing questions the prompt solution of which, in a liberal sense, would go far to diminish the ranks of the malcontents. On the contrary, the only affairs which I have seen to engage the primary attention of the higher administration are such trumpery matters as the change and supposed simplification of military and Police uniforms and the alteration of the buttons worn by the officials of the Court. Indeed the policy of the present regime is described as one of buttons. All the crying questions are left to the fruitless discussion of a gagged press, or relegated to commissions which either drag on their wearisome sitting forever, or else divide within themselves and present the Government, as the experts on the question of the peasants' land reform have done, with two or three conflicting projects as the result of their work."

Soul Burying.

Whenever an Abchasian is drowned his friends search carefully for the body, but if this is not found they proceed to capture the soul of the deceased, a measure, which has then become a matter of importance. A goat-skin bag is sprinkled with water and placed with its mouth, which is stretched open over a hoop, looking towards the river, near the place where the man is supposed to have been drowned. Two cords are stretched from the spot across the river as a bridge on which the soul can come over. Vessels containing food and drink are set around the skin, and the friends of the deceased come and eat quietly, while a song is sung with instrumental accompaniments. The soul, it is believed, is attracted by the ceremonies comes, over on the bridge that is laid for it, and goes into the trap. As soon as it has entered—that is, when the bag is inflated by the breeze—the opening is quickly closed, and the bag is taken up to the burial place, where a grave has already been prepared. The bag is held with the opening to the grave, the strings are untied, and the soul—that is, the wind in the bag—is squeezed into the grave, and the burial is afterwards completed. The rite is considered of equivalent value with the burial of the body, and the grave is treated with the same honor as if the body was really within it.

A good story is told on the Rev. Mr. Miln. He was roughing it around Geneva Lake a few days ago, in a blue hunting shirt and no coat, and looked so brown that the ordinary person would have taken him for a boatman or a fisherman. In this plight he went to Haye's Park hotel, and approached the dining-room at the noon hour, when a pompous servant stopped him and asked: "Where is your coat, sir?" "I have none," replied the heretic, "I left it behind when I came out." The servant eyed him carefully from head to foot, concluded that he was a hack-driver, who had no right to sit at table with aristocratic folks at a watering-place, and haughtily waving him back, exclaimed, probably,

Procul, procul, este profani,

(excuse the plural number) and the unhappy clergyman had to go hungry till he could borrow a coat. Whenever he approaches a hotel servant at Geneva Lake now, he does so, it is said, in the most humble attitude, in full-dress coat, white tie and gloves, and patent-leather shoes.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 1, 1881.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD is expected back from England sometime during this month. He is reported almost as strong as ever.

A VERDICT of manslaughter has been returned against James O'Brien, James Kelly, Robert McLaren, and Christopher Berry, for causing the death of the old man Wetherall, near Ottawa, on his wedding night.

GARFIELD'S life still hangs in the balance. Last week he was expected to die almost any moment and all hope was forsaken, but this week he has had a favorable turn for the better. The issue is, however, very uncertain.

A PRIVATE despatch from England now states that the Princess Louise will return to this country during the latter part of September, to rejoin her husband on his return from the North-West. There has been so much nonsense about this matter that Canadians soon won't care whether she comes or stays.

LAST week the "cat" was brought into requisition for the first time at Brantford for punishing a miserable scoundrel named Blackburn who had attempted to outrage a little girl some time ago. He was sentenced to four months' imprisonment and forty lashes, the first twenty being given last week. An old soldier of the 70th applied the lash. It is to be hoped it will have a salutary effect.

THE Ontario and Quebec railway people appear determined to build their road. A prominent director a few days ago made the statement that the line would positively be built, no matter if a dozen other roads should be constructed in opposition to it. The surveying party continues actively at work, and expect to have the line located towards the latter part of October. Both east and west the people are confident that the road will be built.

A CASE of considerable interest to the public as well as to those engaged in the sale of liquor came up a short time ago at St. Thomas. The question raised was whether a tavern-keeper could sell liquor on any part of his premises, or must confine the sale to the bar. The defendant, proprietor of a tavern and pleasure grounds at Port Stanley, had set up a bar on the grounds, which are attached to the house. The judge decided against and fined him. On appeal to the County Judge the conviction was annulled.

THE "dynamite fiends" are still keeping up the excitement across the border. It will be remembered a few weeks ago a quantity of this explosive was discovered among the coal on an ocean steamship, which act was attributed to Fenians, or foes of England. The latest "scare" from the same source is the following, which has been published in the Chicago papers:—"Americans and friends of Ireland are hereby warned against embarking upon any vessel flying the British flag after September 1st. Many may reach their destination, but none are safe. By order of the central committee of Chicago." Britain is certainly in great danger.

WHAT the Toronto *World* calls a "Shady Telegraph Deal," which is of considerable interest to the business public, took place last week, being the amalgamation of the Montreal and Dominion Lines. Considerable interest has been taken in this matter for some weeks past on account of the possibility that the whole concern would fall into the hands of American speculators, the celebrated Jay Gould among the rest. According to the *World* this is now the case, and at anyrate the public have to pay for the "deal" as the rates were at once raised to the old figures, 25 cts. for ten words. A large number of local offices will be cut off, and a corresponding number of operatives thrown out of employment.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges.

A Peterboro' man is the happy father of 22 children—and he expects more.

Belleville defeated Syracuse at cricked, at the former place, on Thursday last, by 90 runs.

Two cars of unusually fine Clydesdale horses passed Belleville last week. They were bound for Illinois and Ohio.

The new Woollen Mills at Campbellford are nearly completed. Five cars of machinery have already been received.

Two dastardly attempts at train-wrecking were made at Kingston, a few mornings ago, one on the main line of the Grand Trunk, and one on the branch running into the city. Fortunately they both failed to accomplish their object.

One or two of the young men who went to the Western States this spring from Belleville have written home in a very homesick style, stating that they want to come back. The "West" is not the paradise which the railway and land agents represent it.

Within ten days Weights and Measures Inspector Johnson, of Belleville, seized and confiscated twenty-five measures—four half bushels, seventeen pecks, and four gallons. They were seized on the ground that they were not stamped, and for being unjust.

Bush fires are raging in the vicinity of Kingston, doing considerable damage. At Trenton last week the fire engine had to be called out to keep the fire from entering the town. Other places along the Bay of Quinte are also suffering considerable damage from the same cause.

On Wednesday of last week Dr. Kincaid was elected by acclamation as a member of the Ontario Legislature, for the West Riding of Peterborough. Although a life-long Conservative, the Dr. was returned as an Independent, in accordance with an arrangement made between both political parties.

Elijah Vankoughnet, who murdered John Richardson, of the township of Loughboro', last week, has been captured and lodged in Kingston Gaol. He has confessed to the several charges made against him, that of shooting Richardson, stealing his horse, and burning his barn. He will be arraigned at the Kingston Assizes, which open on the 26th September.

Picton has been chosen as the site for the assemblage of a large volunteer force for the performance of the annual drill, this year. It will form on the 6th September. The following troops will comprise the number:—Cobourg troop of Cavalry, Port Hope Cavalry and Peterborough Cavalry; and the Kingston Field Battery, Durham Field Battery, 16th Battalion, Bowmanville; 46th Battalion, Port Hope; 47th Battalion, Frontenac.

The Napanee *Standard* in graphically describing the runaway of an egg buyer's team, says: The animal, in turning to mash a fly, saw a flapping deacon skin attached to the hinder part of the waggon and turning suddenly to make a bolt upset the ambulance and scattered about 500 eggs into a state of conglomeration and smash albuminous to behold. The surface of the yard was paved with the debris of a small army of embryonic spring chickens. The buyer on seeing the slimy mass of custard in the raw state, cussed hard himself and left a tempting batch of eggs on the half shell to their fate.

On Saturday afternoon a drowning accident occurred at Rice Lake, the first that has occured there for several years. Two young men named Robert Grierson, of Colborne and Andrew McLellan, a school teacher of Alnwick were camped on one of the islands in the lake. On Satuaday afternoon the two started in a canoe to meet the steamer carrying the employees of Crossen's car factory Cobourg, who were enjoying their annual picnic. When close to the steamer the canoe upset. McLellan was caught by persons on the scow and pulled out, but his companion Grierson sank and was not seen again. It is supposed that after going down he came up underneath the scow and the onlookers, of whom there were several hundred, could render him no assistance. Everything possible was done to recover the body but up to a late hour on Saturday it had not been found. The deceased was about 25 years of age and was unmarried.—*Review.*

The Trenton *Advocate* says in regard to their expectations from Gilmour's mill:—A few days after Mr. Gilmour's return from the American side, whither he had gone on a tour of inspection among the saw mills of that country, dame rumor busied herself with the propogation of many idle stories. One man had it that Mr. Gilmour had sold out to Rathbun & Son; another that the business was about to be removed to Belleville. Soon this bit of information was supplemented by the sayings of some one deeply in the secrets of the Gilmours, affirming with an ominous look that there was a "split in the firm;" that the old country member of the firm was opposed to rebuilding. Thus it might be expected that for a short time the nervous would be disposed to believe that Trenton was about to meet with a great loss. However the fears implanted in the breasts of the timid ones were soon dispelled, as within an incredible short space of time Mr. Gilmour showed that not only was it the intention of the firm to rebuild, but indeed, to build as fine a mill as could be found in the Province. If for a few days the mill was run with fewer hands what did it matter? The people could not have known the intention of Mr. Gilmour. To-day the mill is running day and night, and the hands paid $1.25 per day. The trouble in this world is that people take rumors for facts—entirely forgetting that secrecy is one of the pillars upholding the business fabric. We do not pretend to be in Mr. Gilmour's confidence, but we predict that 1882 will be a most prosperous year for Trenton, and that such prosperity will be largely induced by the new mill and its six or seven hundred men.

£152,000 of bullion was withdrawn from the bank of England Monday for shipment to America.

It is announced that Gambetta was not elected for Charonne, and a second ballot will be necessary.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that all parties are forbidden cutting grass or timber on lot 16, 3rd concession of Madoc, as I have purchased said lot, and any person found trespassing thereon as above will be prosecuted.

PETER SANDFORD.

Madoc, 29th August, 1881.

ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER.

THE Royal Scarlet Chapter of No. 2 District, North Hastings, will be opened at Hazzard's Corners on Wednesday, September 14th, at 7 o'clock, p. m. Parties wishing to take the Scarlet Degree will please send their names and the initiation fee of $1.00 on or before that date to

W. J. ALLEN, W. M.,
Cooper P. O,

Madoc, 29th August, 1881.

N. B.—The business of the Lodge will be transacted on Friday, 16th September.

MONEY TO LOAN

—AT—

Six and Six and One-Half Per Cent.

STRAIGHT loans. Interest payable annually. No commission charged. No delay beyond that of investigating titles. Tariff fees reasonable. Mortgages purchased. Lands for sale in Sidney, Thurlow, Marmora, Elzevir and Belleville.

W. N. PONTON,
Barrister,
231. Post Office Block, Belleville.

6 6½ & 7 PER CENT.

We are now offering Money at the above very advantageous rates on farm property.

$80,000

just placed in our hands. No commissions, and no unnecessary delays.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c., "O'Flynn Block," Madoc.

Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.

VOTERS' LIST, 1881.

Municipality of the Townships of Carlow & Mayo, Co. of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "the Voters' List Act," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list made, pursuant to the said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be intitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at municipal elections, and that said List was first posted up at my office at Carlow, on the 26th day of August, 1881, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

W. H. MURPHY,
Clerk of said municipality.

Faraday, August, 18th, 1881.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

NOTICE!

ALL parties are hereby warned against purchasing or seizing a yoke of oxen from William Elliott of the township of Wollaston, as the said oxen belong to me and will be recovered by me at the next Court.

HENRY LLOYD.

Wollaston, 24th August, 1881.

TO BE LET.

LOTS 57 and 58, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.

Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

New Cooper Shop.

THE undersigned wishes to inform the people of Modoc and surrounding country that he will open a

General Coopering Establishment

in the premises lately occupied by the late James O'Brien, near the R. C. Church on the Hastings Road, where he will be prepared on and after Monday, 5th September next, to attend to the wants of all who may require work in the above line.

First-class work guaranteed.

Give me a trial,

George Defrain.

Madoc, 23rd August, 1881.

JUST RECEIVED

A fine lot of

SOLID SILVER

—AND—

COLORED GOLD JEWELRY.

Elegant designs in Sets and Single

Brooches and Earrings,

Also a fine line in

SILVER LOCKETS

—AND—

BRACELETS.

—:o:—

BROOCHES & EARRINGS

In real Whitby Jet, also

Bracelets and Necklets,

And a great variety of

STUDS, GENTS' SUITS, COLLAR BUTTONS, and SCARF PINS,

PLATED & FINE PEARL.

E. L. WEISS.

PIC-NIC & CAMP SUPPLIES

JUST RECEIVED AT THE

Italian Warehouse

CANNED PORK & BEANS.
" LUNCH TONGUE.
" C. C. BEEF.
" LOBSTERS.
" SALMON.
" F. HADDIE.
" SARDINES.
" TURKEY & TONGUE.
" BONED TURKEY.
" ROASTED CHICKEN.
" HAM CHICKEN & TONGUE.
" OX-TAIL SOUP.
" CHICKEN SOUP.
EXTRACT COFFEE,
CONDENSED MILK,
FRENCH MUSTARD,
C. & B. PICKELS.
NABOB PICKELS.

GRAY & McGREGOR,

Wine and Spirits Merchants,

FARM FOR SALE!

LOT No. 9, 5th concession, township of Madoc, containing about 100 acres, only three miles from the flourishing village of Madoc. There is on the premises a good log house, frame barn, and other out-buildings, and also a number of living springs of good water. Title indisputable. For terms and further particulars, apply to

JOHN ELLIS,
Madoc.

Madoc, August 8th, 1881. 228-tf.

$2.50! ONLY $2.50!

FOR

IRONSTONE CHINA TEA SETS

Only $1.10 per bush. for good Dried Apples
" 30, 40 and 50c per lb. for good Teas.
" Cost Price for Boots and Shoes, etc.

FLOUR, PORK AND GENERAL GROCERIES,

N. D. PETERS,

O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

THE MEDICAL HALL.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

C. G. WILSON

Chemist and Druggist.

A full stock of Pure Drugs and Chemicals always on hand.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

AND

Family Receipts

Carefully Compounded.

A full stock of

SCHOOL BOOKS,

AUTHORIZED BY THE

Council of Public Instruction.

At Publishers' prices.

Agent, Montreal Telegraph Co.

Madoc, August 16th, 1881.

H. JAMES, M. D.,

OF BELLEVILLE, will visit Madoc professionally every Friday and Saturday of each week, when he will be prepared to meet patients or make calls upon the afflicted of this village or surrounding country. Office in Moon's Hotel, where orders may be left.

Belleville, March 14, 1881.

Mineral Land for Sale.

LOT No. 31, 10th Con., Madoc. Good iron ore beds on the same. Gold has also been found. Apply to JOHN BROAD.

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

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H. JAMES, M. D.

FOR SALE.

IN the Village of Madoc, that commodious and valuable property, situate on the east side of Russell Street in said village, and owned by the heirs of the late James O'Brien. The property is well and favorably situated for a Cooper's establishment, as that was the business which was successfully conducted by the late owner, on the said premises for several years. Hard and soft water on the premises. This is a good investment for a good Cooper, as there is no business of the kind at present carried on in the village or vicinity. A good title can be given. Application may be made to Mr. Samuel Driscoll, Madoc village, or to Catherine O'Brien, relict of the late James O'Brien, Trenton.

CATHERINE O'BRIEN,
Executrix.

Trenton, June 22nd, 1881.

ARRIVED

—AT—

D. W. WRIGHT'S,

QT. AND ½ GALL.

Stone and Glass Fruit Jars

A SPLENDID QUALITY OF

ALE,

In 10 gallon kegs and on draught, for summer use.

A choice lot of

Groceries, Crockery and Liquors,

Goederham & Worts' Proof, Old Rye, and Malt Whiskies always in stock.

D. W. WRIGHT,

Grocer and Wine Merchant,

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

SPECIAL NOTICE

—TO THE—

AFFLICTED.

DRS. WILLIAMS AND NASH

may still be consulted at the

BRANCH OFFICE, DETROIT THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE, west front street, over OVERELL'S STORE, opposite GLASGOW WARE HOUSE, BELLEVILLE,

on all the various diseases of the Head, Throat, and Chest, including the Eye, Ear, and Heart.

The Doctor will also attend to all

Chronic, Blood and Nervous diseases.

Over 20,000 successfully treated at our Head Office in Detroit since 1870.

The very best references given from all parts of Canada from those already cured.

All diseases of the respiratory organs treated by Medicated Inhalations combined with proper constitutional remedies. Consultation free. If possible call for examination, otherwise write for a list of questions.

ADDRESS—

DRS. WILLIAMS and NASH,
Belleville, Ont.

P. S.—Office hours from 9 a. m. to 7 p. m.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 1, 1881.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD is expected back from England sometime during this month. He is reported almost as strong as ever.

A VERDICT of manslaughter has been returned against James O'Brien, James Kelly, Robert McLaren, and Christopher Berry, for causing the death of the old man Wetherall, near Ottawa, on his wedding night.

GARFIELD'S life still hangs in the balance. Last week he was expected to die almost any moment and all hope was forsaken, but this week he has had a favorable turn for the better. The issue is, however, very uncertain.

A PRIVATE despatch from England now states that the Princess Louise will return to this country during the latter part of September, to rejoin her husband on his return from the North-West. There has been so much nonsense about this matter that Canadians soon won't care whether she comes or stays.

LAST week the "cat" was brought into requisition for the first time at Brantford for punishing a miserable scoundrel named Blackburn who had attempted to outrage a little girl some time ago. He was sentenced to four months' imprisonment and forty lashes, the first twenty being given last week. An old soldier of the 70th applied the lash. It is to be hoped it will have a salutary effect.

THE Ontario and Quebec railway people appear determined to build their road. A prominent director a few days ago made the statement that the line would positively be built, no matter if a dozen other roads should be constructed in opposition to it. The surveying party continues actively at work, and expect to have the line located towards the latter part of October. Both east and west the people are confident that the road will be built.

A CASE of considerable interest to the public as well as to those engaged in the sale of liquor came up a short time ago at St. Thomas. The question raised was whether a tavern-keeper could sell liquor on any part of his premises, or must confine the sale to the bar. The defendant, proprietor of a tavern and pleasure grounds at Port Stanley, had set up a bar on the grounds, which are attached to the house. The judge decided against and fined him. On appeal to the County Judge the conviction was annulled.

THE "dynamite fiends" are still keeping up the excitement across the border. It will be remembered a few weeks ago a quantity of this explosive was discovered among the coal on an ocean steamship, which act was attributed to Fenians, or foes of England. The latest "scare" from the same source is the following, which has been published in the Chicago papers:—"Americans and friends of Ireland are hereby warned against embarking upon any vessel flying the British flag after September 1st. Many may reach their destination, but none are safe. By order of the central committee of Chicago." Britain is certainly in great danger.

WHAT the Toronto *World* calls a "Shady Telegraph Deal," which is of considerable interest to the business public, took place last week, being the amalgamation of the Montreal and Dominion Lines. Considerable interest has been taken in this matter for some weeks past on account of the possibility that the whole concern would fall into the hands of American speculators, the celebrated Jay Gould among the rest. According to the *World* this is now the case, and at anyrate the public have to pay for the "deal" as the rates were at once raised to the old figures, 25 cts. for ten words. A large number of local offices will be cut off, and a corresponding number of operatives thrown out of employment.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges.

A Peterboro' man is the happy father of 22 children—and he expects more.

Belleville defeated Syracuse at cricked, at the former place, on Thursday last, by 90 runs.

Two cars of unusually fine Clydesdale horses passed Belleville last week. They were bound for Illinois and Ohio.

The new Woollen Mills at Campbellford are nearly completed. Five cars of machinery have already been received.

Two dastardly attempts at train-wrecking were made at Kingston, a few mornings ago, one on the main line of the Grand Trunk, and one on the branch running into the city. Fortunately they both failed to accomplish their object.

One or two of the young men who went to the Western States this spring from Belleville have written home in a very homesick style, stating that they want to come back. The "West" is not the paradise which the railway and land agents represent it.

Within ten days Weights and Measures Inspector Johnson, of Belleville, seized and confiscated twenty-five measures—four half bushels, seventeen pecks, and four gallons. They were seized on the ground that they were not stamped, and for being unjust.

Bush fires are raging in the vicinity of Kingston, doing considerable damage. At Trenton last week the fire engine had to be called out to keep the fire from entering the town. Other places along the Bay of Quinte are also suffering considerable damage from the same cause.

On Wednesday of last week Dr. Kincaid was elected by acclamation as a member of the Ontario Legislature, for the West Riding of Peterborough. Although a life-long Conservative, the Dr. was returned as an Independent, in accordance with an arrangement made between both political parties.

Elijah Vankoughnet, who murdered John Richardson, of the township of Loughboro', last week, has been captured and lodged in Kingston Gaol. He has confessed to the several charges made against him, that of shooting Richardson, stealing his horse, and burning his barn. He will be arraigned at the Kingston Assizes, which open on the 26th September.

Picton has been chosen as the site for the assemblage of a large volunteer force for the performance of the annual drill, this year. It will form on the 6th September. The following troops will comprise the number:—Cobourg troop of Cavalry, Port Hope Cavalry and Peterborough Cavalry; and the Kingston Field Battery, Durham Field Battery, 16th Battalion, Bowmanville; 46th Battalion, Port Hope; 47th Battalion, Frontenac.

The Napanee *Standard* in graphically describing the runaway of an egg buyer's team, says: The animal, in turning to mash a fly, saw a flapping deacon skin attached to the hinder part of the waggon and turning suddenly to make a bolt upset the ambulance and scattered about 500 eggs into a state of conglomeration and smash albuminous to behold. The surface of the yard was paved with the debris of a small army of embryonic spring chickens. The buyer on seeing the slimy mass of custard in the raw state, cussed hard himself and left a tempting batch of eggs on the half shell to their fate.

On Saturday afternoon a drowning accident occurred at Rice Lake, the first that has occured there for several years. Two young men named Robert Grierson, of Colborne and Andrew McLellan, a school teacher of Alnwick were camped on one of the islands in the lake. On Satuaday afternoon the two started in a canoe to meet the steamer carrying the employees of Crossen's car factory Cobourg, who were enjoying their annual picnic. When close to the steamer the canoe upset. McLellan was caught by persons on the scow and pulled out, but his companion Grierson sank and was not seen again. It is supposed that after going down he came up underneath the scow and the onlookers, of whom there were several hundred, could render him no assistance. Everything possible was done to recover the body but up to a late hour on Saturday it had not been found. The deceased was about 25 years of age and was unmarried.—*Review.*

The Trenton *Advocate* says in regard to their expectations from Gilmour's mill:—A few days after Mr. Gilmour's return from the American side, whither he had gone on a tour of inspection among the saw mills of that country, dame rumor busied herself with the propogation of many idle stories. One man had it that Mr. Gilmour had sold out to Rathbun & Son; another that the business was about to be removed to Belleville. Soon this bit of information was supplemented by the sayings of some one deeply in the secrets of the Gilmours, affirming with an ominous look that there was a "split in the firm;" that the old country member of the firm was opposed to rebuilding. Thus it might be expected that for a short time the nervous would be disposed to believe that Trenton was about to meet with a great loss. However the fears implanted in the breasts of the timid ones were soon dispelled, as within an incredible short space of time Mr. Gilmour showed that not only was it the intention of the firm to rebuild, but indeed, to build as fine a mill as could be found in the Province. If for a few days the mill was run with fewer hands what did it matter? The people could not have known the intention of Mr. Gilmour. To-day the mill is running day and night, and the hands paid $1.25 per day. The trouble in this world is that people take rumors for facts—entirely forgetting that secrecy is one of the pillars upholding the business fabric. We do not pretend to be in Mr. Gilmour's confidence, but we predict that 1882 will be a most prosperous year for Trenton, and that such prosperity will be largely induced by the new mill and its six or seven hundred men.

£152,000 of bullion was withdrawn from the bank of England Monday for shipment to America.

It is announced that Gambetta was not elected for Charonne, and a second ballot will be necessary.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that all parties are forbidden cutting grass or timber on lot 16, 3rd concession of Madoc, as I have purchased said lot, and any person found trespassing thereon as above will be prosecuted.

PETER SANDFORD.

Madoc, 29th August, 1881.

ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER.

THE Royal Scarlet Chapter of No. 2 District, North Hastings, will be opened at Hazzard's Corners on Wednesday, September 14th, at 7 o'clock, p. m. Parties wishing to take the Scarlet Degree will please send their names and the initiation fee of $1.00 on or before that date to

W. J. ALLEN, W. M.,
Cooper P. O,

Madoc, 29th August, 1881.

N. B.—The business of the Lodge will be transacted on Friday, 16th September.

MONEY TO LOAN

—AT—

Six and Six and One-Half Per Cent.

STRAIGHT loans. Interest payable annually. No commission charged. No delay beyond that of investigating titles. Tariff fees reasonable. Mortgages purchased. Lands for sale in Sidney, Thurlow, Marmora, Elzevir and Belleville.

W. N. PONTON,
Barrister,
231. Post Office Block, Belleville.

6 6½ & 7 PER CENT.

We are now offering Money at the above very advantageous rates on farm property.

$80,000

just placed in our hands. No commissions, and no unnecessary delays.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c., "O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.

VOTERS' LIST, 1881.

Municipality of the Townships of Carlow & Mayo, Co. of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "the Voters' List Act," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list made, pursuant to the said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be intitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at municipal elections, and that said List was first posted up at my office at Carlow, on the 26th day of August, 1881, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

W. H. MURPHY,
Clerk of said municipality.

Faraday, August, 18th, 1881.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

NOTICE!

ALL parties are hereby warned against purchasing or seizing a yoke of oxen from William Elliott of the township of Wollaston, as the said oxen belong to me and will be recovered by me at the next Court.

HENRY LLOYD.

Wollaston, 24th August, 1881.

TO BE LET.

LOTS 57 and 58, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.

Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

New Cooper Shop.

THE undersigned wishes to inform the people of Modoc and surrounding country that he will open a

General Coopering Establishment

in the premises lately occupied by the late James O'Brien, near the R. C. Church on the Hastings Road, where he will be prepared on and after Monday, 5th September next, to attend to the wants of all who may require work in the above line.

First-class work guaranteed.

Give me a trial,

George Defrain.

Madoc, 23rd August, 1881.

JUST RECEIVED

A fine lot of

SOLID SILVER

—AND—

COLORED GOLD JEWELRY.

Elegant designs in Sets and Single

Brooches and Earrings,

Also a fine line in

SILVER LOCKETS

—AND—

BRACELETS.

BROOCHES & EARRINGS

In real Whitby Jet, also

Bracelets and Necklets,

And a great variety of

STUDS, GENTS' SUITS, COLLAR BUTTONS, and SCARF PINS,

PLATED & FINE PEARL.

E. L. WEISS.

PIC-NIC & CAMP SUPPLIES

JUST RECEIVED AT THE

Italian Warehouse

CANNED PORK & BEANS.
" LUNCH TONGUE.
" C. C. BEEF.
" LOBSTERS.
" SALMON.
" F. HADDIE.
" SARDINES.
" TURKEY & TONGUE.
" BONED TURKEY.
" ROASTED CHICKEN.
" HAM CHICKEN & TONGUE.
" OX-TAIL SOUP.
" CHICKEN SOUP.
EXTRACT COFFEE,
CONDENSED MILK,
FRENCH MUSTARD,
C. & B. PICKELS.
NABOB PICKELS.

GRAY & McGREGOR,

Wine and Spirits Merchants,

FARM FOR SALE!

LOT No. 9, 5th concession, township of Madoc, containing about 100 acres, only three miles from the flourishing village of Madoc. There is on the premises a good log house, frame barn, and other out-buildings, and also a number of living springs of good water. Title indisputable. For terms and further particulars, apply to

JOHN ELLIS,
Madoc.

Madoc, August 8th, 1881. 228-tf.

$2.50! ONLY $2.50!

FOR

IRONSTONE CHINA TEA SETS

Only $1.10 per bush. for good Dried Apples
" 30, 40 and 50c per lb. for good Teas.
" Cost Price for Boots and Shoes, etc.

FLOUR, PORK AND GENERAL GROCERIES,

N. D. PETERS,

O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

THE MEDICAL HALL.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

C. G. WILSON

Chemist and Druggist.

A full stock of Pure Drugs and Chemicals always on hand.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

AND

Family Receipts

Carefully Compounded.

A full stock of

SCHOOL BOOKS,

AUTHORIZED BY THE

Council of Public Instruction.

At Publishers' prices.

Agent, Montreal Telegraph Co.

Madoc, August 16th, 1881.

H. JAMES, M. D.,

OF BELLEVILLE, will visit Madoc professionally every Friday and Saturday of each week, when he will be prepared to meet patients or make calls upon the afflicted of this village or surrounding country. Office in Moon's Hotel, where orders may be left.

Belleville, March 14, 1881.

Mineral Land for Sale.

LOT No. 31, 10th Con., Madoc. Good iron ore beds on the same. Gold has also been found. Apply to JOHN BROAD.

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CATHERINE O'BRIEN,
Executrix.

Trenton, June 22nd, 1881.

ARRIVED

—AT—

D. W. WRIGHT'S,

QT. AND ½ GALL.

Stone and Glass Fruit Jars

A SPLENDID QUALITY OF

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In 10 gallon kegs and on draught, for summer use.

A choice lot of

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Gooderham & Worts' Proof, Old Rye, and Malt Whiskies always in stock.

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DRS. WILLIAMS and NASH,
Belleville, Ont.

P. S.—Office hours from 9 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Living but yet Dead!

Full of Expression, Life, Character and Position, yet it is only a Photograph made by BROCK & CO., Photographers.

The Facts are

Our customers admire our Instantaneous Process. Think of only being asked to sit three or four seconds. What a blessing this warm weather.

D. A. JOHNSTON, M. D., C. M.

PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

Local Lines.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK.

Following a custom usual with country publishers, to take relief for one week during the year from the arduous duties of our calling, we have decided to issue no paper from this office next week. For holiday purposes we find this the most advantageous time of the whole year, as farmers are busy getting their grain threshed, and, some of them tell us, have hardly time to read, besides in another week or two the grain markets as published will be an object with them for the remainder of the season. We have also a quantity of municipal printing on hand which requires to be finished up at once, and some necessary improvements to make in our office for the fall and winter job printing business, so that we are sure our patrons will bear with the omission one week, which will be made up on all subscriptions at the end of the year.

—Come, gentle rain.

—Both warehouses at the station are now ready for grain.

—Grain has not commenced to move in this neighborhood as yet.

—The first new barley of the season sold in Trenton last week for 60 cents.

—Hon. M. Bowell, Minister of Customs, was in Belleville on Saturday last on his way to Manitoba.

—The thermometer for the past few days has been varying around among the nineties. Quite warm enough.

—What with the heat, the dust and the dearth of interesting local news, these are trying days for the reporter.

—A new post office has lately been established in the township of Tudor, named Thwaite, Wm. J. Thwaite, postmaster.

—A market board for the North Hastings Warehouse will be exhibited at R. R. Casement & Co.'s store during the grain season.

—Nearly all the cheese factories in this neighborhood have contracted for the remainder of the season's make. Prices are good.

—Many wells in this village, hitherto "never-failing" springs, have run almost dry on account of the long continued drought.

—Improvements are constantly being made in the manufacture of steel pens. Esterbrook's are of superior excellence. For sale by all stationers.

—A brakeman on the Grand Junction was killed yesterday at Hastings, by getting his head crushed while coupling cars. His name was George Couch.

—An exchange has discovered the startling fact, and has announced it to an amazed and paralyzed public, that "the days are becoming perceptibly shorter."

—The funeral sermon of the late Mrs. Huff, beloved mother of our respected townsman, Mr. Jacob Huff, will be preached in the M. E. Church next Sunday morning.

—The present continued drought is very hard on the shade trees set out last spring, and nearly all those that are not carefully tended and watered are dying off.

—They tell us of a cultured divine in Boston, who, instead of saying the "collection will now be taken up," impressively remarks "the accumulation of moneys will now ensue."

—H. Corby, Jr., will buy all kinds of grain here this season in addition to the other buyers. We understand he has made arrangements for storage with one of the warehouses.

—The congregation of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, in this township, hold a Honey Festival in the church to-night. It is a new attraction, and will doubtless draw a large crowd.

—Persons wanting their letters to go quickly will please write "in haste" on the upper left hand corner. Postmasters always charter a special train for such letters or else send them by telegraph.

—There are now twelve townships in this county containing free grant lands, viz—Wollaston, Limerick, Cashel, Faraday, Dungannon, Carlow, Mayo, Herschel, Monteagle, Bangor, Wicklow and McClure.

—A destructive fire took place in Belleville yesterday morning by which the stables of Kyle's hotel and five buildings in the neighborhood were reduced to ashes. In the stables were four horses and a cow which were lost.

—Bush fires have been raging near this village for some days past. Yesterday the sun was entirely overcast by the dense smoke of a great fire a few miles west of the village, on the Marmora road. We learn that a family named Rylett had their buildings burned, but have not heard the particulars.

—We acknowledge the receipt from the Publishers, Wm. Warwick & Son, Toronto, of a neat little volume containing an endless variety of selections for Autograph albums, from the best poets. They are mostly new, and embrace nearly every subject, so that the work will doubtless have a ready sale.

—Mr. Allan Huffman, late proprietor of Huffman House, Peterborough, and son-in-law of Mr. John G. Deans, of this village, has leased the Dafoe House, Belleville. As the Huffman House was one of the best hotels in the Province it is safe to conclude that the Dafoe will be improved under the new management.

Madoc Free Fair.

The next fair for the sale of horses, cattle, sheep, &c., in this village will be held on Tuesday, September 13th. These fairs are really advantageous to the farmers, and we hope to see a large attendance.

Annual Picnic.

Our Millbridge correspondent says that on Thursday the 18th Aug. the usual annual picnic was held in the grove at Glanmire (Beaver Creek). There was quite a social gathering, and all, old and young, enjoyed themselves immensely.

A FATAL FALL!

Sudden Launching into Eternity.

The hematite mine, four miles from this village, was the scene of a terribly fatal accident on Thursday morning last, the first that has occurred since the opening of the mines in this neighborhood, by which one of the employees, Wilson Emery, was hurried without an instant of preparation into the other world. It appears about 11 o'clock he had gone to the top of the skip road some 25 feet above the mouth of the shaft to make some repairs, and venturing his weight on an inch board which projected over the side he set about doing the work for which he had gone there. Unfortunately, however, he miscalculated the strength of the board, for it suddenly snapped in two, precipitating him to the ground, and striking on the extreme edge of the shaft he rolled in and fell a further distance of 25 feet, lodging on one of the cross braces. He was taken up bleeding and insensible, and immediately conveyed to his home a short distance from the mine, and medical aid summoned, but neither Drs. Sutton or Loomis who attended could do anything for him, and he died in about two hours, having never regained consciousness. The unfortunate man was literally broken in pieces internally, but strange to say few bruises could be discovered on the outside of his body. Mr. Mitchell at once suspended work at the mine for the remainder of the day, the sad and sudden event casting a gloom around the works and neighborhood. Deceased was generally respected by his neighbors as a quiet, hardworking man, and leaves a wife and five children to mourn his untimely end.

Another New Church.

We learn that the Methodist Episcopal friends about four miles north-east of the village are about to build a new church. The church will be built at Hart's Corners almost opposite the Red School House. Between thirty and forty years services have been held in the school-house, and many think it is time they had a church. It is indeed high time; and in this enterprise the people are worthy of commendation and success, and they will succeed under the energetic leadership of the Rev. Mr. Hutton. An able building committee has been appointed, and it meets next Wednesday evening in the Red School House, to adopt practical measures.

M. and G. J. Railway.

The traffic returns of the Midland and Grand Junction Railways for the week ending Aug. 29th, 1881, were:—

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—Passengers and Mails $2260.27; Freight, $7920.28; Total, $10180.54, as compared with $7947.70 for the corresponding week of 1880, being an increase of $2232.84; and the aggregate traffic to date is $221937.14, being an increase of $29766.86 over 1880.

GRAND JUNCTION RAILWAY.—Passengers and Mails, $893.87; Freight, $1960.17; Total, $2854.04, as compared with $893.73 for corresponding week of 1880, being an increase of $1960.31; and the aggregate traffic from 1st of June to date is $25629.43, being an increase of $15671.31 over 1880.

Our Cooper Mail Service.

In another column is a reply from Daniel Thompson, Esq., of Queensboro', to Hon. Billa Flint, whose letter in reply to our remarks under the above heading of three weeks ago appeared in our last issue. The question of a change being needed in the Madoc and Cooper mail service did not originate with us; the leading men, it will be seen, not only at Cooper and Remmington, but also at Queensboro' being in favor of the change. If the public at those places, who are certainly the ones interested, are to be accommodated according to their own wishes, then the P. O. authorities will have no hesitation in granting the change asked for. The $180 will certainly do more good supporting a daily mail between Queensboro' and Madoc by way of Allen Settlement, than in "trailing an empty mail bag" from the latter place to Bridgewater.

Base Ball.

On Thursday last the Blue Stocking B. B. Club of this village went down to Stirling to try conclusions with the club of that place. As the score published below will show, our representatives were victorious by six runs, but the unusually large score on both sides is an evidence that a little careful training could be judiciously applied to both nines. The game was conducted with the greatest harmony throughout, our boys being loud in their praise of the gentlemanly and friendly manner in which they were entertained by the Stirling club, and when the latter visit Madoc for the return match, which we hope will be soon, they can count on receiving equally "square" treatment. Mr. C. S. Mitchell captained the Madoc nine very creditably, and Mr. A. Mitchell discharged the duties of umpire with the greatest satisfaction to both sides. Messrs. Harry O'Flynn and Arthur Hatch acted as scorers for Madoc and Stirling respectively. Following is the score, only eight innings being played on account of darkness:—

MADOC BLUE STOCKINGS B. B. C.

	R.	O.
Chas. Mitchell	4	3
B. Hulin	4	2
E. A. Maybee	5	2
A. Brown	5	3
Frank Reid	5	2
William T. White	2	6
Isaac Geary	5	2
Isaac McMullen	6	1
W. Hulin	4	2
Total.	40	24

STIRLING IRONCLADS B. B. C.

Wm. Shaw	5	3
L. Mendell	5	3
Frank Loucks	5	1
James Geary	5	1
Geo. Weise	2	2
Dr. Butler	3	1
Chas. Boldrick	3	6
W. Chard	2	5
J. Downs	4	2
Total.	34	24

Mining Notes.

A new crushing machine for the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company's Mine, Marmora, arrived at Belleville last week, from Pennsylvania.

What promises to be a valuable discovery of Gold was lately made by Mr. Asa Long, on his farm near L'Amable. A short time ago he crushed a small quantity of the ore by ordinary hand mortar and roasted it on the stove, then subjecting it to the common quicksilver process he has now quite a nice little button of gold, which would indicate that the ore is at least ordinarily rich. We understand he has been questioned as to selling but refuses until he has made further tests.

The iron ore now being shipped from Blairton is taken from a new mine which the Company have selected near the lake, a considerable distance from the old one. The ore is said to be softer than that obtained from the old pit, and consequently of a more marketable value. From the time operations were suspended a few years ago, water began to flow into it, and for some time past it has been nearly full of stagnant water, a nuisance of no small account to the people of the village. It is possible that the mine will be drained in the course of some months of operation, as it is said connections will be made with the new mine, and thus bring within their reach an easier means of carrying off the water. If the mining continues, and there seems to be good prospects for it now, Blairton will return to its former prosperity, and carry its name back again to the remembrance of the most prominent iron dealers of this continent.—*Campbellford Herald.*

A short visit was made to the hematite mine this week, where we found things "humming." The new "skip-road" works admirably, and is a great saving on the old "hoist" which has up to a few weeks ago been used. The shaft in which the skip road is built is now 75 feet deep from the surface, and is some 20 feet south from the main opening. The car takes up about a ton of ore every time it is hoisted, the engine used being a new double acting 45 horse power. At the top of the skip-road, about 25 feet above the surface, the car dumps itself into another car which is run on an elevated track to the "pockets" overhanging the railway, from which the ore is readily loaded on the cars. From 100 to 125 tons is now taken out daily, but the capacity of the skip-road is at least 600 tons daily. The quality of the ore is now much harder but better than formerly, and there appears to be an unlimited quantity. Some 6,000 tons are also awaiting shipment beside the track, which was taken out last winter. The operations at this mine are conducted with the regularity of clock work, under the personal supervision of Mr. Chas. S. Mitchell, who has the mine under contract.

R. C. Picnic.

Our readers are requested to keep in mind the picnic in aid of the Queensboro' R. C. Church, to be held on Wednesday next, 7th inst. in Moore's grove, near Queensboro'. These gatherings have hitherto been a great success, and the hardworking committee is determined to make this one a success also. A pleasant day is in store for all who attend.

Moira Lake Bridge.

The repairs to the centre bridge of the three spanning Moira lake, near this village, were completed on Sunday afternoon last, the men to the number of fourteen or fifteen working all day Sunday for that purpose. In consequence trains were enabled to cross on Monday morning, and the large amount of freight which had accumulated at both ends of the road commenced to move the same day. We cannot help thinking, however, that the interests and accommodation of the public would have been quite well enough served had the finishing touches been delayed to Monday, as even back here the people have been civilized enough to entertain that profound veneration for the Sabbath that even railway companies or their employees should be made to respect. Apart from this the work is well and substantially done, and, when the other bridges at the lake are treated the same way, which we understand is to be done at once, will ensure a greater degree of safety to those who have occasion to cross on the train.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per brl	$5 80 to $6 50
Wheat, per bushel	1 25 to 0 00
Rye, "	0 75 to 0 00
Oats, "	0 40 to 0 00
Barley, "	0 60 to 0 70
Peas, "	0 60 to 0 65
Potatoes, "	0 35 to 0 40
Eggs, per doz	0 12 to 0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20 to 0 00
Wool, per lb	0 24 to 0 00
Hides, per cwt	7 00 to 8 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$1 15 to $1 30
Barley,	0 60 to 0 70
Rye,	0 80 to 0 00
Oats,	0 38 to 0 00
Peas,	0 65 to 0 00
Butter,	0 17 to 0 25
Eggs,	0 11 to 0 13
Potatoes, per bag	0 60 to 0 80
Flour, per bbl	6 00 to 7 00
Sheepskins,	0 70 to 0 00
Wool, per lb	0 22 to 0 00
Hides,	6 00 to 8 00
Hay,	6 50 to 9 00
Calf Skins, per lb	0 10 to 0 00
Deakens,	0 60 to 0 00

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—For bad legs, bad breasts, scorbutic and scrofulous sores this is a genuine specific. The grateful and earnest gratitude of thousands who have experienced its unrivalled power over these complaints, and who have been raised from prostrate helplessness and a condition loathsome to themselves and others, renders it quite unnecessary to enlarge in this place upon its extraordinary virtues. The parts affected should be bathed with lukewarm water, and when the pores are thereby opened the Ointment should be well rubbed in, at least twice a day. It is always advisable to take Holloway's Pills in these disorders, as this much assists the Ointment's action. The Pills check the fever, purify the blood, and eject all morbid matter engendered by these diseases.

FARMERS!

Before you purchase your

Machine Oil

Call and examine our

"EXTRA LARDINE,"

For Mowers and Reapers.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

Just received one Case of

CROMPTON'S CORSETS.

D. C. CLARKE.

CLOTHING.

We are now receiving one of the largest stocks of Ready Made Clothing ever shown in Madoc, all of which will be sold at prices far below its value.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, July 6th, 1881.

STIRLING AND MADOC

PUMP FACTORY!

THE undersigned has leased the shop previously occupied by R. SIMMONS as a Pump Factory, and is now prepared to furnish

Pumps of the Latest Styles on the shortest notice

All Pumps not bearing my name and recommended as my make are an imposition.

A CALL SOLICITED.

A. L. SAYLOR,

Madoc, June 16th, 1880. Madoc and Stirling.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash AND Blind Factory

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

PNEUMATIC CLOCKS.

Extended Use of them in Paris and Their Introduction into England.

From the London Times.

Although the elasticity of atmospheric air has been known for centuries, it would seem that it is only in comparatively recent times that advantage has been taken of that property in utilizing air-pressure for practical ends. The use of compressed air for numerous purposes, from the driving of heavy machinery to the transmission of delicate signals, has, however, of late become very general, and the latest application with which we have been made familiar is that of distributing time to a system of clocks from a central or principal time-keeper. The first attempts to transmit the time by means of compressed air were made in 1864 by Messrs. Popp and Seach, two Austrian Engineers, who, however, were then unsuccessful. After a further investigation of the subject and many disappointments they were enabled, on the 23d of February, 1877, to inaugurate in Vienna the first public service of the pneumatic distribution of time, although at their own expense. In the following year the inventors exhibited their system at the Paris Exhibition, where it attracted considerable attention, a silver medal being awarded to them for it.

The manifest utility of the system induced the municipal authorities of Paris in November of the same year, to grant permission to Mr. Popp to lay down pipes in the sewers of the first, second, and ninth arrondissements of that city for the phenmatic distribution of time, and a month later he obtained authority to distribute time in private houses. The Compagnie Generale des Horloges Pneumatiques was formed shortly afterward, and on the 15th of March, 1880, the inauguration of the system for public service took place. Six miles of pipes had been laid down, and four clocks, some having multiple dials, mounted on lamp-posts on the boulevards, received pneumatic time from the central works. These clocks have continued to work satisfactorily, and have become an established institution. Since that time the system has been further extended, and at present there are about 16 miles of main pipes laid in the sewers, and upward of 500 houses, in which there are over 2,000 pneumatic clocks, are receiving time from the central works, with which they are connected by air-tubes. The public clocks have increased from 4 to 14, with 33 dials among them, in the arrondissements already alluded to, while on the 19th ult. the Paris Municipal Council granted the company an exclusive concession for 50 years for supplying the time to that city by means of pneumatic clocks, both for public and private use. The system is now being introduced into several large towns in France and in other Continental cities. It is also being introduced in England.

The system consists of central works, at which the air is compressed by means of steam-engines working air-compressors, and stored in reservoirs at pressures varing from 15 pounds to 45 pounds per square inch. The air thus compressed and stored is led to distributing receivers, passing on its way to each through a pressure regulator, by means of which a periodical transfer or discharge of compressed air from the reservoir into the receivers takes place, replacing the air which is discharged every minute from the receivers to the clocks. By means of the regulator the compressed air in the receivers is maintained at a constant preasure, at which pressure it is delivered to a main or normal clock, by which the system of pneumatic clocks is actuated and controlled. This normal clock is an instrument of great precision, and is fitted with an equilibrium or balanced slide-valve, which is successively opened and shut by the action of the clock, which is self-winding. The compressed air is admitted to this clock in a continuous current; but, by means of its mechanism, it is transmitted through small branch tubes to the receiving time-keepers in pulsations.

The hands in the main clock travel in the same manner as those of an ordinary clock. The intermittent current of air on reaching the receiving clocks which are those in the streets or houses, acts upon their mechanism, transmitting the time to one and all at the same instant. These clocks are made as simple as possible, having an ordinary minute-wheel and a wheel of 60 teeth controlled by a catch fixed on a level which receives its motion from a leather bellows. Another catch prevents the wheel returning upon itself when once it has been moved one tooth. The pressure conveyed through the system of pipes every minute from the main clock causes the bellows of each receiving clock to expand, thus advancing the wheel one tooth and the minute-hand through a one-minute space. The main air-pipes, which are laid in the sewers, are only about an inch in diameter, and these are tapped at intervals to meet the requirements of the customers. From the mains the air is led through branch pipes about ¼ inch in diameter in the buildings and distributed to the pipes ¼ inch in diameter. The clocks are supplied by the company, a small annual charge being made for their use. The air can be shut off at any time from a house by means of a cock which is placed on the service-pipe at its junction with the main pipe. Leakages in the pipes have no influence upon the general working of the system, which has been brought to great perfection by the Compagnie Generale des Horloges Pneumatiques. The whole matter, in fact, appears to be so simple, its action so certain, and its cost to the public so moderate that, other things being equal, we look for its adoption in our midst at no distant period.

Witchcraft.

In Belgium four women have just been convicted before the Correctional Tribunal at Charleroi, in Belgium, of swindling by means of pretended sorcery. The head and moving spirit of the gang was a Madame Lignan, thirty-one years of age and married. She was accused of "escroquerie," which includes what English law calls "pretending to exercise witchcraft, sorcery, or conjuration," as well as the more serious offence of obtaining goods by false pretences. Madame Lignan, the reported sorceress, did not work alone, and the three other women who were in the dock with her were all charged with the same offence. One of them, a widow named Bouqueau, had reached the patriarchal age of seventy-one, another was thirty eight, while a third, the widow Dufer, was over forty. All three, however, seem to have been completely under the command of Madame Lingnan.

Lady Artists on a Lark in Maine.

Harper's Magazine.

Life had quickly settled into regularity. Every morning sketch-books and easels, paint-boxes and palettes, came out; the girls broke up into groups of two or three, and started out in various ways to work. Not a picturesque spot but had sketchers encamped about it; a dilapidated set of bars, the scorn of cows but the delight of an artist; a pile of rocks in an orchard, the thorn in the flesh to a farmer, who stared open-eyed to find it attractive to somebody; a path through the woods; or a luxuriant group of tall ferns. The neighborhood was an unworked mine of wealth. One could not turn in any direction without seeing a charming spot that she longed to carry away with her, and the only regret of the enthusiastic students was that each one had not two pair of hands to work with. Dinner brought them all home, and then came criticism, comparison, and much pleasant talk over canvas and paper, ending—in the Lark's Nest—in nailing the studies of the wall, and making ready for the next day's work.

Before long some of the daily needs of girlish humanity became pressing, and a party was made up to visit the "store" of the neighborhood—a barn-like place, with drugs and dress goods, hardware, and groceries, all in one room.

"Have you straw hats?" asked the first girl.

The clerk was sorry, but they were out of hats.

"What! no hats?" in a chorus from the party who had been seized with an ambition for broad-rim hats.

"I should like some shoe-buttons," began the second.

These, alas! they never kept.

"What! no shoe-buttons?" in one breath again.

"Please show me some ribbon," spoke up the third.

The clerk regretted to say that ribbons were not in stock.

"What! no ribbons?" cried the chorus, in dismay.

"Writing-paper, if you please" cried the fourth, sure that she at least could supply her wants.

The clerk was embarrassed. He began to have a horror of the chorus, and hesitated whether he had better slip out of a back door, and let his inquisitors find out for themselves his stock, or whether he had better laugh. He decided on the latter just in time, for Peggy began:

"I want some rye flour for sunburn."

The man shook his head.

"What! no rye flower?"

Clip had been looking about, and seeing potatoes, a thought struck her. "I say, girls," she began, in eager whispers, "now we're out here in the woods, and no callers, we might eat—*onions!*"

"Onions! onions!" whispered one and another. "Delightful! so we will!"

"I *love* onions" cried Clip; and, turning to the amused shop-keeper, added, "Please send us up a bushel."

The man laughed, but again he shook his head.

"What! no onions? Oh!" and, thoroughly disgusted with the country store, the party went out in search of another. After that, whenever in their rambles, which extended for many miles around, they came near to a store, they invariably went in and asked for those articles, expressing their surprise in chorus as at first, and always ending with the demand for onions, which, by-the-way, they were never able to get in that land of farms and gardens, though Mrs. Duncan offered to send to Portland for them.

A Turkish Military Episode.

The personal bravery of the Turkish soldier is too well known to require repeated assertion; but I may mention a remarkable exhibition of it which fell under my own notice. During Omer Pasha's Bosnian campaign, in which I accompanied him in order to report to Lord Stratford on his progress in suppressing a great rebellion, we marched along the valley of the River Bosna, which was too deep for fording, in the hope of being able to cross it at a ferry some miles further west. The enemy was in force on the other side. A Captain of cavalry was sent on with 50 men to take possession of the ferry-boat. When we reached the place, the boat was there and the Captain was there, but instead of 50 men there were not more than 20. The Pasha asked where the rest were. The Captain pointed to the river, and replied with perfect quietness of manner, that he had found the ferry-boat on the other side, defended by hundreds of armed Bosnians, and that he had been obliged to swim the stream, and bring the boat back under a fire which had killed 30 of his men. "*Aferin, Dervish Agha,*" was all that Omer Pasha said. I lost patience with his cold, "Well done, Dervish Agha," after such a gallant feat. I told him that in an English or French force an officer would have immediately been promoted for it, and asked him how he could expect his troop to distinguish themselves without other acknowledgment than such faint praise. "Well, well, you need not get excited about it," answered the Pasha, coolly lighting a cigar. "Dervish Agha, I promote you to the command of your regiment, which is vacant. You shall have your *firman* as Colonel by return of post from Stamboul. Fall in, and pass the word to all the Colonels that we halt half an hour here to give the men a smoke." The young officer saluted and fell in at the head of his regiment with an unconcerned look which surprised me. Omer Pasha, who could not live without smoking, never indulged in a cigar without allowing all those with him to light their pipes. As Turks, they adorned him accordingly. At a later period of the campaign, a trustworthy officer of rank was required to take command of an expedition into Herzegovina. Omer Pasha said to me that he had no one fit for it. I suggested that Dervish Bey might suit him. The Pasha adopted the idea, and the expedition was perfectly successful. The Colonel was made a General for it. Long afterward I met him as Dervish Pasha, and he reminded me that he owed his quick promotion to my taking his part at the ferry of the Bosna. In the last war with Russia, he commanded the army corps defending Batoum, and his name has since become very well and very favorably known to Europe in connection with Dulcigno.

A sick man is considered out of danger when the doctor discontinues his visits.

SUFFERING TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

Pain Person Endure for the Sake of Feet, Hair, and Noses.

From the London Daily News.

The French say that we must suffer if we would be beautiful, and this appears to have been and to be the opinion of most peoples, savage or civilized. Beginning with hair, we find that savage, like civilized, men and women will not let their hair follow its natural bent nor keep its natural color. "I never saw you wear your hair quite so light as that," some one said to a young lady lately when examining her portrait. The natives of the Western Pacific wear their hair, naturally dark, as light as they can by the aid of lime obtained from burned color. The Venetian ladies used to spread their locks in the sun to bleach them. Science has provided the modern fair with different kinds of auricomous fluid. As to shaving, savages are often as particular about it as Stendhal, who shaved every morning during the retreat from Moscow. The discomforts of shaving the head with a shell or a sharp piece of flint have often been commented on. It is necessary for a friend to sit on a savage's head when he is being shaved. Afterward he gets up and sits on his friend's head. It is easy to imagine the joy of these children of nature when some bits of broken glass come in their way. Then they enjoy what they think the luxury of a really easy shave. In some countries man, selfish man, compels the women to shave, while he indulges his vanity by wearing his own hair in a greasy but elaborate mop.

The finger-nails are not usually encouraged to grow more than nine or ten inches long, because of the practical inconveniences which attend this decorative arrangement. A Chinese ascetic, however, encourages his nails to extend themselves in a variety of curly shapes, an indulgence which we should not grudge to a man whose comforts and amusements are cut down to the lowest figure, and who thinks that he is earning heaven by turning this life into a hell. Tattooing hurts dreadfully, especially when people go in for having patterns in *alto relievo* on their arms, backs, and bosoms. When the whole body is converted into a surface covered with spirals like a pre-Raphaelite wall-paper, the victim can only be supported by the approbation of a strongly æsthetic conscience. In some cases, of course, tattooing means no more than our custom of carrying visiting cards. The marks merely show to what family a lady or gentleman belongs, and, on inspecting these, a maiden at once knows whether any black fellow she meets is, for her, an eligible husband. If their marks are the same they must not think of marrying. This arrangement prevents many "disappointments," as a girl knows at once when it would be hopeless for her to give away her heart. The nose, lips and ears have naturally been much decorated. The Australians and certain races on the north-west coast of America used to wear such huge bones in their noses that they were forced to keep their mouths wide open to breathe. In Peru the lobes of the ears used to hang down to the shoulders.

While savages cut the nose, ears, lips, and other parts of the frame into various conventional designs, it is reserved for civilization. Chinese, European, and American, to attack the really useful organs. Thus a savage may chop off his little finger by way of proving that he has come to years of discretion, as the Mandans did, or he may have his front teeth knocked out for the same purpose, as is the manner of the Murri. But he will not ruin his chest or deform his feet. Only people who do not need to walk or run much wear tight boots and cultivate slender waists, though the practice descends from owners of carriages to the middle and lower classes. Mr. Flower (author of a book to which this article refers) gives ghastly woodcuts of the Chinese woman's foot, and of its skeleton. "During the first year of the binding the pain is so intense that the sufferer can do nothing but lie and cry and moan. For about two years the foot aches continually." Some of the toes usually come off with the bandages, which enables the fortunate patient to wear a smaller shoe than would otherwise have been possible. The Chinese woman's foot is almost exactly like a drawing of the Parisian lady's foot in a shoe, which is reprinted from an advertisement in an English paper, with a wide circulation among women. Apparently, Parisian shoe-makers wish English ladies to live up to Chinese ideas. The toes of the "golden lily," or deformed Chinese foot, touch the ground between the great toe and the heel. The fashionable length is between three and a half and four inches.

But probably the Chinese do not tight lace. This is the greatest, most permanent, and most mischievous of modern fashionable deformities. A glance at the waist of the Venus so incorrectly attributed to the chisel of the athlete Milo, and at the waist of any lady in a picture of the fashions, will show that the modern woman's internal economy must be hopelessly disarranged. The shape of the skeleton is actually and absolutely reversed. The ribs of the human frame are narrow at the top, and expand downward. The ribs in the skeleton of a tight-laced woman are wide at the top, and contract as they descend. Probably even more misery is caused by the absurdly contracted waist than by the ridiculous pointed and high-heeled boot. But all classes suffer from "the cruel and extreme torture of the boot," in the modern conventional shape. Tight-lacing, after all, only affects women, and chiefly women who want to be fashionable. If we could only return to the round-toed shoon of Henry VII.! Lord Palmerston wore boots made on natural principles, and he was not quite a social failure.

GRINS.

PEOPLE talk of a visit to the great salt sea for the purpose of getting a little fresh air.

WHEN the Arab has stolen everything else in sight he quietly folds his tent and steals away.

YOUNG men should be careful about dropping remarks; they may be picked up by a bigger man.

A fisherman's occupation ought to be the most profitable, because his entire gross receipts are net profits.

IT has been conclusively proved that if a man walks around the world on a great circle his head will go just 37.7 feet further than his feet. So, if you don't want to wake up some morning with your head and feet that far apart, don't attempt circumnavigation.

The Tails of Comets.

Camille Flammarion, in a paper read before the French Academy of Sciences, on the recent comet, says:

In my observations on this comet I have devoted myself principally to an examination of its physical aspect. This examination appears to lead to conclusions which are different from the opinions generally adopted as to the nature of cometary tails. * * * The perfect transparency of these trains of light leads us to think that they are *not material*, that they are not gases driven back into space by a repulsive solar force, but that they are an excitation—electric or otherwise—of ether produced by the mysterious star, on the side opposite from the sun, we might almost say in the line of its shadow!

On the 24th of December, 1811, Piazzi observed at Palermo, through the tail of the celebrated comet of that year, the stars P.XX., 149, and P.XX., 197, which, instead of being more or less obscurred, were seen to be *more luminous.* * * * Apropos of these unexplained physical phenomena, let us dwell for a moment on the assuredly extraordinary circumstance which occurred last year, and which was only the renewal of one of the same kind observed already in 1843. On the 28th of January, 1880, at 36 minutes past 11 o'clock in the morning, the great comet discovered in the Southern hemisphere passed to its perhelion at 150,000 miles only from the solar surface. In adopting the figure 90,000 miles as the diameter of the head—the figure generally adopted also for the comet of 1843 (which, moreover, appears to be definitely the same as that of 1880), we see that from surface to surface there was only 180,000 miles. The proximity was more surprising still on the 27th of February, 1843. The two celestial bodies brushed each other at 33,000 miles only—that is to say, the comet traversed the solar atmosphere at a height less than that of the corona, and even of that of the protuberances, several of which have been ascertained to measure 200,000 miles in height. Now at these two epochs the comet was accompanied by a narrow and retilinear train, which it carried with it always on the side away from the sun, and which stretched out 125, 150, and even 200 millions of miles in length. To make in two hours a half revolution of the sun, it rushed along with a velocity of 167,700 feet per second (perhelion of 1843)—a velocity of the elliptical order, considering the fearful attraction of the sun, but which would have become rapidly parabolic at a little greater distance. Now at the distance of the earth, at 93 millions of miles, the rectilinear and rigid tail must have swept space with a velocity of over 19,500,000 feet per second!

Does not this circumstance, which has presented itself to our eyes twice in thirty-seven years, taken in connection with the perfect transparency of the trains of light, lead to the consequence that *the tails of comets cannot be material?* Is it an electrical illumination of the ether? Is it an undulatory motion excited by the comet itself on the side opposite from the sun? We do not yet know all the forces of Nature.

Stick to it.

Nine persons out of ten ignore the golden secret of content; they are constantly striving after something different from that which they enjoy. We do not deprecate enterprise, but it is the habit of constant change that we protest against—the habit of shifting from one pursuit to another. There are thousands of almost penniless and disappointed men, picking up a precarious living at the very extremity of life, because they have in the course of their existence, tried a hundred different things, and abandoned all in turn, simply because they did not succeed at once. To few men is it given to do more than two things well. There is scarcely any pursuit that, if followed out with a singleness of purpose, will not yield a rich return. Select some useful occupation, *stick to it*, and success must crown your efforts at last. Choose it *now*—make no delay. Don't waste your time and your strength and your opportunities by always *meaning* to do something—*do it!* Only weakness comes of indecision.

Why, some people have so accustomed themselves to this way of dawdling along from one thing to another, that it really seems impossible for them to make up their minds to anything. They never quite know what they mean to do next, and their only pleasure seems to consist in putting things off as long as possible, and then dragging slowly through them, rather than begin anything else. Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold of it at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; and then do the next thing without letting any moment drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours those prompt people contrive to make of a day; it's as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if you ever find yourself where you have so many things pressing you that you hardly know what to begin, let me tell you a secret: take hold of the very first one that come to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file and follow like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though workm ay be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished when brought into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he accomplished so much in his life; "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, *to go and do it.*" There is the secret—the magic word "Now."

Spiders Obstruct the Telegraph.

One of the chief hindrances to telegraphing in Japan is the grounding of the current by spider lines. The trees bordering the highways swarm with spiders, which spin their webs everywhere between the earth, wires, poles, insulators, and trees. When the spider webs are covered with heavy dews they become good conductors and run the messages to earth. The only way to remove the difficulty is by employing men to sweep the wires with brushes of bamboo; but as the spiders are more numerous and persistent than the brush users the difficulty remains always a serious one.

THE man who was "spell-bound," obtained relief by consulting the dictionary.

A FORTUNE FROM NOTHING.

A Spanish Gambler's Story.

"Where did you get your money?"

The question was an abrupt one—it was almost impertinent. But Gomez de Bonilla was an intimate friend of mine, and a good fellow, and—we had dined. Some two years before Gomez was poor as a church mouse. He was a journalist; but in Spain the gains of the fraternity of the pen are not large. What little he did earn went to the bad, for he was an inveterable gambler. But from a poverty-stricken journalist he suddenly blossomed out into a man of wealth. He had the finest horses, he belonged to the most fashionable club, and the most luxuriously fitted town-house, and he moved in the best society, for the golden key opens all portals. Well, as I said, we had just finished an excellent dinner, and over the walnuts and wine I put the question:

"Gomez, where did you get your money?"

He looked at me thoughtfully and knocked the ash from his cigar.

"Where did I get my money?" he repeated slowly. "And what says Dame Rumor concerning it, Pedro?"

"There are all sorts of stories. I have heard some people call your wealth 'ill-gotten gains,' whispers of retired highwaymen and the like. I have often met people who hinted at supernatural means."

"Perhaps they were right," was his laconic reply.

I stared at him.

"Listen! I have never been able to decide. The story is a curious one and should be told in sequence.

"You knew me two years ago, when I was poor. You also knew, as did all my friends, that I had a passion for gaming. I did not play simply for love of it. I played because I was poor. I was not a gambler; I was a speculator. I had fixed upon a certain sum which I considered a competency. I saw no way of acquiring it by my profession, so I devoted myself to the green cloth. One evening I was feeling unusually blue, I never drank, as you know—that is, to excess—and certainly never do what is called 'drowning sorrow.' Unfortunately I had in my possession a considerable sum of money, which had been intrusted to me by a friend for the purpose of paying some debts; he had been suddenly called away from the city. I entered the gambling hell and seated myself at the roulette table. Fortune was against me; the few duros that belonged to me were soon gone. Something seemed to possess me. I did what I never should have dreamed myself capable of doing—I staked my friend's money and lost it all. Do not condemn me. You could say nothing severer than were my own self-reproaches. Long I sat there glaring at the other players. The players dropped off one by one. The tables were gradually deserted. Soon there was but one left lighted—the roulette table before which I sat, and at which one persevering gamester was trying his luck. Finally he too wearied, and I was left alone with the banker, who was the proprietor of the gambling hell.

"The banker looked at me inquiringly. I half rose to retire. I had fully determined to blow out my brains in the street. I half rose, I say, and as I did so I saw upon the floor a round, bright object which had a silver shimmer as the gas-light fell upon it. It was a coin, a——"

"A peseta," I interrupted.

"Yes," he went on, "a little bit of silver coin—only a peseta. I placed my foot upon it, and motioning to the banker said:

"Seventeen."

"Seventeen wins," said he, and on the seventeen clanged seven silver duros.

"Do you leave it there," said he.

"I nodded."

"Again the ivory ball spun around, and again it stopped at seventeen.

"Again I left the glittering pile upon the seventeen, and again it won. Seven several times did the goddess fortune smile upon me. And when I stopped it was not because I feared to venture further, but because I had broken the bank."

"And the peseta," said I, "you have that still?"

"No," he replied.

"Why," exclaimed I, "had I been you, I would have kept it all my life."

"No," he replied, "you would not have kept it."

"And why not?"

"When I stooped to pick up the coin I found—nothing."

"Nothing!" I echoed. "Why—what—where——"

"That which I had taken for a peseta was not a coin. The round, silvery object on which the light had fallen and deceived me was——"

"What?"

"A drop of water."

Lunatics Playing Cricket.

Amongst the unreported cricket matches on the 27th ult. was an exciting game played by the criminal lunatics at Broadmoor Asylum. Amongst the fielders was Mr. Waller, the gentleman who was recently charged at the Kent assizes with the murder of his wife and a gamekeeper at Chislehurst, and who was acquitted on the ground of insanity, and Biggs, who murdered his sweetheart at Leicester two years ago. Several warders undertook the duties of umpiring the teams, not so much with the view of deciding upon the merits of the game as to preventing players attacking each other with their bats and stumps. During the progress of the match a ball was cut very hard to the boundary of the field, and both Biggs and Waller went in pursuit of it. Both men displayed wonderful agility, and no particular notice of them was taken until one of the warders happened to note that the pair did not slacken their pace when they reached the leather, but kept on at full speed in the direction of the woods which overhung the grounds. Then it seemed to have struck the attendants that it was pretty nearly time to fetch the "players" back again. A lively chase of close upon a mile ensued, when capture was effected, but not until the warders had been sadly knocked about. It is but fair to presume that the cricketing operations of Messrs. Waller and Biggs have come to a close

AN actor ought to know how to "make up" for lost time.

CHINESE POLICE.

The Sort of Picnic They Have in Attacking Bandits.

To preserve the emperor's peace throughout the realm, the principal agents are the policemen attached to the tribunals, small and great, whoare known by their red robes, their high black caps, and the official pheasant feather surmounting their heads like a horn. A mere magistrate will preside over a score of these picturesque alguazils, while the yamun of a prefect or a criminal inspector contains fifty or more armed constables, some of whom act as jailors and headsmen in case of need.

The policemen, the actual constables, are divided into privates, corporals, and sergeants. They are sheltered in a magistrate's yamun, if bachelors; but if married they often inhabit a hut within the compound of their superior's dwelling. They eat rice and melons at the charge of the province, and they receive a very small monthly payment, enough to buy tobacco and opium, should their chief not embeazzle it on the road. But for this the pheasant-plumed care little; their dependence is on bribery, and where denunciation may cause ruin, and must cause annoyance, no spy need despair of a comfortable living. Curiously enough, the police extort less from the rich than from the poor. To crush a wealthy man is not such an easy task as in the Musselman countries, and justice grows gentle as she mounts the social ladder. Even some great mandarin, when degraded for some offence, is not so harshly used as a Turk or Persian of corresponding rank would be by his prince.

The pheasant-plumed constabulary are quite capable of controlling mobs and arresting the small fry of rascaldom, but they are mere mousing owls, quite unfit to hawk at such noble game as the kouan-kouen, or bandits. For this purpose either a band of braves must be hired at the expense of the provincial treasury, or the regular forces of the government must be employed. Most of the kouan-kouen have to take refuge among the huge swamps, natural fastnesses which abound in almost every province, where they erect the miniature stockade of bamboo, build wattled huts, and dig deep trenches around the little camp. Only the fowlers and fishermen ever penetrate these tangled morasses, guarded by fever and fathomless quicksands; and with these poor men the kouan-kouen stand well, paying liberally for provisions, salt, gunpowder, and news. The magistrates would never venture a force among the quagmires without proper guidance. By threats and promises, by the exhibition of a little money and plenty of stick, they induce some of the fishers to pilot the column through the labyrinth of mud and waters; and an imposing aspect does that company present. First march a company of veterans, with long-barreled gingals, matches lighted and ammunition in plenty. The guides are with these matchlockmen, with their hands tied behind their backs and a cord around each man's neck, as a delicate precautionary measure. Then comes the chief military mandarin, mounted and armed like a Scythian. At his back some swordsmen and spearmen, all with shields and hemlets, hideous with dragons and tigers with fancy colors, very fearful to behold. The subaltern officers follow, gallantly heading the archers and rocketmen, the former of whom advance with their short bows bent and a barbed arrow fitted to the string. The civil mandarin rides next, sword in hand, followed by his own policemen in pheasant feathers and common serge, and by a troop of impressed coolies, furnished with ropes, chains, fetters, and square bamboos enough to secure a considerable amount of felons. A band of music brings up the rear. But the gongs and flutes will not be wanting until the celebration of the victory, so the heroes advance without beat of drum or noisy clamor, twirling their wiry moustaches and vaporing beneath their breath of the deeds they are about to perform. But when once fairly among the marshes a change comes over these pig-tailed Bobadils. They see spears through the rank grass and sedges; they huddle together like scared sheep at the waving of the canebrake; when the wild fowl rise with clanging wing and harsh note, the sound suggests the war-cry of the kouan-kouen. The old adage is reversed, and it is the officer who takes every bush for a thief, and is pretty much of Lady Macduff's opinion as to the chance that the knaves may hang up honest men. Hours are said to be occupied in the contest between two or three hundred soldiers and a score of highwaymen behind a bamboo stockade. The civil mandarin, with chattering teeth and dignity broken down, cowers beneath his horse and squeaks at every shot like a wounded rabbit. The musicians throw away gong and cymbal, and run for their lives. The military mandarins rate and menace their men, urge them, drive them, abuse them, but never dream of leading them. It is not easy to get the poor privates to attack; they hang back and duck at the shots of the enemy, and rattle their swords and shields, but decline to charge, while the matchlockmen lie down to take pot-shots at the brigands, and the rockets are let off pretty much at random.

One of the Pests of India.

One of India's pests is the metallic blue-fly. You sink the legs of your furniture into metallic sockets filled with salt and water, and pack your clothing in tight tin boxes, to prevent the incursions of white ants, but you have no remedy against the metallic bluefly, which fills every crevice, every keyhole and every key itself with clay. The fly is an artistic as well as an industrious worker, and he works always with an object. He selects a hole, a keyhole, or an empty space in any metallic substance is preferred, but, in the absence of any such material, the holes in the bottom of a cane-seat chair or any perforated wood will answer the purpose.

After seeing that the hole is clean and in good order, he commences operations by laying on the bottom a smooth carpet of clay; then the bodies of several defunct spiders are triumphantly placed upon the clay carpet. On top of these spiders the eggs of the female fly are deposited. The tomb is then ready for closing. The top is neatly covered over with clay, but it still has an unfinished look. This is remedied by a thin coat of whitewash, and then the fly looks upon his work and pronounces it good.

When the tomb is opened there are more metallic blue flies in the world than there were before. You are anxious to examine or wear some of your valuables, which you always keep under lock and key, and you take your key and endeavor to unlock your trunk, but it is only an endeavor. There is resistance in the keyhole. You examine the key and you find that it is nicely sealed up with clay, and the keyhole in the same condition. It is a work of patience to destroy the nursery of the poor insect and lay his castle in ruins; but a determined will can accomplish much. Canc-seated chairs are sometimes so occupied by these clay homes as to make it hard to determine what the original substance was.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Room Needed for British Worthies of the Next Thousand Years.

London Times.

For two generations it may be truly said Westminster Abbey has been continually, year after year, adding new interests of every kind and accumulating memories all more or less dear to the country, till the edifice is less and less equal to the monumental crowd. We may feel that we are all drawn closer to the Abbey than we were then, and that it comes more to the idea of a common shrine and sacred centre for the British people. But its whole history, covering a period of eight centuries and more, has been diversified with all the features that make romance. The lamented Dean very carefully classified his subjects, and showed that many histories might be written of the Abbey, as one subject might give the cue to another. Kings, royal personages, courtiers, great statesmen, soldiers, sailors, divines, poets, historians, essayists, mathematicians, all have been borne into this holy ground, which is, in truth, part of the presence of the British throne. The Abbey is inseparably from the Palace of Westminster. For centuries, indeed, it had a certain nominal independence, at least for its internal discipline and administration, but the Crown always did what it pleased with the Abbey, made what use it pleased of it, and appropriated what it thought fit for the Abbey revenues. On the other hand it lavished immense sums and taxed the nation for its new buildings.

It is the monuments that are really the history of the Abbey, and, as the late Dean more that once pointed out, the history of the nation. This conception of the Abbey proved a constant source of anxiety, and involved him in some trouble. The Dean has the invidious office of deciding who shall be admitted, who excluded from a building which all claim, in some sort, for a home. No doubt the late Dean would have been much more ready to admit had there been room. But room there is not. They who deplored the state of things they knew in their youth cannot now visit the Abbey without noticing still more offences to taste and propriety. The statue of Peel, for example, is so oddly placed as hardly to seem to have found a place at all. He looks as if he had his position still to seek in the Abbey. The only suggestion made for the intended statue of Lord Beaconsfield is that it shall be a few yards from Peel, and in much the same sort of indecisive position. Now, the late Dean recorded his opinion strongly against moving any of the existing monuments. Leave them all where they are. They have been generally placed with a careful regard to their surroundings and in the midst of their proper associations. Moreover, their situation itself has become historical.

What we want is room for the British worthies of the next thousand years. Where are they to be placed? His idea—indeed, there is no other conceivable—is that worked out by Sir Gilbert Scott, of a large quadrangle and covered cloister communicating with the Abbey and filling up the space between Dean's Yard and Palace Yard. The Dean said that much as he should wish to see the north entrance made equal to its character as practically the main entrance from the metropolis, and much as he would like to see the west tower harmonized with the rest of the edifice, the thing to be done first of all was to enlarge the monumental capacity of the Abbey in the way just described.

Dean Stanley's Kindness.

Referring to the deeply lamented death of Dean Stanley, will you allow me to draw your readers' attention to the remarkable and most generous kindness with which he so frequently conducted parties of workingmen over the abbey, explaining every historic monument and association within its walls, with the utmost endeavor to make its grand old story intelligible and interesting. The last occasion on which he performed this labor of love was a fortnight ago, when he took our Croydon technical carpentry classes and many of the workmen of a large printing firm in the city over the Abbey, and with a wearied kindness and patience answered all the questions any of us ventured to put. I never felt so strongly that Westminster Abbey is the place to which those persons should be invited in whom you would awaken an interest in "our rough island story," showing them how "Not once or twice, the path of duty was the path of glory," if only you can only secure such a teacher and guide as the admirable clergyman too soon removed from among us. At the end of our tour through the building the dean led us, as he has done many and many a similar party before, into the "Jerusalem Yard," where, under the shadow of one of the great towers of the venerable pile, tables were spread with tea and cakes for his guests. In a simila spirit, and as president of the Working Men's Club and Institute union, he has repeatedly invited the members of the London affiliated clubs to most delightful reunions at the deanery, seeming never to tire of giving interesting explanations to his visitors of all around them. Such men do more than they dream of to show the working classes the beauty and power which thus inspires them to sympathize with the combined ignorance and noble aspirations of the toiling millions, who have been deprived of many of the blessings which gladden and enrich the hearts and lives of many of their more fortunate brethren. The loss to us all in every rank of life is far beyond what we can at present realize; but I believe he looked forward only with intense desire to the change which would reunite him to her whose death some years ago had made the present life very blank and desolate.

AN ASTONISHING PROPOSITION.

A Suggestion that Condemned Murderers be Handed Over to the Surgeons for Experiment.

Courtenay Ryland.

We are all aware that a very large number of most important scientific questions have thus far successfully baffled the most determined research of the medical profession. No sure and effectual treatment has yet been discovered for cholera, yellow fever, cancer, consumption, hydrophobia, and many other diseases which annually decimate various portions of the globe. Can a drowned person be restored, the poisonous bites of various reptiles be cured, or an antidote be found for chemical poisons? These and other equally perplexing and important questions have not as yet been answered affirmatively by the most skillful physicians, although many have spent their lives in attempts to solve these problems. One of the greatest hindrances to a satisfactory solution of all such inquiries has been, and still is, the fact that the doctors have not had the legal right and the indispensable privilege of fully and freely experimenting upon living human beings. If every person that has been hanged, or otherwise executed, during the last 100 years could have been turned over to the medical fraternity with the free, full, and legal right for them to experiment upon in the interest of medical science, many of the questions which still baffle the greatest research would have been satisfactorily settled beyond all peradventure or dispute. If all of the Bresnahams, Guiteaus, and Greenfields of the next century could be devoted to science they would in their deaths compensate the world for the wrongs they have done, and instead of being malefactors who died useless and horrible deaths might become greater benefactors to the whole world than any and all of the truly good men who lived as good citizens and died natural deaths.

We could suggest the passage of a law by the Legislature for the erection of a suitable medical institution and the appointment of a proper number of the most eminent physicians, both to be devoted to the discovery of new truths in medical science. And let the law further provide, under suitable restrictions, for the delivery to and treatment by such institution of all criminals who are condemned to death. The doctors should take the place of the present executioner and should be charged with the duty of continuing their experiments for the benefit of science until the death of the condemned or till one or more medical mysteries had been satisfactorily solved. Perhaps it might be both wise and humane to provide that under certain specific circumstances the criminal should be fully pardoned and restored to all of the rights which he had forfeited by his wrong-doing. For example, a malefactor might be drowned until, in the ordinary sense of the term, he was pronounced dead by the experimenting physicians. Then, if he was resuscitated, he should gain his liberty. Let another be bitten by an unmistakably rabid dog, and if he was cured after a well-defined attack of hydrophobia that should constitute his certificate of reprieve. Others should be poisoned, inoculated with various contagious diseases and be subjected to death by the various maladies which have defeated and defied the combined skill of the medical fraternity, and in the case of everyone where a sure and definite remedy should be discovered such criminal should thereby expiate his crime, and by his contribution to science for the benefit of the world he should earn and receive a full pardon. As a means of punishment this method would, in our judgment, deter the commission of ten times more crime than the ordinary hanging, and would put the life of the murderer to such a use as would benefit the present and all future generations. To every condemned criminal whose life was thus put in jeopardy the hope would be held out that his life might be saved provided he successfully run the desperate gauntlet of death.

The True Tale of William Tell.

William Tell ran a hay-ranch near Bergelen about 580 years ago. Tell had lived in the mountains all his life and shot chamois and chipmunks with a cross-gun till he was a bad man to stir up. At that time Switzerland was run principally by a lot of carpet-baggers from Austria, and Tell got down on them about the year 1307. It seems that Tell wanted the government contract to furnish hay at $45 a ton for the year 1306, and Gessler, who was controlling the patronage of Switzerland, let the contract to an Austrian who had a big lot of condemned hay further up the gulch. One day Fessler put his plug hat up on a telegraph pole, and issued order 236, regular series, to the effect that every snoozer who passed down the toll road should bow to it. Gessler happened to be in behind the bush when Tell went by, and he noticed that Bill said "Shoot the hat" and didn't salute it, so he told his men to gather Mr. Tell in and put him in the refrigerator. Gessler told him that if he would shoot a crab apple from the head of his only son, at 200 yards with a cross-gun, he would give him his liberty. Tell consented, and knocked the apple higher than Gilroy's kite. Old Gessler, however, noticed another arrow sticking in William's girdle, and asked what kind of a flowery break that was. Tell told him that if he had killed the kid instead of busting the apple, he intended to drill a a hole through the stomach of Mr. Gessler. This made Gessler mad again, and he took Tell on a pic-nic up the river in irons. Tell jumped off when he got a good chance, and cut across a bend in the river, and when the pic-nic party came down he shot Gessler deader than a mackerel.

Catching Herring in Winter.

In winter there is a novel method of capturing herring. Lake mackerel, then go in schools, and for some reason they will always follow a light. Two or three fishermen provide themselves with torches made of birch bark or cottten batting, saturated with kerosene oil, and on dark nights row along the shores with a torch in the bow of the boat. The boat is rowed as swiftly as possible, and when a "school" is struck the chase begins. The herring dart after the boat, coming close up to it in swarms, and while one of the men rows the other dips up the herring with a dipper.

AN EMPEROR'S FLOWER.

Why the Ruler of Germany Prefers the Bluebottle.

That the bluebottle (also called bachelor's button) is the favorite flower of the emperor of Germany is a well known fact. The reason why this simple field flower should be preferred by him to other and much finer ones may not be so well known. On the occasion of a small festivity given at Kœnigsberg, the emperor's mother, Queen Louise, appeared in the presence of several French Generals sent by Napoleon I. to the unhappy Prussian king in a very simple white dress, wearing some of these flowers in her hair and a small bunch of them in her corsage, much to the astonishment of the rude warriors, who did not hesitate to exchange, in a loud whisper, derogatory remarks about the plainness of her toilet. Turning with an indescribably sad yet dignified smile to the generals the queen said: "Ever since your horses have trodden our corn-fields, gentlemen, these pretty wild flowers may well be counted among the rare treasures of my unhappy country." That scene and the flowers connected with it belong henceforth to the emperor's sad but sweet reminiscences of his youthful days. When, shortly before the battle of Friedland, Queen Louise had once more to flee from Kœnigsberg to Memel, the carriage in which she travelled with her two eldest sons, Princes Frederick William and William, lost a wheel on the road. They were obliged to alight, and being far away from any habitation, to sit down by the side of the deserted road while the damage was repaired. The little princes, being very tired and very hungry, loudly bewailed their fate to the dejected mother, who did not know how to appease the wants of her children. The young and delicate Prince William, in particular, clung beseechingly to his dearly beloved parent, who finally rose from her grassy seat and culled bluebottles in the adjacent fields, encouraging the two boys to follow her example. With the flowers thus plucked she twined wreaths, which occupation the princes looked on with great curiosity and interest. The feeling of helplessness and the thought of the unhappy condition of her family, her country, and the future of the sons by her side brought tears to the mother's eyes—hot tears, which slowly trickled upon the flowers she held in her hands. Prince William, deeply touched, threw his arms round her neck, and tried to comfort her with his child-like caresses, which brought a sweet smile on the maternal face and lips, and won for the irresistible comforter a wreath of blue flowers upon his ten-year-old head. This touching roadside scene Prince, now Emperor William, has never forgotten. On every corn-flower (this being the German name) he still thinks he sees the glitter of a maternal tear. Hence his fondness for them. Still it is not the flower alone that he loves; he has also a great partiality for its color. A peculiar construction of the Emperor's eyes causes this particular shade of blue to strike it more pleasingly than any other, to such a degree in fact, as to render him almost indifferent, nay, insensible, to all other colors. This is also the reason why he likes to surround himself with his favorite shade, and the ladies of his court have long made it a point to appear on festive occasions in blue toilets, which not only produce an agreeable effect upon his sight, but also upon his mood, imparting to the latter that happy tinge of cheerfulness and amiability which have long become proverbial in his case.

Forced Marches.

The United Service.

In 1757 Frederic the Great marched about 160 miles in 20 days; and again, after Rossbach, a little greater distance in 15 days, but lost 300 men through exhaustion. In 1760, with 60,000 men and 1,000 wagons, he accomplished about 80 miles in 5 days. The same year the Austrian Gen. Lascy, with 15,000 men, "knocked off" 180 miles in 10 days. Prince Eugene, of Wurtemberg, to relieve Berlin, made a forced march on the 4th of October, 1760, of 36 miles in 1 day. This latter does not approach the feat of the Sixth Corps—35 miles in 19 hours. It may be remembered by many of those who served with the Army of the Potomac that Birney's First (Red Diamond) Division of the Third Corps had won for themselves the nickname of "Birney's Foot Cavalry," and this title was subsequently applied to the Second Corps after the Third Corps was combined with it. In regard to the Third Corps, Army of the Potomac, the writer feels that it deserves equal pre-eminence with the Third Corps of the French Army under Napoleon in the campaign of 1806. Of the latter organization, Marshal Davoust said to Napoleon during this, the Jena campaign, when the Emperor expressed his admiration of its achievements and his grief at its heavy losses, "Sire, the soldiers of the Third Corps will ever be to you what the Tenth Legion was to Cæsar." (Alison, ii., 457, 2.) The activity of the Third and of the combined Second-Third Corps rivaled that of Oudinot's Grenadier's, in October, 1805, when they actually outmarched cavalry, accomplishing 12 leagues a day, and contributed chiefly to the capture of the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand's column, which had escaped from Ulm. (Jervis, 154; Alison ii., 351.) In the pursuit of Lee the Sixth Corps kept up with the cavalry on the 6th—so says Col. Archibald Hopkins, Thirty-seventh Massachusetts Volunteers, in his account of (Little) Sailor's Creek, 6th of April, 1865—and it is claimed that the 5th Corps had likewise equalled the speed of the horsemen, prior to the concentration at Jetersville, evening of the 5th. (Badeau's "Grant," iii., 558, 622-23, &c.) The infantry, both of the Army of the Potomac and of the Army of Northern Virginia, justified Lieut-Gen. Baron Ambert's magnificent eulogy of the foot soldiers, whom he styles "the sinews of an army." Gen. Roche-Aymon says that Cavalry is to infantry what poetry is to prose, and, if he meant exactly what these words express, it is not a bad comparison, inasmuch as the world might go on without poetry, while it would be utterly impossible to get along without prose. Moreover, good poetry is very rare, whereas excellent prose is not. Poetry, too, while all very fine, is at best no more to real life than what dessert is to dinner.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has been travelling in Germany incognito, but retains enough of her former magnificence to keep a retinue of ten persons wherever she goes.

A TIRELESS TRAMP.

The Experience of an Aged Printer Who Has Done More Walking than Weston.

There passed through Mattoon last week one of the oldest travellers now on the road, and one who is, perhaps, more widely acquainted with places than any man who travels in the present time in any business capacity. The name of the eccentric individual referred to is G. W. Macheet. He was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1836, and early in life learned the printer's trade. Being of a roving disposition, he soon took the road, and has not remained long in any one place since. He held a case in the New York *Tribune* office when Horace Greeley first took charge of the paper, and has travelled from place to place over nearly every State in the Union east of the Rocky Mountains. He can enumerate and give names of more newspapers and present and past proprietors than many of the directories for that purpose, and has still a good memory and relates many interesting and amusing incidents. For a number of years past he has dropped in on the boys in the offices in Mattoon at long intervals, and because of the old man's genial disposition he receives a warm welcome wherever he goes. He states that the first time he saw the site where the thriving City of Mattoon now stands, with its 7,000 inhabitants, was in 1849, when the town plot had just been staked off and a little soil had just been broken for the Chicago branch of the Illinois Central Railroad. He asked the men driving the stakes if they were laying off the site for a graveyard, and they retorted by asking him where he would find inhabitants for a city of the dead, with barren wastes of prairies lying around in all directions for many miles. Recently he has made a tour through Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, Tennessee, Kentucky, and back to this State. When Uncle George arrived in the city his wardrobe was considerably depleted, his eyesight had grown so dim that he could no longer be of any use in manipulating the mechanical part of the art preservative, and hungry was knawing at his vitals. He drifted into the office of the *Daily Journal* late in the evening, just to rest, as he said; but the boys promised to make his case similar to that of Him who said: "I was hunger and ye fed me; I was athirst and ye gave me to drink; I was naked and ye clothed me"—if he would stay till morning. The old man accepted the proffered hospitality. That evening a couple of the boys pooled their second-hand garments, and the next morning their visitor appeared in a respectable looking suit. After a good breakfast he bundled up the spare wearing apparel given him and started across the country for Peoria, where he is well acquainted. He says he will remain there in the future as he is too old to travel.

A Well-Preserved Dog.

There have been so many lies told about dogs, and the wonderful things they have accomplished, that we feel almost unequal to the task of telling a true dog story and making it of any interest to the public. But there is a gentleman in this city, Mr. Patrick Nichols, who resides in the First Ward and holds a position under the Government in the Post Office, who has, to say the least, a peculiar dog. Mr. Nichols settled in Milwaukee some thirty-five years ago, bringing the dog with him, we are informed, though the dog was quite young at the time. During all that time the dog has been a faithful friend and companion of his master, but is now beginning to age. Some time ago it was noticed that he was losing his hearing, and he did not respond to a command in an ordinary gentle tone of voice. A visitor who was making a call one day at Mr. Nichol' house, and who was quite deaf, had an ear trumpet, and the trumpet was tried on Jimmie with the most astonishing success. He had been taught to do certain things, and when the ear trumphet was placed to his ear, and an order given through it in an ordinary tone, he would immediately execute the order, though without the trumpet he could not hear it. He soon understood the use of the trumpet and one was procured for him, and whichever member of the family happened to have it, he would go to them, place his paws on their lap, wag his tail and ask them to talk. It was a great comfort to him. Some time after this it was noticed that the dog's eyesight had failed greatly, and a pair of spectacles was procured, made especially for him by an optician, an fastened upon his nose. That the dog was tickled there could not possibly be a doubt. He capered about in the greatest glee, and almost laughed out loud, he was so glad. He has sobered down lately, however, and wears his specs with dignity becoming one of advanced years, but he will not permit them to be taken away. During the dog's long and eventful life he has had some pretty hard wrestles with other dogs. He has met strange dogs upon the plains of Abraham, so to speak, or on the Rialto, and they have settled their differences in an honorable and dogly manner. But it was hard work sometimes, and these affairs have cost him every tooth he had in his head, rendering it necessary to chop his food very fine before giving it to him. A dentist has racently taken an impression of the dog's mouth, and is now engaged in making him a set of artificial teeth, with which it is hoped and expected he will be able to perform mastication as well as with the natural dentals—in other words, eat with them. This story may sound a little far-fetched to persons in the habit of reading the *Sun*, but we are assured that every word is true. The dog is not bald-headed, requiring him to wear a wig, as some might feel inclined to ask; neither has he any artificial limbs. It would be better for the story if such were the case, but not near so good for us, as Mr. Nichols, who thinks everything of the dog, would lay for us if we lied about him, and stab us with a mail bag.

An Austrian chemist is said to have devised a soporific, of which a few drops sprinkled on the head and face will stupefy a man in a few seconds. He give it the name of "Tamer," and offered to sell the secret of its preparation to the Austrian Government. But the Government has not only refused to purchase it, but has ordered the police authorities to formally order the inventor to discontinue his experiments, and to abstain from using in any way his invention or communicating it to others.

MISSED HIS SHOT.

A RENFREW COUNTY MAN'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM ASSASSINATION. —A STERN CHASE.

Ottawa, Aug. 27.—A few days ago while Hugh Gallagher, of Brudenell, Renfrew county, was engaged in doing some carpenter work at his back door, he was startled by the report of a gun, and the dull thud of a bullet striking the door jamb. He turned quickly to see who had fired the shot, when he observed a young man named William Luloft running away with a gun in his hands. Gallagher started in pursuit, and after a chase of about a mile, overhauled the would-be assassin. Luloft admitted firing the shot, and stated that he did not intend to kill him, giving as a reason for firing at him that Gallagher had prevented him from passing through his field a short time ago. Dr. Kender, the acting magistrate at Rockingham, was absent from home at the time, and a couple of days were lost before Gallagher could secure a warrent for Luloft's arrest. Luloft is now in custody, and has been committed to gaol at Pembroke to stand his trial. It is stated that insanity runs in Luloft's family.

A RAILROAD SLAUGHTER.

FATAL COLLISION ON THE GRAND TRUNK NEAR LANCASTER.

Brockville, Aug. 28.— Early this morning a horrible accident occurred on the Grand Trunk railway about three miles from Lancaster. It appears No. 13 freight train was proceeding to Brockville. No. 13 should have been detained at Lancaster to cross the special freight, but no signal crossing board was displayed by the operator, and she proceeded on her way to Beamsville, five miles east, and when within two miles of the station collided with the special freight in a dence fog. The collision was terrible. Fireman Heaslip of one train, and fireman Turnbull of the other, were killed, as was also a brakeman named Neilson. Both engineers are fatally injured. The engines are a total wreck, and seventeen cars have been destroyed. It is reported that the operator at Lancaster and the conductor of No. 13 are to blame for the accident, as the operator should have displayed a danger signal and the conductor should have stopped for a clearance order. Considerable excitement prevails here, as the killed and wounded reside here.

LATER.—It is said now that brakesmen Neilson and Anderson were killed, fireman Heaslip killed, with the engineers and fireman Turnbull fatally injured. The Grand Trunk railway people are very reticent about the accident.

THE ENGLISH CROPS.

Englishmen are not easily discouraged, but it does look at present as if they would have to give up the long struggle to grow grain. An English correspondent says that they have not had a "good old-fashioned crop" since 1354. Since then they have only had seven average crops. Things are going from bad to worse, as they have not had an average crop of late years at all but one, that of 1878, and it was a poor average, and was followed by the worst crop that had ever been reaped. Last year the crop was much below the average. The long-suffering farmer has nevertheless been hoping against hope, determining time and again to try it for another year, and see if things would take a turn. It is a long lane that has no turning, and this year, until a few weeks, the farmers had every prospect of reaping at least an average crop. Everything looked well, and wheat, although there were some grumblings heard about the smallness of the ear and the small number of grains to each, yet it was believed that the crop was on the whole going to be a very good one. This prospect has been entirely spoiled by the rains of the past two weeks. The crops in some districts have been totally destroyed, while in others it will be a question whether they are worth gathering. At the close of the week the weather was brighter and better, but the damage has been done, and the most that can be hoped is that what remains that is worth garnering may be harvested in fair condition. The effect of this failure of the crops cannot but be greatly to increase the emigration of this most desirable class. It will also give an impetus to the movement in favor of land law reform which is gathering in England. The news of the calamity has not had the effect upon the prices of grain that would have been looked for, but this is owing to the fact that prices were already extremely high. Except to the English farmer, English wheat is not, or rather has not been for years an important factor in the settling of the price of wheat. Russia's crop was a magnificent one, and it is safe.—*Montreal Witness.*

MALARIA.

What is it? It is a puzzle to the scientists for one thing, and it is a term used very freely by people who have not the remotest conception of what it means. Dr. Chadbourne, of William's college, has studied the subject carefully, and he states that "all the facts now known cannot be explained consistently with any theory yet advanced. Malaria, it is true, abounds in wet places; but so it also does in places which are dry. It is found in valleys, and it is found on the tops of mountains. It appears where it has before been unknown, "without any change of conditions that can be seen." It seems also in New England to "move on" from year to year, like the pear blight, the potato rot, the epizootic, or the Texan cattle fever. As to vegetable decomposition, malaria is to be found in the Rocky Mountains, "where the few streams, flowing from melting snow, are as pure as our New England trout brooks, while most of the soil is poor in organic matter." He points out that water of itself does not necessarily favor decomposition, but that it is produced by alternation of wet and dry, or mere dampness. Of the increased prevalence of malaria in New England, and "what seems to be its yearly progress eastward," he thinks no satisfactory explanation has been brought forward, and all that can be done at present is to collect the facts carefully, in the hope that we may be able to arrive at a solution of the mystery hereafter.

Dyspepsia can readily be cured by taking according to directions Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. They greatly aid the digestive powers and tone the whole system. In large 8 oz. Bottles at 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

A land slip has occurred at Tabarani, in Moldavia, and sixty-five houses have disappeared. No lives lost.

AUTUMN TRADE.

We visit the market at Belleville every Saturday to pick up everything desirable in our line, for our customers.

PEACHES

are very scarce and dear, but we will endeavor to keep as good a supply as possible during the season. Apples and Pears are still dear, and desirable kinds and qualities difficult to obtain, but our customers may rely on our having at all times the

Best the Market can afford, at Lowest Prices.

We expect a full supply of Grapes in their season. We are now receiving American Water Melons, and as soon as they ripen in PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY we shall be receiving our

Contract Supply of 2,000 Melons.

Our sales of Ice Cream are up to the standard, and our make is as highly appreciated as it is widely known.

S. A. DAVIS.

Madoc, August 18th, 1881.

EPIZOOTIC.

Jacob Huff's Discovery

Warranted to Cure in Three Doses

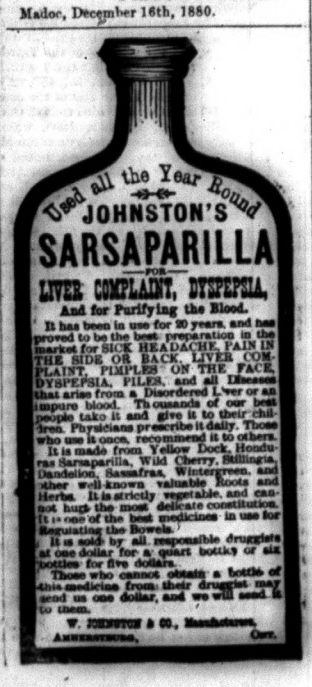
As I understand some parties are selling an inferior article and using my name therefor, the public is hereby cautioned against purchasing any Powder represented to be mine unless the package has my label thereon.

—FOR SALE AT—

Wilson's and Loomis' Drug Stores.

JACOB HUFF.

Madoc, December 16th, 1880.



Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAN WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

We keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Nails,

Glass,

Putty,

Paints and Oils,

White Lead, etc.,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

—o—

We are offering nails at $2.85 per keg.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, April, 28th, 1881.

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision,

WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

GROCERIES, Confectionery, and BISCUITS

(A SPECIALITY.)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ale and Porters!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,

Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Cash price.

JANE WRIGHT.

MADOC, January 1st, 1880.

GOOD AT COST,

FOR THE

NEXT 60 DAYS

—AT—

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

Madoc, August 18th, 1881.

MADOC BOOT & SHOE STORE!

FIRST-CLASS

All Wool Tweed Suits

For $6.50.

Diagonal Suits $9.

JOHN GRANT,

MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK.

Madoc, April, 1881.

E. B. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel, AND GENERAL HARDWARE, Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

E. B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum, in advance

VOL. V., No. 232. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, September 15, 1881. POSTAGE PREPAID.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

Daniel Thompson, Esq., and Our Cooper Mail Service.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.—In the REVIEW of September 1st, I find a letter from Daniel Thompson, Esq., in answer to mine on the subject of Post Offices, &c.

Mr. Thompson being the head postmaster at Queensborough may perhaps, feeling the dignity of his station, "consider it (my letter) wholly unworthy of a reply from him;" not so with me, I consider his letter worthy of a reply inasmuch as he has no doubt written it for the information if not for the edification of your readers.

Mr. Thompson would "inform (me) that the letter written by (him) to the P. O. Inspector in which (he) expressed the opinion that the tri-weekly mail between Bridgewater and Allen Settlement is a waste of $180 a year, was not given gratuitously, as (he) received a letter from the Inspector purporting to be confidential asking for information." It seems strange how the Inspector should write Mr. Thompson on that subject unless he had had some hint from some quarter in reference to the matter. Be that as it may the Inspector after getting Mr. Thompson's views on the subject saw fit to send his letter to Mr. James for his opinion, and hence I got my information.

It appears to me had the Inspector been satisfied with Mr. Thompson's explanation he would not have asked for further information as to the "waste of $180 a year." For your information as well as that of your readers, I may state when the Petition went to the P. M. General from Queensborough for a daily mail from Madoc to that place, it wholly ignored a mail from Bridgewater as formerly sent, and while I did not object to the daily mail to accommodate the Queensborough people I did object to one mail route being taken from us after the long years we had it. The P. M. General agreed with me, as John White, Esq., M. P., well knows, and while the daily was carried from Madoc to Queensborough the Bridgewater route was left with three mails each week, giving Cooper and Remmington the advantage of an extra mail or three each week, not two as stated by error in my former letter.

The next attempt to cut off as far as possible mail communication between Bridgewater and Cooper and Remmington was by some one wholly unauthorized writing the postmaster at Belleville to send all mail matters for those offices by way of Madoc and of course Queensborough, which was done for a short time until the attention of the Inspector was called to the matter, when it was at once altered and the mails sent via Bridgewater as formerly. Now whoever assumed the duties of P. M. General, whether it was Mr. Thompson or some other person, it was certainly to say the least of it a piece of impudence on the part of the person so doing.

This last attempt to advise that the "tri-weekly mail between Bridgewater and the Allen Settlement is a waste of $180 a year," fully shows the intent and meaning of Mr. Thompson, he may say it "was not given gratuitously," this I have reason to dispute, as I am thoroughly convinced he only desired the opportunity to give Bridgewater the go-by. He may effect the object which he seeks, if so, well, we will have to be content over the loss, we will let him go on building his chinese wall, and I can assure him if I could build a canal to bring more water to his mill I should not object. No doubt this dry season he needs water at his mill to accommodate his customers, and I for one wish he had it, I wish him no ill.

Mr. Thompson states "yet (he) cannot see the use of a courier trailing an empty mail bag over miles of road in all kinds of weather at a cost to the country of $180 a year." Why Mr. Thompson should make such a statement which in the light he puts it is at variance with truth, I cannot say, as I am credibly informed by the postmaster here that the mail bags from here does not go empty, that sometimes the bags from Cooper and Remmington does come empty, while he expects nothing from Queensborough unless actually directed to this place. Cooper and Remmington having the opportunity of sending three times each week to Madoc no doubt send their correspondence that way what they may have to send to Madoc or Belleville. Maybe Mr. Thompson meant the mail bags from Madoc, do they not go empty sometimes, he best knows. Then again with six mails a week from Madoc why is it that part of the Queensborough mail comes via Bridgewater two or three times a week? Mr. Thompson should see to thisand not permit it to be done, but so it is for I saw papers from Toronto for Queensborough which came this way last evening and of course were sent on this morning's mail to Queensborough.

Now Mr. Editor, I wish to do all in my power to accommodate the people served from the Cooper and Remmington post offices, and if in any way I can effect a change for the benefit without actually destroying all communication by mail with Bridgewater they have only to ask me and I will be most happy to do all I can for them. I think it might suit both yourself and your readers at those two offices if the mail was changed so as to leave here on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, but they must know best.

I would also inform Mr. Thompson that what he may consider "purely local matter" is a public matter. All we ask is not to be cut off from direct mail communication with Queensborough, Cooper and Remmington and be forced to go round by Belleville and Madoc simply to please him. As to my communications about "rough roads and steep hills," as well as "my travels in the north," if the reading of them injures his eyesight the best remedy would be not to read them, or if so to put on a pair of leather spectacles. Probably the last remedy would be the best.

Yours, &c., &c.,
BILLA FLINT.

Bridgewater, 6th Sept., 1881.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per brl	$5 80 to	$6 50
Wheat, per bushel	1 10 to	1 25
Rye, "	0 80 to	0 85
Oats, "	0 35 to	0 40
Barley, "	0 70 to	0 75
Peas, "	0 65 to	0 00
Potatoes, "	0 40 to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 13 to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20 to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 24 to	0 00
Hides, per cwt	7 00 to	8 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$1 15 to $1 30
Barley,	0 70 to 0 80
Rye,	0 90 to 0 00
Oats,	0 38 to 0 00
Peas,	0 65 to 0 70
Butter,	0 25 to 0 35
Eggs,	0 13 to 0 15
Potatoes, per bag	0 60 to 0 90
Flour, per bbl	6 00 to 0 00
Sheepskins,	0 75 to 0 00
Wool, per lb	0 22 to 0 00
Hides,	6 00 to 8 00
Hay,	6 50 to 10 00
Calf Skins, per lb	0 10 to 0 00
Deakens,	0 60 to 0 00

Dr. Carson never claimed for his Stomach and Constipation Bitters any MIRACULOUS POWER OF HEALING, but with the quiet consciousness of their medicinal virtues he prescribes them to all those who suffer from any derangement of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys. In large 8 oz. bottles at 50c Sold by all Druggists.

Moves et Proficia.—The public have so often been deceived by representations made through the advertising columns, that if an announcement is made offering unusual inducements, it is considered at once as a 'blow' and no further attention is paid to it. I believe it pays to advertise providing the truth is told. If the advertiser is not able to carry out the inducements offered to the public it is but a waste of money and printers' ink. I have this season endeavored to secure a stock of furniture suitable for a first-class trade and I think an examination will bear me out in asserting that I have the finest and most complete stock of furniture ever offered in Madoc. I wish the public to understand most particularly that I keep no auction or Cheap John trash in my ware room, but all goods made for a legitimate trade.

UNDERTAKING.

I keep as usual a full stock of Coffins, Caskets, Robes, Shrouds, and Undertakers supplies on hand, and will furnish as usual as low as can possibly be done.

MARSHALL MAYBEE.

Nota Bene.—We buy our goods from the same firms that the dealers here have bought from ever since they dealt in furniture, and they buy now of the same firms. But mark! we pay CASH DOWN, they don't, and by discounts and close bargining we can sell from 25 to 50 per cent. less than credit buyers, or, as advertised, at and under Belleville retail prices. However, proof in pudding: compare OUR ARTICLES and PRICES. What is it to the public whether Auction or Cheap John so long as they can get what they want almost for half what they have been accustomed to pay. We sold 11 bedsteads on Saturday last, not by auction but private sale, besides other articles. A fact—People can buy at our prices, when they had to do without at extortionate prices. If slanderer wants any more truth let him keep at his little game we have lots more in forte.

THOS. SCOTT, Agent and Auctioneer.

NEW
BOOT AND SHOE
SHOP

THE undersigned begs to announce to the people of Madoc and vicinity that he has opened a New Boot and Shoe Shop in the building formerly occupied by M. Ray, one door east of Mrs. Christie's Photograph Gallery, St. Lawrence street, where he will be prepared to receive and execute all orders entrusted to him, in a first-class manner. Having worked in some of the best shops in the city of Toronto and elsewhere I am confident of being able to give satisfaction as regards fits and the quality of the work done, to all who may favor me with their orders.

For patching on Ladies' and fine work I am using a new cement by the use of which no sewing is necessary and the patches cannot be detected. I am the only one in this village who is using this kind of cement.

TERMS Cash. - Give me a call.

H. COTTRELL.

Madoc, July 7th, 1880.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. BATEMAN, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
R. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland,
Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month. H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, Sept. 26th,
At 8 o'clock.
C. S. MITCHELL, Rec. Secretary.

Gold and Iron.

West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.

THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.

A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.
Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good
COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR
STOVES
CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,
Division Street, Reed's Block,
Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop
22 GEORGE CHOWN.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

THE undersigned keeps on hand large quantities of SUPERIOR EXTRA flour in Bags or Barrels at the North Hastings Warehouse, sold in quantities to suit purchasers and at the lowest possible prices.

He is in receipt within the last few days of
THREE CAR LOADS
OF THE CELEBRATED
"Empress" Brand,
a grade of flour that has given general satisfaction. The best evidence being that he has sold about 1,000 Bbls. since the 1st of Jan. last.

SEED GRAIN.

He keeps on hand Wheat, Peas, Oats and Barley for seed. The Wheat and Oats are from the neighborhood of Lindsay, and of superior quality. A limited quantity of superior Spring Wheat for seed on hand.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, March 2nd, 1881.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,
CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, September, 1879. 131

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
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REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
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LOOK! LOOK!
8c. A FACT! 8c.
OUR WONDERFULLY
CHEAP STORE,
Just opened in Reid's Block, for people wishing to secure bargains in such goods as
TINWARE, SOAPS, BRUSHES,
Toys, Novelties, &c.
FRESH ARRIVALS WEEKLY.
GIVE US A CALL. Remember the place,
REID'S BLOCK.
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Madoc, Feb. 22nd, 1881. 204.

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To Farmers and Real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to add to your farm?
To build a new house or barn?
To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?
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Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
FOR THIS COUNTY.
AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,
with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please
6 Per Cent. INTEREST. 6
The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.
Nov. 1st, 1880.

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BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

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R. S. HENDERSON,
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BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over the Custom House.

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BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
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SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
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St. FRANCIS HOTEL,
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FRANCIS CONLIN - PROPRIETOR.
GOOD accommodation for the traveling public, at reasonable rates,
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A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
AND
Commission Agency.
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

WINDSOR HOUSE,
MADOC, ONT.
HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.
Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.
Every attention paid to guests.
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PRIVATE FUNDS!
TO LOAN.
$25,000
Have been placed in the hands of the subscribers to loan upon farm or city property at from
7 to 8 per Cent. Interest,
according to the size and quality of loan.
NO DELAY in obtaining the money beyond the time employed in the investigation of the titles.
NO COMMISSION OR CHARGES other than those of drawing up the necessary papers and disbursements of loans.
Straight Loans only.
BLAIR & HOUGH,
Barristers, &c.,
Oct. 25, 1880 Ashley Block, Belleville

My Portion.

Very little of gold have I,
Wealth and station have passed me by,
But something sweet in my life I hold,
That I would not change for place or gold.
Beneath my feet the green earth lies,
Above my head are the tender skies;
I live between two heavens; my eyes
Look out to where, serene and sweet,
At the world's far rim the two heavens meet.

I hear the whisperings of the breeze,
The sweet, small tumults amid the trees;
And many a message comes to me
On the wing of bird, in the hum of bee,
From the monrnful peak and the surging sea.
E'en silence speaks with voice so clear,
I learn by very heart to hear,
And all above me and all around,
Light and darkness, and sight and sound,
To soul and sense such meanings bring,
I thrill with a rapturous wondering;

And I know by many a subtle sign
That the very best of life is mine
And yet, as I spell each message o'er,
I long and long for a deeper lore:
I long to see and I long to hear,
With a clearer vision, a truer ear;
And I pray with keenest of all desire,
For lips that are touched by the altar fire.

Patience, O Soul! from a little field
There cometh often a gracious yield;
Who toucheth His garment's hem is healed.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

A GUILTLESS PRODIGAL.

By the Author of "HONORS DIVIDED," "A CAPTIVE'S CAPTIVE," *&c.*

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"Do you mean that you would like to paint me?"—laying such incredulous stress upon the last word that Mr. Yorke laughs outright.

"Yes. Do I exhibit such very bad taste?"

"How they would laugh!"

"Why should they?"

"Oh, I don't know! But they would. Now if it had been Leo nobody would have been surprised. But me! Why, I am the ugly duckling! No one ever wanted to paint me before."

"But I want to paint you now. Will you let me?"

"I don't see how you can," I say perplexedly. "It would take such a long time, and mamma might not like my coming here so often."

His countenance falls.

"Ah, I never thought of that! Well, we must give up the idea for the present; but some day——"

He breaks off abruptly, and a tide of color sweeps across his face.

"But some day what?" I demand, with childish curiosity.

"Ah, some day!"—and into the blue eyes comes that same expression that I saw there last night; and, laughing softly, he pushes back his chair from the breakfast table and walks over to the window

"I think I must be going, if you will excuse me, Mr. Yorke," I say presently. "I shall just have time to catch the half-past eleven train. They only run one every hour."

"I suppose I can't persuade you to remain to dinner. It's no compliment to ask you to dine in the kitchen;" and the blue eyes look at once wistful and apologetic.

But I feel that I have trespassed upon a stranger's hospitality quite long enough. So I run up and get ready; and, when I come down again, Mr. Yorke is waiting in the hall, hat in hand.

"Will you allow me the pleasure of seeing you home, Miss Churchill?" he says with formal politeness.

"All the way?" I ask wonderingly.

He smiles at my childish *naivete*.

"Yes—all the way."

"He wants to see Leo," I decide, with something suspiciously like a tinge of jealousy; and I give a rather cool consent. Then I go to take leave of Hannah.

"So Mr. Yorke's going to take you home himself, dearie," says the old woman, with a proud smile. "Ah, well, it would be a very good thing for you! He's got plenty of money."

"What do you mean, nursie?" I ask sharply.

But Hannah only chuckles, and I run away to hide my blushes.

We have a very pleasant walk to the station. Mr. Yorke is an agreeable companion and a perfect gentleman. I do most of the talking; but he is a capital listener—a great recommendation to my favor. I feel quite proud of my clerical aristocratic-looking escort, who towers fully a head and shoulders above me. Such a little girl I look beside him!

When he leaves me to take the tickets—I have a return, but it is second class, so I say nothing about it—I look after him with critical eyes. Yes, he is a man of whom one might justly feel proud—so tall, so straight, so noble in his bearing. Only he is not my "style;" and my foolish thoughts wander away to one who is. Ah, that fascinating face, clearly cut as a cameo, with its "love-me" eyes! Am I the first woman it has haunted?

* * * *

"This is where we live, Mr. Yorke."

I pause before a detached, double-fronted dwelling designated by the high-sounding title of Buckingham Lodge, on the gate of which is a tarnished brass name-plate bearing the inscription, "William Churchill, Solicitor." The very house looks poor, and I glance apprehensively at the neglected grass-plat, at the doubtful window-curtains—our curtains never will keep clean as long as other people's—at the broken bell-wire, the rusty knocker, the dilapidated masonry, and dirty paint.

Leo opens the door, our solitary retainer being, I suppose, afflicted with one of her periodical attacks of deafness; and in spite of her faded, ofttimes-washed morning gown, I think that I have never seen my pretty sister look prettier.

Whatever Leo wears she always looks a thorough-bred lady. She is tall and of exquisite proportions, with the willowy grace of a trumpet-lily,

"A shape all music, light, and love;"

and her dainty face reminds one of a piece of rare Dresden china. The transparent looking skin, with its delicate blue-veined tracery and faint suspicion of coloring, the straight well-cut features, the kissable mouth, the soft rounded chin cleft right in the centre by the deepest, most provoking of dimples, the clustering golden hair, all challenge the most critical criticism; yet, after all, it is Leo's eyes that do the mischief—antelope eyes I call them—great soft appealing eyes, the iris imperceptibly shaded from gold to brown.

"Leo, this is Mr. Yorke," is my informal introduction; and, seeing that my sister looks mystified, I add by way of enlightenment—"the gentleman for whom Hannah is keeping house."

Whatever surprise Leo may feel, she does not let it appear. With her own pretty grace, she invites him to enter and ushers him into our sahbby sunlit drawing-room with the air of a young empress—an air which I secretly try to imitate, but in vain.

I glance covertly at our visitor's face, with the hope of seeing what impression the "poverty of the land" has made upon him. But I can gather nothing, save that he evidently admires Leo. What man living could give a second thought to the setting of a jewel so perfect in itself as my beautiful sister? Faded cretonnes; threadbare carpet, draggled curtains, tarnished frames, battered furniture, all looking their very shabbiest in the broad garish sunlight, must be as though they were not to a man lost in the Lethean pools of those mystic eyes.

"Grisel dear, go and tell mamma that Mr. Yorke is here."

It is always Leo who commands and I who obey. I, wilful, wayward Grisel, fifteen months her senior and the vixen of the family, bow down in abject submission to this young queen of beauty with never so much as a murmur. My love for Leo is unquestioning in its loyal devotion. So in this, as in every other instance, I obediently comply with her softly-spoken orders and leave the room in quest of our mother.

I find her in the kitchen, busy,—when is she not busy?—making a pudding, a large holland cooking-apron tied over her neat morning-dress. Mamma and Leo are never anything but neat; it is I who am the untidy one. My things have a knack of wearing out long before theirs are even shabby. From our mother—our pretty, gentle, self-sacrificing mother—Leo inherits her beauty. The fresh dainty bloom may have long since faded from those careworn cheeks, but their faultless contour is the same. Silver threads may have crept in amongst the golden locks, but their texture is as soft and silky as Leo's own. The beautiful eyes may have lost their brightness, but they are not one whit less lovable and lovely. Dear little mamma! Is there such another mother in the wide world?

"So you have got back, dear. How is poor Hannah?"

What a difference between our culinary department and Mr. Yorke's!

"Oh, ever so much better!" I answer gaily. "Mother mine, made haste and 'put off your apron; put on your silk gown,' for I have brought home a visitor."

"Oh, Grisel, how could you be so thoughtless, dear?" she exclaims reproachfully. "It is Jane's holiday."

"Is it? I never thought of that," is my nonchalant response. "But it would have been all the same if I had, for he invited himself."

"Who did?"

"Mr. Yorke, Hannah's clergyman."

Mamma looks at me with startled appealing eyes.

"Do you think he'll expect to be asked to dinner?"

I had not speculated upon that contingency.

"I don't know. No; I shouldn't think so. Just send up a glass of wine and a biscuit. That will be quite sufficient," I say carelessly.

"But we haven't any wine, dear; Algy had the last this morning. It is one of his bad days." Poor little Algy is consumptive. "Perhaps Mr. Yorke is a teetotaller. A great ministers are.

"No, indeed," I returne gloomily; "his wine is the choicest I have ever tasted. In fact on the whole I'm rather glad that we haven't any; for, as the copy-book informs us, 'comparisons are odious,'" I remark with a grim smile. "What is there for dinner?"

"Nothing but the cold mutton, dear"—I wince—"and a rice pudding;" and mamma, who has been accustomed to the regulation "soup, fish, flesh, and fowl," smiles apologetically.

"I suppose there isn't time to make the mutton into *rissoles*?" I say, after a despairing pause.

"I'm afraid not. It's half past twelve now, and you know he may not stay."

"Let's hope not," is my inhospitable *addendum*; and, powerless to improve our unlucky *menu*, I hurry back to the drawing-room, leaving mamma to follow when presentable.

"So you think Grisel pretty?"

With my hand on the handle of the door, I halt, the hot blood crimsoning my cheeks.

"Pretty"—reflectively—"Well, pretty is scarcely an appropriate term to apply to such a face as hers. It is a beauty more of expression than of feature; and to my mind that is the highest order of beauty. Her face is like nature's, never twice the same, yet always natural—a beauty which sets art at defiance, for no man living could paint her as she is. It might be as she was; but never as she is."

I hear Leo laugh softly; but she offers no comment on this high-flown panegyric anent my personal charms, and I walk demurely into the room.

Leo is showing Mr. Yorke the album; and approaching the table at which they are seated, I see that the open page contains her portrait and mine.

"Beauty and the beast," I say, laughing, for, in spite of Mr. Yorke's eulogiums, I am no more convinced on the score of my attractions than I was before I played eaves-dropper.

He merely smiles, and Leo blushes her pretty rose-leaf blush and murmurs a faint protestation.

"Fair people seldom take well," she says deprecatingly; and then mamma joins us.

Poor mamma! I know by the little line between her brows that she is still on culinary thoughts intent. I can read cold mutton and rice-pudding in her every smile. From the bottom of my heart I pity her, and, what is more, I am determined to put an end to her suspense.

"Will you stay to dinner, Mr. Yorke?"

I breathe again, mamma's brows relax, and Leo palpably winces. He has declined. He will do himself the pleasure of calling again at the earliest opportunity; but he must go now, for he has a pressing engagement.

* * * *

He has gone. His warm hand-claps leaves me no room to doubt that he will come again; but for the present he has gone; and I execute a joyous *pas seul*, my relief is so great.

"So you have made a conquest at last, Grisel!" remarked Leo, with a strange little smile. "Tell us how you managed it."

"I did not manage it at all," I answer, with more asperity than I ever remember using in addressing my favorite sister.

"Mr. Yorke is a most gentlemanly man," observes mamma thoughtfully; adding somewhat irrelevantly, "he cannot be more than five-and-thirty."

"He is turned forty," I announce doggedly—"as old as papa."

"'Its better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave,'" laughs Leo, looking wise about nothing. "Come, tell us your adventures, *ma belle*."

And, from force of habit, I swallow my indignation and comply.

CHAPTER III.

Six short months have passed, and I am "woo'd and married and a'." I can scarcely realise it yet. Round and round I turn the little golden fetter upon the third finger of my left hand and wonder how it comes there. It had no such adornment six short weeks ago. In the ruddy fire-glow I catch its golden gleam and laugh a merry incredulous laugh. So absurd it seems that I am married. Can it be that it is all a mistake, and I am only dreaming—dreaming of the old, old days "that are not," the happy days of childhood, when Leo and I used to play at being married, and adorn our plump little fingers with mamma's curtain rings?

I rub my eyes and look again: No; it is no dream.

"If you doubt whether you are married, Mrs. Yorke, look into the glass, and your doubts will soon be set at rest."

Mrs. Yorke follows her own advice and peeps into the big Chippendale mirror. No one can accuse her of vanity, because there is no one there to see, unless it be Tory, her husband's lazy old retriever, and he politely keeps his eyes shut.

In the mirror is reflected a little lady attired in a picturesque black velvet dress, buttoned to the throat with carved antique coral buttons, representing in themselves a small fortune; her collar and cuffs after Vandyke, composed of rare yellow lace, her ornaments a large dead gold locket and tiny ear-studs—her name Mrs. Yorke.

"No, poor little Grisel Churchill, you were never arrayed like this. You wore velveteen, not velvet—cheap frilling, not old point; and you had no jewelry, except a pair of gold ear-wires and a trumpery broach or two. Besides you never possessed such artistic taste as is displayed here. You may thank your husband for your fine feathers, Mrs. Yorke, for without them you would not be the proud little peacock you are at the present moment, but only a shabby little brown sparrow."

"*Vanitas vanitatum!*"

I jump down from the high brass fender—which I had mounted the better to survey this gorgeous Grisel—at the sound of my husband's voice, my cheeks rivalling the hue of the fanciful buttons on my dress.

"How you did startle me, Mr. Yorke!"

"When is it to be 'Robert'?" asks my husband wistfully; and he seats himself on my vacant chair and draws me down to his knee. "Are you aware, my little girl, that you have never yet called me by my Christian name. Come, now, try! Surely it is not a very hard lesson to learn? Come now, Ro—"

But my lips will not frame the other syllable, and, with downcast eyes and painfully hot cheeks I nervously commence toying with the little gold cross attached to his chain.

"Little wife, won't you even make the attempt?"—laying his soft white hand over my busy fingers and holding them captive.

"I—I can't—I don't like to."

The blue eyes grow very grave.

"Grisel, suppose I were to call you 'Mrs. Yorke.' How would you like that?"

In my heart of hearts I think it would not materially affect my happiness, only it would not be kind to say so.

"That is different," is my evasive response.

"Not at all; it should be just as natural for you to say 'Robert,' as it is for me to say 'Grisel.' Why, I could no more call you 'Mrs. Yorke' than I could shave off my beard!" he declares, with a mischievous smile.

"I wish you would!" I exclaim eagerly.

"What call you 'Mrs. Yorke'?"

"No; shave off that nasty beard; I should like you ever so much better without it." A happy though strikes me. "I won't call you by your Christian name until you do."

But he laughs disbelievingly, and his hand wanders to the obnoxious beard with the caressing movement I know so well.

"We shall see about that."

"No, I declare I won't; and when I have once made up my mind I never change it."

"Strong-minded little woman!" he laughs, playfully pulling one of my four great rough curls which I wear child-fashion unbound and flowing over my shoulders.

"I mean it."

All the laughter dies out of his eyes at the petulant earnestness of the assertion.

"Child, you could not expect me to humor such a foolish capricious whim," he expostulates gravely.

But this husband of mine has not yet gauged the depths of his wife's wilfulness.

"Yes, I could; and, if you don't love me better than your beard"—bringing out the last word with a sarcastic sneer—"I am sorry I ever married you."

He stares at me in speechless wonder, and just then there is a ring at the bell, followed by a gentle tap at the door.

"If you please, sir, there is a person come to say that Mrs. Hill's so much worse that they would take it as a favor if you could go round at once. They don't expect her to last many hours."

It is a pitilessly cold December afternoon the wind blowing in fitful gusts, the sleet beating noisily against the window-panes; yet no frown of impatience, no look of annoyance, crosses my husband's face at having to leave his comfortable fireside and turn out into the cheerless street. He is always ready when wanted.

"Very well, Gardiner," he answers quietly. "You may say I'll be round immediately."

The parlor-maid withdraws, softly closing the door behind her, and my husband grave and stern, stands before me.

"Grisel, I must leave you, and that without delay; but I cannot go until my wife has apologised for uttering words which were utterly unworthy of her—words perhaps thoughtlessly spoken, but none the less painful to hear."

He pauses. His blue eyes have forgotten to be stern; they are only tender and imploring now. But I am in one of my most perverse moods and determined not to apologise save on my own terms.

"Will you promise to shave off that hateful beard?"

"I will not."

Only three words, and very quietly spoken; but they show me that my will is powerless to cope with his.

"Then I will not apologise."

"Grisel, my time is precious—far too precious to waste in childish folly. Retract those unjust words and I will do my best to forget them."

I laugh a scornful laugh.

"Retract them? I will repeat them if you like; but retract them? That is asking too much, Mr. Yorke."

Without another word, he leaves the room; five minutes later I hear him go out into the street, and I am left to my own amiable company. I ring the bell for the lamps to be lighted, for I have had enough of the firelight; it does not suit my present humor,

Ten minutes afterward, I am a prey to the most violent remorse. Were my husband here, I would throw myself at his feet and plead for forgiveness as never suppliant pleaded. But he is not, and heavy penitential sobs shake my frame from head to foot. I am in the wrong—shamefully, wickedly in the wrong. Was ever such base ingratitude as mine? I look down at my costly dress, with its costlier adornments, and at the rings upon my hands, the dainty shoes upon my feet, and call myself all the hard names I can think of. Has he not, save in this solitary instance, humored my every idle whim? Has he not anticipated my slightest wish and done everything in his power to make my married life a happy one? Has he not showered gifts with a lavish hand, not only upon me, but upon each one of my family? And for what? Oh, how could I treat him so?

With passionate vehemence, I throw myself upon my knees, and, burying my face in the cushions of his favorite chair sob out my penitence there.

Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-tat!

He has returned; but I will not rise from my lowly posture. Seeing me thus, he will need no words to tell him of my repentance. Breathlessly I await his coming.

I hear Gardiner open the door and shut it. He addresses some remark to her—what it is I cannot hear. His footsteps draw nearer and nearer. His hand is on the door. He is in the room.

"By Jove!"

My heart gives one violent throb, and then almost stands still. That unclerical ejaculation never came from my husband's lips, nor is the voice that gave vent to it his. It must be a visitor! What will he think of my swollen eyes and dishevelled hair? No one looks so ugly as I do after crying—it makes my nose so red.

"Hem!"

Not to save my life could I raise my head.

"Hem!"—this time a little louder and more prolonged.

Why will a sense of the ridiculous always intrude, even in such thrilling moments as this? The prolonged "Hem!" reminds me to forcibly of that laughable episode in *Nicholas Nickleby* where the elderly gentleman makes love to Mrs. Nickleby over the garden wall, attracting her attention by an "A-hem!" so vociferous that it must, we are told, have made the unseen admirer quite black in the face, that I break into an uncontrollable fit of laughter which will not be restrained until I am thoroughly exhausted and can laugh no more.

Did every clergyman's wife behave in such an undignified manner? Suddenly it flashes across my mind that my husband expected a call from one of the churchwardens this evening. This, then, is the terrible unknown. Only I have always thought of churchwardens as pompous, aldermanic individuals, certainly not addicted to slang. And he is actually laughing—not a "whiffling, husky cachinnation," but a genial, pleasant, good-natured laugh.

Carlyle has said that laughter is the cipher key, wherewith we decipher the whole man. And certain it is that this man's laugh so reassures me that, forgetting my tear-disfigured face and dishevelled locks, I hastily jumped up from my knees and behold the hero of the chess-board, my husband's cousin, Wilfred Yorke.

I recognise him at a glance. There is no mistaking the identity of that dark cameo-cut face, those dreamy eyes, and that graceful form. He is far handsomer than his portrait. His face has all the warm, dusky coloring of a painting by one of the old masters.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Yorke?" he says, apparently satisfied as to my sanity, which he had ample reason to doubt.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Yorke; and you are Mr. Wilfrid Yorke, my husband's cousin, are you not?"

"How do you know?" he asks, with a slow quizzical smile.

"By your portrait."

Then it occurs to me that this is scarcely a sufficiently warm reception to give a long absent kinsman. But I am such a novice at playing hostess that I am rather at a loss what to say or do by way of welcome. In books people generally advance with both hands outstretched. Yet that seems rather a ridiculous proceeding; I compromise and advance with one hand outstretched.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Yorke, and I am sure my husband will be," I say, with stilted formality. "Have you had a pleasant journey?"

"Very; the weather has been so agreeable, not to mention the additional charms of the lines north of Berwick being so snowed up that the train was delayed six or seven hours," he answers, laughing, and forgetting to let go my hand.

I do not know whether Wilfred Yorke is in the habit of forgetting to release ladies' hands, or whether the lingering pressure—which I set down as a mark of cousinship—has been perfected by much practice.

"How tired, cold, and hungry you must be!" I say sympathetically. "And dinner won't be ready for another hour. It is only just five. I have not had tea yet. Will you have a cup with me, or would you prefer wine?"

"Thanks, I will partake of the 'cup that cheers, but not inebriates,' if you will allow me, Mrs. Yorke. By-the-bye, doesn't it sound awfully formal for cousins—and you know we are cousins now—to address each other as 'Mr.' and 'Mrs.'?" bringing his eyes as well as his voice to bear upon the subject.

"What else should we call each other," I query laughingly—"we who were perfect strangers not ten minutes ago! Besides, we are not really related."

"That is all the more reason why we should dispense with the formalities. Having the unutterable misfortune to be less than kin, we should be more than kind," drawls that musical *legato* voice. "Talking of kin, how is Robert? You must forgive my forgetting to enquire after him before, but——"

He hesitates.

"But my strange behaviour put everything else out of your head for the time being." I hasten to supply.

"What was the matter? Had you an attack of hysteria?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PIOUS SMILES.

There is a man in St. Louis who has a wonderful memory. It is thought the city will eventually employ him to remember the Sabbath.

We can not agree with some folks who believe the world is growing wickeder every day. It is easier to get trusted now than it was three months ago. This shows that the beautiful idea of man's faith in his fellow man is gaining ground.

Strange Impertinence — Pastor: "Yes, Mrs. Brown. Taking into consideration the fact that the Smiths hardly ever pay their pew rents, it is strangely bad taste on their part to sing so loudly and throw such unction into their prayers." Mrs. Brown: "Quite too terribly shocking!"

A German was in a room with a dozen other lodgers, trying to sleep, but was kept awake by their terrific snoring. At last one of the snorers, who had been shaking the building for half an hour, gave a snort and stopped short. "Tank God, von ish tead!" said the Dutchman.

A Yankee in Paris, listening to the boasts of some English and French as to the genius of their countrymen, at last said: "Oh, you git out! Why, there's Bill Devine, of our village, who kin paint a piece of cork so 'zactly like marble that if you throw it into the water it will sink jes' like a stone."

A Question of Supply—Parish clerk (at vestry meeting on the question of organ-blower's salary, the rector in the chair): "You see, sir, it isn't as if there was only the hymns, but there's the comin' in and goin' out, and the 'sponses, and the prayers, and the psalms take a won'erful deal o' wind!"

A little boy in a Sunday school put a poser to his teacher. The lady was telling her class how God punished the Egyptians by causing the first-born of each household to be slain. The little boy listened attentively. At the proper interval he mildly inquired: "What would God have done had there been twins?"

When a young man tells you he doesn't believe in churches begging all the time, and he won't go to church at all if he can't listen to a sermon without having a contribution basket stuck under his nose, you will generally see that man whack in to make up a purse for a horse-race or subscribe for the Sunday concerts without a murmur.

An Austin clergyman, not long since, met a prominent saloon-keeper, with whose family he was acquainted. "How is it that I never see you in church?" asked the pastor. "Because I don't go there. If you reverends don't patronize my saloon, I am not going to patronize your churches. It is your business to set the good example and come first."

"Mamma, is it wicked to whistle on Sunday?" "Yes; Sunday is to be kept holy, my boy." "Is it very, very wicked?" "Very," answered the pious mother. The lad rested from his inquiries as if deeply pondering the information he had received, and then, glancing up, said in a half sorrowful tone: "Mamma, I guess quails don't go to heaven."

Deacon Stiles—I have a request to make of you, brother Potts. Brother Potts—Happy to oblige you if I can. Deacon Stiles—You kissed Mrs. S. behind an elder bush at our last Sunday-school picnic. Brother Potts—Yes. Deacon Stiles—Well, don't do it again, please, as it might breed a coolness between the families. My mother-in-law objects."

"Papa," said an inquisitive boy, "this morning the dominie prayed for more rain, and this afternoon Deacon Bixby prayed for dry weather to get his hay in. Now, if the Lord loves the deacon and the dominie just the same, what do you suppose he'll do about it?" "My son," answered the old gentleman sternly, "whenever you want to ask foolish questions, go to your mother; don't come to me."

When Rosa was 5 and Eugene was 3, at bed-time Rosa would hear Eugene say the Lord's prayer. After saying amen he would commence at "Thine is the kingdom," and repeat. Rosa told him a great many times not to say that over again, but at last she became impatient and said: "Mamma, I never did see such a boy as Eugene is. He is not satisfied with saying his prayer; he always has to backstitch it."

How the French and English Bathe.

The English are commonly thought to be an inventive race, but in the matter of seabathing they have not only not invented, but they have declined to adopt the simple invention of others. The lack of proper costumes divides the sexes in the water as rigidly as if the sea were a ritualistic church, and the result is that the social pleasure of the bath, which is certainly its chief pleasure, does not exist. In France the bath is a family picnic, where father, mother, sons and daughters may splash in common and help each other to swim and make merry over each other's mishaps. In England it is, at best, a severe exercise, taken with all the drawbacks of solitude, a vague sense of impropriety, and the lumbering of the horrible machine.

A Leadville man in one week was attacked and scratched by a catamount, hurt by an explosion, had a boulder roll down on him and stave in two ribs, and was kicked by a mule. And a local editor remarked that he had "been somewhat annoyed by circumstances, lately."

Suggestions of and for the Season.

American Agriculturist.

The leading farm work for September, in many parts of the United States, is the sowing of the fall crops. This involves putting the soil in thorough readiness, and the selection, and sowing of the seed. There are a number of essentials in the proper preparations of the seed bed, all of which should obtain in every field devoted to a grain crop. The soil should be rich, either by the accumulated fertility of long years of undisturbed vegetation—the virgin soil, or made so by the addition of a fertilizer in the form of barn-yard dung or the so-called "chemical manures." Of these two, that made in the barn-yard and stable is to be the first chosen, and the superphosphates and other "salts" only used as a supplement to the barn-yard manure, or in cases where the latter is not to be obtained. Next to richness should come a fine tilth. This requires that the soil be plowed in a thorough manner, and afterwards stirred with the harrow or some other cultivator—in fact with any implement, until the lumps are reduced, and the whole soil is in a fine, mellow state. The importance of the mellowness of the soil for all seeds cannot be too strongly insisted upon, as without it the seeds do not come into intimate contact with the particles of earth, and therefore cannot make a good start, and many of them will not grow at all. With a good supply of plant food, in a condition to be readily taken up by the young plants, the next thing is to select the seed, and sow it properly. To put the matter of selection in a nut-shell—sow the best seed to be found, even if it costs double that of the ordinary sort. When the fact becomes more thoroughly known that of the two kinds of grain, for example, under identical conditions, one will yield twice as much as the other, more attention will be given to a proper selection of seed. It is not for us to say which variety of wheat or other grain is the best; that depends upon local circumstances and conditions, and each farmer must, after careful study, decide such matters for himself. The "Clawson" wheat is at present taking a high rank for yield and quality in many localities. It may not be best for all places. Were it not for the Hessian Fly, early sowing of wheat should be recommended in all cases. Late sowing is a disadvantage in itself, as the plants make a smaller growth before winter sets in. The richer the soil the later the sowing may be done with safety.

The Fruit Garden.

The old strawberry beds should be kept clean of weeds, removing all runners not needed for new plants. New beds may be set this month, but there is very little gained in point of time over spring planting unless "potted plants" are used. These are plants from runners which have struck root in pots of earth, set under them; by removing the earth with the plant there is no checking of growth, and a fair crop of fruit may be expected the following summer. There is a gain in setting ordinary strawberry plants in the fall in that the soil is in better condition, and that the garden and other work is not so presing. Black berries and rasberries start very early in the spring, and should be planted in the fall. If it is desired to propagate the black caps, and a few varieties of the red, the canes must be bent down, and earth placed on the tips, which then will soon strike root. Most red raspberries and blackberries may be propagated readily from "suckers," or shoots which spring from below ground. The currants and gooseberries may be pruned as soon as the leaves are ready to fall. Propagation is done by cuttings planted in rows with one bud above the surface. If put in early, they will form roots before winter sets in. The gathering of the grapes is an important operation, and is best done with the scissors made for the purpose; this avoids handling the fruit, which, by removing the "bloom," injures the appearance and therefore the sale.

An Epidemic of Accidents.

The last few days have been marked in various parts of Switzerland by a series of strange fatalities, accidents and crimes. Since the earthquake the other week, and the storm, whereby the districts devastated have incurred losses estimated at ten million francs, seven men have been drowned in the lake of the Four Cantons by the overturning of a boat; a peasant of the neighborhood has murdered his lunatic brother by drowning him in the same lake; three German tourists have lost their lives by a boat accident on Lake Constance; three young ladies while bathing in the Aar, were swept away by the current and drowned; a young man has been drowned in the Lake of Blenne, and several deaths have been caused by lightning, sunstroke, and the falling of trees. During the storm the other day a colossal statue of Helvetia, which had been erected to do honor to the Federal rifle meeting at Fribourg, was blown down, and two members of the reception committee were struck by some falling scaffolding. One was killed, and the other badly hurt. On the same evening the murdered body of a young lady, belonging to a highly respectable family at Berne, was found in a public park, called the Bremgarten, and no clue to the crime has yet been found. A few days earlier a number of criminal lunatics, who had been confined in a prison at Uniterwalden, were allowed to go out for a walk, when they all took to flight, and are still at large. As some of them have committed several murders the people of the district are in a state of great alarm.

DISCIPLES of the Salvation Army are treated with the grossest brutality in London streets, and few efforts appear to be made by the Police for their protection. To stone, kick, and otherwise assault them is a common thing, while their places of worship are invaded and taken possession of, and packs of ruffians, organized by virtuously indignant gin-dealers, hunt them out in their noisy goings through the worst precints of East End. Recently a young scoundrel took a rope, and, from one side of a street, lassoed a member of the Army while he was standing in a porch on the other. He then dragged him into the street and kicked him. Two months of hard labor was in this case meted out to the ruffian, but in many instances outrages, less gross in brutality, but still a disgrace to civilized life, are passed by unnoticed.

GRINLETS.

NIAGARA FALLS—and what's to prevent it.

IN some hats the cabbage must feel perfectly at home.

THE bands of matrimony it is to be supposed, play wedding marches.

IF you want to get rich, mount a mule, because when you are on the mule you are better off.

A POET who was fond of oysters—Shelley. *Boston Courier.* Ditto ditto ten pins—Bowles. Do. Do. soft shells—Crabbe. Do. do. bottles—Suckling.

"It's sot you are, winter or summer," said the snappish wife to her drunken husband. "And it's scold you are, summer or winter," he replied, with a malicious grin.

SONG of the American mosquito on his arrival in London: "Fee fi fo fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman; I must and I will and I shall have some." And he suits his action to his song.

A WOMAN may offer in excuse for her red nose that she laces too tightly, but what shall a man say?—*Exchange.* O, he can offer the same excuse. He also gets too "tightly" by so-lacing himself.

MANKIND descended from a pair, and mankind's troubles from an apple.—Cedar Rapids (In.) *Stylus.* This seems a fruitful subject, and it is a wonder there have not banana puns made on it before.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

THERE are people who don't believe that editors earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, but if those people could see us mopping the perspiration off our desk with an old pair of pants, after writing on the "Warm Conclusion of the Bumble Bee," they would change their minds.—*Boomerang.*

"Was it the drum major brave?" asked one soldier of another. "Of corps," said the other; "how can I get up the necessary excitement, if fife nothing to stir me?" "Oh, well, a man musket courage somehow," said the first; "I suppose any one cannon occasion." "Yes, that is the general order, and I'm a bayonet," said the other "though I wish I'd never be gun."—*Wit and Wisdom.*

Agrarian State of Italy.

The agrarian state of Italy is such as to cause the gravest anxiety to Italian statesmen. The corn trade, once so prosperous, has come to an end. The ships which enter the Italian harbors can get no return freight. The misery of the people is terrible, and in consequence the average length of human life is 8 years less than in France, and 16 less than in Norway. The *pellagra*, a horrible disease, which causes insanity and death, and is produced by the habitual consumption of damaged corn, has increased of late years to an appalling extent. In the year 1830 there were 20,000 peasants suffering from it in Lombardy, and there were double that number in 1878. Jacini gives an account of the life, food, and habitation of the peasants of Northern Italy, which could not be surpassed by the most sensational description of a cabin in the West of Ireland. Villari tells a similar tale. Heavy taxation is also contributing to ruin the agriculturist. In the Commune of the Grotte St. Stefano, in the District of Viterbo, there were 19 little properties sold upon the 13th of October last, and I have been assured that in the course of last year there have been as many as 2,000 in the Province of Rome alone. Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that emigration from Italy should have assumed considerable proportions. In the year 1867 there were 12,000 emigrants; 1868, 30,000; 1870, 40,000; 1873, 76,000; 1876, 108,771; 1877, and during the first half of 1878, 100,008.

The Census of Great Britain.

The population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, including the islands in British waters (the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands), together with the army and navy and merchant seamen abroad, is 35,246,562, an increase of 4,147,236 as compared with the returns of the census of 1871. The females exceed the males by a little over 700,000. The percentage of population for England was 69·8; for Wales, 3.8; for Scotland 10·6; for Ireland 14·6. The remaining 1.2 per cent, was distributed between the Isle of Man (0.2), the Channel Islands (0.3), and the army, navy, and seamen abroad (0.7).

The density of population in England and Wales is 440 to the square mile. The greatest density is in the mining and manufacturing counties. Lancaster has over 1,700 to the square mile, and Middlesex (outside of London), 1,364. Six counties in England and one in Wales have over 500 to the square miles. London has 486,286 houses and a population of 3,814,571, having increased over half a million in the past ten years. The density of population in London is now 32,326 to the square mile.

Liverpool ranks next London in England, with a population of over 550,000; Birmingham has over 400,00; Manchester and Leeds each exceed 300,000; Sheffield and Bristol have over 200,000 inhabitants each. Curiously the population of Manchester has fallen off 10,000 since the census of 1871.

Winnipeg Women.

Women are very scarce, apparently, in Winnipeg, the proportion visible in the day time being about fifty men to one woman. I never saw so many men in all my life. On the streets during the day it is nothing but one continual stream of men, men, men, with hardly a women to be seen, but in the evening, about 7, they begin to swarm out. Ladies of the better class here dress elegantly, much better and with better taste than in other Canadian cities. But taking the whole turn out, of all classes, I never saw such a wretched crowd of females. There are very few pretty girls, a few stylish-looking ones who spoil their appearance by overdressing. The half-breed girls to me look most bewitching and wicked, but most of them are hideous.

A postal card with a pocket attachment to enclose a stamp for a reply is the latest idea. The next great invention should be a postal card with a bay window annex, into which a man can crawl and travel anywhere in the country for one cent.

REWARDS OFFERED FOR CRIMINALS.

Very Few of the Big Rewards Paid—$100,000 for a Graduate of Yale College.

The reward of $50,000 offered for the capture of the gang of desperadoes who robbed the passenger train at Winston, this State, on the night of July 12, is one of the largest sums ever offered for the apprehension of violators of the law in criminal records.

Between 1869 and 1876 the Younger brothers did some of the most daring deeds. Their gang included James, Bob, and Cole Younger, Ciel Miller, Billy Chadwell, Charley Pitts, Hobbs, Kerry, and Bruce Younger. Among other things, these men were wanted for the Otterville train robbery on the night of July 7, 1876, when the safes of both the United States and Adams Express Companies were robbed. The two express companies offered $500 each for every man of the gang; the Governor proclaimed $300 reward for each man; the Otterville Vigilance Committee $100 a head; Ste. Genevieve Bank, which had been robbed by them, $8,000; the Iron Mountain Company, whose train was robbed at Gad's Hill, $500 a man; the Kansas City Fair Association, whose cash box was taken at midday, $5,000; and other corporations, making it in all $60,000 on the heads of the desperadoes. After a robbery at Northfield, Minn., Jim, Bob and Cole Younger were captured and sentenced to the penetentiary for life. Clel. Miller, Billy Chadwell, and Charley Pitts were killed outright. Hobbs, Kerry, and Bruce Younger were captured after the Otterville job, principally through the efforts of Morgan Bollan, who was then a member of the Metropolitan police force, of this city. Kerry was sent to the penitentiary for five years and Bruce discharged. The express companies paid the amounts they offered, but outside of this the one-hundredth part of the money was never turned over to the men who extinguished the outlaws or sent them to the penitentiary.

There was nearly $10,000 on the head of Sam Hilderband, the outlaw, offered by the State, County Court, and numbers of families whose relatives he had killed. He was apprehended in some little town in Illinois, where his body was first duly identified, and then laid away in a prison from which he will not rise until judgment day, but the men who did the work received poor pay for their time taken in the job.

The James boys were never arrested and convicted of any of the heinous deeds laid at their doors. The rewards became so large, aggregating nearly $100,000 from the time they first gained notoriety to a few years ago, that that the Pinkerton Detective Agency directed their attention to it, and made outlays of money to capture the prizes. They first sent out Capt. Hull, an ex-member of the Chicago Police force. He met John Younger, killed him, and was killed himself. A young man named Wisher was next sent out. He made good progress, impersonating a stock man. On reaching the home of the boys, he partially confided his business to a deputy sheriff who was in with the gang. The result was that he was tied to a horse, taken to the river, and his body perforated with a hundred bullets.

The Gibson gang along the route of the St. Louis and San Francisco road became notorious for their stage robberies, and prices aggregating $5,000 were placed on their heads. The men were arrested and the rewards never paid.

Canada Bill and several other dare-devils worked the Eureka Springs stages successfully, but met their match in ex-Police Officer Erskine of this city, who placed five of them behind the bars. The stage company some time ago offered $500 a head, and the authorities and other persons $1,000 a man. They received sentences of five and ten years each.

A man named Ladue issued $75,000 worth of fraudulent bonds on a county in the north-western of the State, and was on his way to New York to negotiate for the sale of them, when he was arrested by Officer Reinhart in this city in 1872. One reward of $1,000, offered by the county, was paid for him.

A criminal celebrity was rowdy Joe, who planned some daring jobs on trains and banks, and killed two men in Kansas and some half dozen in different parts of the country. Over $5,000 was offered for his capture, which was very cleverly made by Detective Tracy and his partner in this city. Joe had $7,000 in money on his person when taken to the Four Courts in this city, but he disappeared when in the police quarters of that building, and has since been a free man. He had been up in the Court of Criminal Correction, and before being taken back to jail he was taken to the office of the Chief of Police. From there he easily escaped.

The largest reward ever offered was for the arrest alone of McDonald and Bidwell, the forgers on the Bank of England, who secured $750,000 before they were discovered. McDonald was a graduate of Yale College, and did the "front" work, such as presenting the notes, making business transactions, &c. Bidwell was as shrewd as his partner, and did the "scratch" work, altering the amounts on notes. They operated at Berlin, Paris, London, Heidelberg, Edinburgh, and other European points. All they laid hands on were converted into United States 5-20 bonds or demands. A cashier one day when McDonald appeared at the window noticed that the date of the note presented had been omitted. He sent Rothschild's agent to alter this, over McDonald's quiet but determined objection. With this McDonald disappeared, and the forgery was made known. The reward aggregated nearly $100,000, $75,000 of which was in a lump. Both men were captured, and are now serving life sentences at Newgate. The money was distributed between the Captains of some vessels who were instrumental in McDonald's capture just outside of New York, the New York police, some Consuls, and many others who justified their claims.

In 1879 a reward of £2,000 was offered for the arrest of two men who committed an atrocious murder on a wealthy Scotchman. The men were traced to the United States, and were supposed to have come to Missouri. A circular three feet long, giving an eccentric description, and a fine photograph of the men, was sent about the country by Chief Justice McCaw. Notwithstanding the inducement of $10,000, the men were never captured.

Among other large rewards put up was that offered for the return of A. T. Stewart's body. The thieves demanded over $1,00,000. Nearly $50,000 was offered by the estate.

Littlefield, the janitor of a medical college in Boston, also received $10,000 for the discovery of the body of Dr. Parkman, who was murdered by Prof. John W. Webster.

How the Ancients Conducted Their Elections.

Popular Science Monthly.

As hitherto, so again, we must go back to the beginning to take up the clue. Out of that earliest stage of the savage horde in which there is no supremacy beyond that of the man whose strength, or courage, or cunning, gives him predominance, the first step is to the practice of election—deliberate choice of a leader in war. About the conducting of elections in rude tribes travellers are silent: probably the methods used are various. But we have accounts of elections as they were made by European peoples during early times. In ancient Scandinavia, the chief of a province, chosen by the assembled people, was thereupon "elevated amid the clash of arms and the shouts of the multitude;" and among the ancient Germans he was carried on a shield. Recalling, as this ceremony does, the chairing of a newly elected member of Parliament up to recent times, and reminding us that originally among ourselves, election was by show of hands, we are taught that the choice of a representative was once identical with the choice of a chief. Our House of Commons had its roots in local gatherings like those in which uncivilized tribes select head warriors.

Besides conscious selection, there occurs among rude peoples selection by lot. The Samoans, for instance, by spinning a cocoa-nut, thereby single him out. Early historic races supply illustrations; as the Hebrews in the affair of Saul and Jonathan, and as the Homeric Greeks when fixing on a champion to fight with Hector. In both these last cases there was belief in supernatural interference; the lot was supposed to be divinely determined. And probably at the outset, choice by lot for political purposes among the Athenians, and for military purposes among the Romans, as, also, in later times, the use of the lot for choosing deputies in some of the Italian republics, and in Spain (as in Leon during the twelfth century), was influenced by a kindred belief; though doubtless the desire to give equal chances to rich and poor, or else to assign without dispute a mission which was onerous or dangerous, entered into the motive or was even predominant. Here, however, the fact to be noted is, that this mode of choice which plays a part in representation may also be traced back to the usages of primitive peoples.

Sickness a Disgrace.

Popular Science Monthly.

All bodily ailments are more or less urgent appeals for help; nor can we doubt in what that help should consist. The more fully we understand the nature of any disease, the more clearly we see that the discovery of the cause means the discovery of the cure. Many sicknesses are caused by poisons foisted upon the system under the name of tonic beverages or remedial drugs; the only cure is to eschew the poison. Others, by habits more or less at variance with the health laws of Nature; to cure such we have to reform our habits. There is nothing accidental, and rarely anything inevitable, about a disease; we can safely assume that nine out of ten complaints have been caused and can be cured by the sufferers (or their nurses) themselves. "God made man upright;" every prostrating malady is a deviation from the state of Nature. The infant, "mewling and muking in its nurse's arms," is an abnormal phenomenon. Infancy should be a period of exceptional health; the young of other creatures are healthier, as well as prettier, purer, and merrier, than the adults, yet the childhood years of the human animal are the years of sore sickness; statistics show that among the Caucasian races men of thirty have more hope to reach a good old age than a new-born child has to reach the end of its second year. The reason is this: the health theories of the average Christian man and woman are so egregiously wrong, that only the opposition of their better instincts helps them—against their conscience, as it were—to maintain the struggle for a tolerable existence with anything like success, while the helpless infant has to conform to those theories—with the above results.

"I have long ceased to doubt," says Dr. Schrodt, "that, apart from the effects of wounds, the chances of health or disease are in our own hands; and, if people knew only half the facts pointing that way, they would feel *ashamed* to be sick, or to have sick children."

Wanted an Explanation.

A San Francisco husband, returning from an alleged fishing trip of three days, asked his wife if she received the fine trout he sent her from the lake. She gave him a stony glance and replied:

"I received some fish, I believe, but the market man also left word that he had gotten your telegram, but as he hadn't enough fresh water trout he sent you some first-rate cod-fish instead."

"D-did, eh?" stammered the wretched Benedict.

"Yes, he did; and now, sir, perhaps you'll be good enough to explain——"

Quick curtain.

Platonic Friendship.

Miss Phelps, in her story, "Friends; a Duet," recently published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, expresses frankly and clearly the opinion that a man and woman with favorable circumstances can not perpetuate a rational friendship without contemplating or perpetrating a marriage engagement. She vigorously discourages the Platonic affection theory, and places marriage as a "consummation" confidently to be expected whether it is "devoutly to be wished" or not. Charles Reade more explicitly put forward the same idea years ago.

"You do not find any flies in the butter which I put on my table," said a boarding mistress, proudly. "No," replied a boarder, "it's too strong for them."

Ransoms.

Saturday Review.

Great tact and judgment are required both in effecting a raid of capture and in arranging for payment of the ransom. The brigands should by no means be too hasty in forwarding ears, noses, or other portions of their captives, even when the inevitable bargaining about terms drags rather slowly on. They should also remember that a deceased captive is worth absolutely nothing at all, and shooting or hanging are only to be used as a last resort. On the other hand, the friends of the captive must neither be unduly anxious to come to terms, nor too dilatory in making an offer; and, above all, they must be very careful to keep the military and civil authorities from interfering in the matter. Neglect of these simple precautions often leads to deplorable results for both sides. The terrible massacre of an English and an Italian Secretary of Legation, and of two English gentlemen besides, by the bands of brigands headed by the brothers Arvanitaki was a case in point. The brigands had received a notice of the intended arrival of a large party of Cook's tourists on the field of Marathon at a certain day, but fate threw the party from the Legation into their hands instead. Lord Mancaster, one of the captives, was allowed to depart, in order to arrange for payment of the ransom, but, owing to the bungling of the Greek authorities, and notably of a Col. Theagenes, the soldiers followed the brigands, who at once stopped and shot Mr. Herbert and Mr. Lloyd, while Mr. Vyner and Count Boyle were taken on to Skimetri and put to death. The soldiers becoming infurated, attacked the brigands, killing six and taking two alive. Most of the rest were afterwards caught, tried, and executed at Athens, on which occasion so much popular feeling was exhibited that the severed heads of the criminals were seized by the mob, and kicked about the market-place. The greatest indignation was expressed by the English Government, not only at the political corruption which made the brigandage possible, but at the blundering manner in which the affair had been conducted by the Greek authorities, which had led to such tragic results. The brigand trade is very brisk just now. On June 23 a Greek Captain, owner of a brig anchored off Mount Olympus, went on shore about a mile from a landing-place where there is a guard of soldiers, and was carried off by a band of brigands. They ask £2,000 as ransom, which we are incidentally told he cannot pay. A Turkish official was also captured some fifteen miles higher up the Gulf, and no news has been heard of him since. An Englishman in Spain, Mr. Lester, who was also taken prisoner, was more fortunate, for being left alone for a short time he actually gnawed his bonds asunder and made good his escape.

FLAKES OF FUN.

Be content with your lot—especially if it's a corner one.

Some men's noses are like some books; the more immortal they are the more red they are.

A man can get into good society in Leadville if he hasn't had the jim-jams, but he'll have to stand being regarded as rather fresh.

The difference between a boy and a bee is that a boy's happiest days are his school days, and a bee's are its swarm days.

Miss Swisshelm says: "If men wear boots at all the boots should reach to the waist and be fastened to a belt." Think of a man with such boots having the jim-jams. Great snakes!

"No," said Mrs. Goodington, casting her eyes over her specs to the silhouette of her lamented Daniel, "I can't say as I like to see a man too stout, but just a little inclined to petulancy, you know."

"Parting is such sweet sorrow," remarked a bald old bachelor to a pretty girl, as he told her good night. "I should smile," she replied, glancing upon his hairlessness and wondering how he ever did it.

Mr. Neilson, who has just died in London, was one of the oldest members of the English press. For nearly fifty years he was on the staff of the London *Times*, for which journal he wrote the account of the Queen's coronation. He reported the first speech which Mr. Disraeli ever uttered at a public banquet, and thereafter for forty years was the special reporter of the great man's addresses. Disraeli never forgot him, and when he had the power he offered Mr. Neilson a pension of $1000 a year from the Literary fund. The proprietors of the London *Times* refused to allow Mr. Neilson to accept this gift, but in lieu of it they added $250 a year to his salary.

In the Adirondacks is a large woodpecker that bores holes in the barks of spruce, and then plugs them up with acorns or nuts of any kind. Ten of these plugs were recently found in a piece of wood of about eight square inches, so closely and tightly wedged in that a knife had to be used to force them out. The piece of bark looks as if wooden bullets had been fired at it and just covered themselves. The birds put them there, and eat them in the winter. The amount of work a woodpecker does in making a hole three inches deep can be imagined, when it is known that in some of the pieces of wood bored ten or fifteen pecks of their bills hardly make any impression.

The pet dog of the politicians, a black-and-tan terrier named Dolly, the property of the late W. P. Smull, died recently in Pennsylvania, aged 21 years. Twenty years ago Dolly took her seat on the desk of the late Resident Clerk of the House, J. A. Smull, where she sat every day the Legislature was in session, until the death of Mr. Smull. She was a general favorite with members of the House, officers, and pages. When the Speaker's gavel fell at the adjournment Dolly always responded with a gentle bark, and she watched the proceedings at times as if she really comprehended their import. No dog that ever lived in Pennsylvania received as many caresses from statesmen, politicians, journalists, legislators, warriors, and ladies fair. She sat on the knee of every Governor from 1861. Supreme Judges did not hesitate to lay their hands gently on her beautiful head. Mr. Lincoln took her in his arms, charmed by her beauty. Gen. Grant had her paw in his hand frequently. All the great political leaders of Pennsylvania knew Dolly. She was a general favorite, but flattery never spoiled her, because she had been raised to good manners.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 15, 1881.

THE Canada Pacific Railway is being pushed forward with wonderful rapidity. At a recent meeting of the Board the contract for the sale of the $20,000,000 four per cent land grant bonds was duly executed and the President and Secretary were authorized by the Board to execute the mortgage as agreed upon at the shareholders' meeting on the 19th July last. The mortgage securing the bonds is made in favor of Sir Alexander Campbell, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie and Samuel Thorne, Esq., of New York, trustees. The Company has advertised for tenders for the supply of twelve months' stores for the Western Division, to be delivered at Winnipeg.

ANOTHER Indian war is threatened in the United States, which promises to equal if not surpass any on record. A short time ago the Apaches in Arizona massacred a detachment of United States Soldiers, numbering 117 men, among whom was General Carr. This bloody deed has excited the soldiers beyond measure, and if the Indians have really put on the war paint as reported, the ultimate result will very likely be the extinction of whole tribes, especially the merciless Apaches, who are the most dreaded and detested of the red men. Though posterity will only hear the white side of the tale of this slaughter of savages, we presume it will still wonder how a people blessed with Christianity could do nothing better with the Indians than kill them.

WITH the fall season comes the sad news from time to time of wreck and loss of life on our Canadian lakes. On Saturday and Sunday last a violent hurricane visited the upper lakes, and two vessels went down with their crews to watery graves. One of these was the steamer Columbia, of the North-Eastern line, bound from Chicago to Collingwood, which foundered on Sunday morning on Lake Michigan, fifteen of those on board being drowned, including Captain Malcomson, several of the officers, and two women. The second case was that of the schooner Regina, of Owen Sound, which went down on Saturday night off Cove Island, Lake Huron, with all hands, five in number. Truly, they "that go down to the sea in ships" have an uncertain end before them.

BUSH FIRES.

The fire wave that has swept over this province and some of the neighboring states, during the past two or three weeks, has left a frightful amount of suffering and destruction in its trail. Our exchanges fairly teem with doleful stories of both bush and farm properties being destroyed, but even this is insignificant compared to the unprecedented loss of life, from the same cause, in the State of Michigan. In the pine timber sections of that state the fire passed beyond all control, and in the twinkling of an eye swept the country for miles, destroying everything in its way. The latest estimate is that 700,000 acres have been burned over, and 12,000 people are homeless and destitute, and it is also supposed that from 500 to 1000 people perished. In Canada an immense amount of damage has been done, but happily without much loss of life Heavy rains were never more earnestly prayed for, or more urgently needed, than at the present time.

OUR GRAIN MARKET.

Although comparatively little grain has been offered for sale in this village so far this season, the market has assumed quite lively proportions, owing, no doubt, to the number of buyers in the field, and the addition of an opposition Warehouse. Prices opened and have since ruled high, and there is every prospect that with the vigorous competition between the North Hastings and Farmers' Warehouses, good prices will be maintained throughout the season, although it is barely possible that any advance will be made from present figures. We would advise farmers to sell at a *good* price rather than hold back in expectation of a rise. Advices from the other side point to the fact that with barley at least a decline during the month of October may be looked for, owing to the certainty of large supplies from different quarters. The current quotations are: Wheat, fall and spring, $1.10 to $1.25, three grades; Rye, 80c. to 85c., two grades; Barley, 73c. to 75c, two grades; Peas, 60c.; Oats, 35c. to 40c. In addition to Mr. Wood at the North Hastings Warehouse, and Mr. Cross, at the Farmers' Warehouse, Mr. H. Corby, Jun., is also buying all kinds of grain. Mr. Wood has already shipped four cars of Rye to Belleville.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges.

The grain market is quiet in Belleville.

Two fires took place in Belleville on Sunday last.

Bush fires are doing considerable damage in the front townships.

General Luard is expected to visit the brigade camp at Picton before its close.

There are eight prisoners in the County Gaol at present: 4 males and 4 females.

Work on the Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec Railway is progressing satisfactorily.

In the vicinity of Frankford and Chisholm's Rapids malarial fever is proving itself very injurious.

The County gravel roads have been undergoing necessary repairs for some time past, under the superintendence of Mr. Farnham.

Such is the freight traffic of the G. J. R. that an additional man is now employed in the transfer department at the G.T.R. station.

A man named Nelson Hamlin on Saturday night, 3rd September, at Peterboro', stabbed and killed a companion named Larocque, in a drunken quarrel.

Vankoughnet, the Buck Lake murderer, made an attempt to break jail last Saturday afternoon. He was detected by the governor of the jail, and more closely confined.

The Railway from Deseronto to Tyendinaga is nearly graded. It is probable that the depot will be located at the steamboat wharf, if so it will be a great convenience. The engine for the new line has been purchased.

On September 8th, a young lad of 13, son of Gilbert Woodcock, of the Township of Kennebec, was burnt to death while helping his father fight the flames. He was surrounded by fire, and, though rescued alive, was so was so badly injured that he expired the next morning.

As an instance of the follies now so—and too—generally prevalent, the following which is clipped from the Napanee *Standard* attests: "The first victim of the scare caused by the 'day-of-judgment' appearance of the sky last Tuesday, was on Thursday placed in jail as an insane person. The wife of Mr. Bryce Allen, a long time employee of the Napanee Mills paper Company, when she saw the ominous appearance of the sky, became fearfully excited. She insisted that the day of judgment had come, and she made an attempt to kill her children, stating that 'she didn't want them to be burned up.' The poor woman has been unsettled in mind since the first of July, but her derangement took no marked dangerous form till Tuesday morning. The afflicted husband deserves the warmest sympathy."

[*Advertisement.*]

Madoc, Aug. 30th, 1881.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—Being about to start on a trip to England to arrange some business matters, I thought, before I left, that it would only be proper if I set myself right with my fellow townsmen in relation to some reports which one Thomas Scott has very industriously set afloat regarding the discovery of the Dufferin mine. Looking at the matter in a commercial sense, I do not value any reports or rumors that may be circulated respecting myself, and I would be sorry to notice the idle talk of any and every gossip who might choose to retail a parcel of stories that have no foundation in *fact* except in their lively and native imaginations.

But as I value the good opinion of the sensible portion of the community, and have no means of reaching them except through your columns, I would beg to trespass for a little on your valuable space to inform the public that Mr. Scott is labouring under an extensive delusion when he claims to be the discoverer of the Dufferin mine. He never was. He has pestered me very much in this connection and has made numerous statements calculated to annoy me. Now I am disposed to look seriously on his claims. The facts are, Mr. Scott was employed by me at different times when I first engaged in the business of prospecting for J. B. Maas & Co., and whatever time he was employed always appeared in the time record and he was paid his wages like any other man by the concern. Mr. Scott having been unfortunate in business naturally attracted my sympathy and I treated him as well as I was able, but unfortunately he presumed on my kindness and now desires to make a claim to the mineral wealth of the Dufferin deposit, which, he is under the hallucination, should of right belong to himself. The declarations accompanying this speak for themselves and prove Mr. Scott's pretence to be mere moonshine. I have received several threatening letters from this gentleman but they go a very little way in making his assertions have weight, but I want the people of Madoc to understand that I have tried to deal fairly and squarely with every one, and that I should be sorry to take advantage of any man whom I considered I was indebted to for either information or services while pursuing my business of prospecting for minerals. Trusting you will oblige me in this although very much a personal matter, I remain

Yours truly

WILLIAM COE.

The Declarations referred to in the above letter of W. Coe:—

I, James Devolin, of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, Farmer, do solemnly declare that sometime since I was out with one Thomas Scott looking for ores, that after a long walk I felt I should like to go over Lough's place thinking and wishing to do Lough some good, that we went together and I was carrying the needle, when I was a few yards from Scott the needle dipped and continued to show that there was mineral where I stood, and this was the finding of the Dufferin mine as far as I know.

(Signed) JAMES DEVOLIN.

I, William Lough, of Marmora, in the County of Hastings, Farmer, do solemnly declare that I remember Devolin and Thomas Scott being out in search of mines, about six months after that I sold the mine to Maas & Co. through William Coe. Coe was trying to buy the property between two and three years before it was really sold, and before I heard that any one had found iron.

(Signed) WM. LOUGH.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Grain! Grain!

H. CORBY, JR.,

IS prepared to pay the highest Cash Prices for all kinds of Grain either at Madoc or Belleville. Grain to be delivered in Madoc at the Farmers' Warehouse. 232

NORTH HASTINGS
Warehouse.

THIS Warehouse is again open for Storing and Shipping Grain. To Buyers every facility will be given and reasonable rates charged. To Farmers grain received in store and no charge made if held for the purpose of selling. All such grain covered by Insurance and no charge made to the Farmer. The undersigned will pay the highest prices for all kinds of grains and Clover and Timothy Seed.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 12th, 1881.

Spring Wheat for Seed.

I AM instructed to purchase a few hundred Bushels of LOST NATION Spring Wheat for seed, for which extra prices will be paid. It must be entirely clean and free from other grain or seeds.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, September 12th, 1881.

TELEGRAPH POLES!

THE undersigned wishes to purchase from one thousand to three thousand Telegraph Poles for which extra prices will be paid if delivered within the next six weeks.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 14th, 1881.

TIES! TIES!! TIES!!!

50,000 TIES WANTED!

I WILL make contracts for Cedar, Oak, Rock-elm, Tamarac or Hemlock Ties, to be delivered during the coming winter, on the River or along the Railway.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, September 14th, 1881.

FARM FOR SALE!

A Farm containing 175 acres, in the Township of Sidney, County of Hastings. It is conveniently situated on a Gravel Road close by a School and Cheese Factory, two miles from Frankford and ten miles from Trenton. 100 acres cleared. About 35 Apple Trees. Frame House 18x24 and Kitchen 14x18. Frame Barn 18x24, Stone Stable under it. Well watered. Well adapted for fruit. Terms easy. A certain sum required, balance on any reasonable time required by purchaser.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 10th, 1881.

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Municipal Council of the United Townships of Elzevir and Grimsthorpe will pass a By-Law at their next meeting, to be held on the 31st of October next, for the purpose of opening and establishing a Road commencing at south side of Lot 16 in the 4th Concession of Elzevir, running across part Lot 16 in the 4th, 16 and part 17 in the 5th, to 6th Concession line, Elzevir. All persons interested therein will govern themselves accordingly.

E. JAMES,
Township Clerk.

Bridgewater, 12th Sept., 1881.

NOTICE OF BY-LAW.

THE Municipal Corporation of the United Townships of Carlow and Mayo, will at their next sitting pass a By-Law establishing the following Roads as Public Highways in the Township of Carlow, to commence:

No. 1 on the Blank Division Line between the 7th and 8th Concessions from the Post between Lots 26 and 27, east to the Boundry Line, between the Townships of Carlow and Raglan.

No. 2, to commence on the west side of Lot No. 5, in the 11th Concession of Carlow, and also to convey the original allowance on the east side between Lots 5 and 6 to John Henderson's—said allowance being impassible.

WM. H. MURPHY,
Township Clerk.

Carlow, 29th August, 1881.

RUSSEL ESTATE.

IMPORTANT AUCTION SALE

—OF—

Choice Building Lots,

—IN THE—

VILLAGE OF MADOC,

Suitable for Private Residences or for Business purposes, by Mr. Charles Wilkins, at

MOON'S HOTEL

—ON—

Saturday, Oct. 1st, 1881,

Commencing at 1 o'clock, p. m.

Plan of property can be seen previous to sale at the office of S. Ross & Co.

Information as to terms of sale, &c., can be obtained from Mr. S. D. Ross, Madoc, or from

S. D. RUSSEL,
Montreal.

Madoc, 13th September, 1881.

ALL THE NEWS FOR A CENT.

THE

Toronto Daily World,

THE ONLY ONE-CENT MORNING PAPER IN CANADA.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR!

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A MONTH!!

ONE CENT A COPY!!!

Less than Half the Cost of any other Morning Paper.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY by canvassing for The World. Agents and Canvassers wanted everywhere. Send post-card for terms and

SAMPLE COPY FREE.

WORLD PRINTING Co.,
No. 4 King street east, Toronto.

VOTERS' LIST, 1881.

Municipality of the Townships of Marmora & Lake, Co. of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "the Voters' List Act," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list made, pursuant to the said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be intitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at municipal elections, and that said List was first posted up at my office at Marmora, on the 10th day of Sept., 1881, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS,
Clerk of said municipality.

Marmora, September 15th, 1881.

JUST RECEIVED

A fine lot of

SOLID SILVER

—AND—

COLORED GOLD JEWELRY.

Elegant designs in Sets and Single

Brooches and Earrings,

Also a fine line in

SILVER LOCKETS

—AND—

BRACELETS.

—TO—

BROOCHES & EARRINGS

In real Whitby Jet, also

Bracelets and Necklets,

And a great variety of

STUDS, GENTS' SUITS, COLLAR BUTTONS, and SCARF PINS.

PLATED & FINE PEARL.

E. L. WEISS.

PIC-NIC & CAMP SUPPLIES

JUST RECEIVED AT THE

Italian Warehouse

CANNED PORK & BEANS.
" LUNCH TONGUE.
" C. C. BEEF.
" LOBSTERS.
" SALMON.
" F. HADDIE.
" SARDINES.
" TURKEY & TONGUE.
" BONED TURKEY.
" ROASTED CHICKEN.
" HAM CHICKEN & TONGUE.
" OX-TAIL SOUP.
" CHICKEN SOUP.
EXTRACT COFFEE,
CONDENSED MILK,
FRENCH MUSTARD,
C. & B. PICKELS.
NABOB PICKELS.

GRAY & McGREGOR,

Wine and Spirits Merchants,

NOTICE!

ALL parties are hereby warned against purchasing or seizing a yoke of oxen from William Elliott of the township of Wollaston, as the said oxen belong to me and will be recovered by me at the next Court.

HENRY LLOYD.

Wollaston, 24th August, 1881.

H. JAMES, M. D.,

OF BELLEVILLE, will visit Madoc professionally every Friday and Saturday of each week, when he will be prepared to meet patients or make calls upon the afflicted of this village or surrounding country. Office in Moon's Hotel, where orders may be left.

Belleville, March 14, 1881.

Mineral Land for Sale.

LOT No. 31, 10th Con., Madoc. Good iron ore beds on the same. Gold has also been found. Apply to JOHN BROAD.

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc, or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

DR. JAMES'

CHILL FEVER OR AGUE ANTIDOTE, in connection with the DISEASED LIVER ANTIDOTE, has done good work in Madoc, and made many cures among those who were thought to be incurable. These, and all his other medicines, will be found to be perfectly reliable, and are for sale at GRAY & McGREGOR'S store, Madoc. There is no quinine in the Ague or Liver medicine, purely vegetable, and as a preventative should be taken in the Spring and Fall. If this were done thoroughly by the people, Ague, Intremittant and Remittant Fever, in a few years would be unknown in the County of Hastings.

H. JAMES, M. D.

FOR SALE.

IN the Village of Madoc, that commodious and valuable property, situate on the east side of Russell Street in said village, and owned by the heirs of the late James O'Brien. The property is well and favorably situated for a Cooper's establishment, as that was the business which was successfully conducted by the late owner, on the said premises for several years. Hard and soft water on the premises. This is a good investment for a good Cooper, as there is no business of the kind at present carried on in the village or vicinity. A good title can be given. Application may be made to Mr. Samuel Driscoll, Madoc village, or to Catherine O'Brien, relict of the late James O'Brien, Trenton.

CATHERINE O'BRIEN,
Executrix.

Trenton, June 22nd, 1881.

ARRIVED

—AT—

D. W. WRIGHT'S,

QT. AND ½ GALL.

Stone and Glass Fruit Jars

A SPLENDID QUALITY OF

ALE,

In 10 gallon kegs and on draught, for summer use.

A choice lot of

Groceries, Crockery and Liquors,

Gooderham & Worts' Proof, Old Rye, and Malt Whiskies always in stock.

D. W. WRIGHT,
Grocer and Wine Merchant,
VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

SPECIAL NOTICE

—TO THE—

AFFLICTED.

DRS. WILLIAMS AND NASH

may still be consulted at the

BRANCH OFFICE, DETROIT THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE, west front street, over OVERELL'S STORE, opposite GLASGOW WARE HOUSE, BELLEVILLE,

on all the various diseases of the Head, Throat, and Chest, including the Eye, Ear, and Heart.

The Doctor will also attend to all

Chronic, Blood and Nervous diseases.

Over 20,000 successfully treated at our Head Office in Detroit since 1870.

The very best references given from all parts of Canada from those already cured.

All diseases of the respiratory organs treated by Medicated Inhalations combined with proper constitutional remedies. Consultation free. If possible call for examination, otherwise write for a list of questions.

ADDRESS—

DRS. WILLIAMS and NASH,
Belleville, Ont.

P. S.—Office hours from 9 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Living but yet Dead!

Full of Expression, Life, Character and Position, yet it is only a Photograph made by BROCK & CO., Photographers.

The Facts are

Our customers admire our Instantaneous Process. Think of only being sat edito sit three or four seconds. What a blessing this warm weather.

D. A. JOHNSTON, M. D., C. M.

PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

Local Lines.

—Dry.

—Dog days are about over.

—Advertise in the REVIEW.

—Let's talk about the weather.

—Many new cases of fever and ague lately.

—Now is the time to plant fall advertisements.

—There were frosts one or two mornings this week.

—Morgan Jellett, a prominent lawyer of Belleville, died in that city last week.

—Read the new advertisements in this issue. You may be benefitted thereby.

—If September is not a summer month then it is not worth while to have such months.

—A large and attentive audience attended service in the C. M. Church on Sunday evening last.

—Two large bears were killed in Rawdon township lately. One weighed 150 lbs., and the other 250 lbs.

—Two grain warehouses in Madoc, and over half-a-dozen buyers. Farmers ought surely to get justice.

—The excitement among grain buyers on the streets now, was only equalled by machine agents a few weeks ago.

—Some choice building lots on the Russel Estate will be offered for sale by auction on October 1st. See advt.

—The fall Assizes opened in Belleville on Monday, before Chief Justice Hagarty. There was little business.

—Rev. H. Kenner, and wife, late of Madoc, have been visiting friends in this village and neighborhood for the past week.

—Nearly 100 passengers left Madoc by train on Saturday morning last. Cole's circus at Belleville was the attraction.

—A virulent horse disease is very prevalent in some parts of this county. One man in Rawdon has five horses down with it.

—The Tudor fall show will be held this year on Wednesday, October 12th. The prize list will be published next week.

—Mr. Hastings, an American horse buyer, has been in this village for some days past purchasing horses for the American market.

—Mr. J. M. Wolever, of Montreal, a resident of this village a few years ago, has been visiting his friends here for some days past.

—A new American counterfeit trade dollar with the date upon it of 1878 has made its appearance. The counterfeit is considered a clever one.

—Mr. S. B. Burdett, barrister, of Belleville, has been seriously ill for some time past, but we are glad to learn that he is now rapidly recovering.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Coe, of this village, are at present in England, where we trust they are enjoying themselves. They left here about the 1st inst.

—Camping out parties are now fashionable. Many of our villagers and others indulge in this kind of pastime in the northern townships under the pretex of hunting for game.

—The Jobbing Department of the REVIEW establishment is complete in all its details, and all work will be done on the most reasonable terms, in the most satisfactory manner.

—A few days ago it was quietly and unostentatiously whispered about the village that the weather was a trifle warm; now it is fearlessly asserted that it has grown a shade colder.

—The next meeting of the North Hastings Teachers' Association will be held in this village on Thursday and Friday, October 6th and 7th. We will publish the programme next week.

—The good accomplished with steel pens is incalculable, but the cost of a box of Esterbrook's is only nominal. The stationers have them. Agents for Canada, Robert Miller, Son & Co., Montreal.

—The fires got so close to the village this morning on the south that an alarm was given and a number of citizens had to turn out to stop its progress. Mr. Rollins' mill property was in danger as we go to press.

—In the devotional exercises of Sunday evening's service, Mr. Kenner offered up special prayer for the protection of the unfortunate ones whose lives and property are endangered by the raging fires throughout the country.

—We regret to learn that Mr. W. S. Volume, of this village, while back on the Hastings Road last week on a hunting expedition, was suddenly taken ill with inflammation of the lungs which necessitated his speedy removal back home. He is now under medical care, and, we understand, slowly recovering.

—The majority of the wells in the village are dry, or nearly so, and pure water is almost impossible to get. Where wells are nearly dry the injurious effects of drinking the mud and organic sediment brought up will soon show itself in typhoid or other septic fevers if persisted in. People should drink as little water as possible when its general quality is so bad.

—Prof. Huxley says that "the living body is a synthesis of innumerable physiological elements, each of which may nearly be described in Wolff's language as a fluid possessed of a vis essentialis and a solidescibilitas, or, in modern phrase, as protoplasm susceptible of structural metamorphosis and functional metabolism." We have no doubt this has been the cause of so much malaria in this neighborhood lately.

Cheap Reading.

The NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW and the Toronto *Daily World* will be furnished to subscribers at the rate of $3.50 per annum, payable in advance. See advertisement of the *World* in another column.

New Street.

We have pleasure in announcing that Mr. Henry Dingman, with commendable energy and liberality, has given and purchased enough land to open a new street in this village, running from Elgin street south on the line between himself and Mr. Horace Seymour, across the T. & O. Railway track, and has appropriately named it "Dingman street."

Camping Out.

Messrs. E. L. Weiss, N. M. Maybee, and B. S. Jenkins, of this village, are at present in the backwoods on a hunting and fishing expedition. We do not know, but presume they left orders for teams to go back to bring in the game they (expect to) capture. They will be absent about three weeks, if they don't clean out Tudor and Limerick before that time, of course.

Fair Day.

The free fair on Tuesday did not bring together a very good or very large display of stock. There was quite a large number of people in the village, however, and our merchants report a good day's business. Farmers must prepare their cattle for the market if they wish to sell, or if they don't these fairs might as well be given up. Poor animals are not worth even a poor price.

A Strange Visitor.

Bears are not a common sight around Madoc, especially of late years, but one of these strange animals made its appearance within the corporation limits last week, no doubt driven out from the back townships by the bush fires. It was first seen early in the morning in Seymour's woods near the T. & O. R. track, but had got down in the swamp before chase could be given, and has not since been seen.

Obituary.

Our Millbridge correspondent sends us the following:—Mr. Thomas Howatson died yesterday afternoon (Sept. 5th,) at his own residence near this place. He was schoolmaster in No. 1 Section, Millbridge, and No. 2, Stony Settlement, for a great number of years. He was much respected as a neighbor and teacher, was a native of Scotland and was at the time of his death past 83 years of age. He leaves a widow and several children, one of whom is wife of John Nichol, of the Queensboro' grist mills.

To Keep Canned Fruit.

Our lady readers, in canning fruit, will like to learn just how to determine whether it will keep or not. We are assured that the following is a sure test:—The next day after canning stand the jars on their heads for an hour or two, then right them, and if no moisture is found on the rim of the can or on the rubber rim, they are air-tight and will keep any length of time; but if the least drop of vagrant juice has found its way out they must be smeared over with sealing mixture or the fruit will surely spoil.

Fatal Accident near Tweed.

On the 1st inst. a painful accident occurred a few miles west of Tweed, by which a young man named Chas. Breen, about 19 years of age, lost his life. While engaged in fighting bush fires, which endangered the Victoria Cheese Factory, Mr. Breen had occasion to chop down a stub of a tree in order to prevent the fire from crossing the road, but for some reason was unable to get out of the way when it was falling and it fell on him, killing him instantly. The affair cast a gloom over the village, and great sympathy is felt for the bereaved family.

Tea Meeting.

The congregation of Allen Settlement Presbyterian church announce a tea-meeting at that place for Thursday evening next, 22nd inst. The Rev. Mr. Wishart will deliver an interesting address on his late trip to Ireland, and Rev. Messrs. Macfarlane and Hutton, of Madoc; Smith, of Bridgewater; Dunkley, of Huntingdon, and Messrs. A. F. Wood and E. D. O'Flynn, of this village, will deliver addresses. Music will be furnished by the Madoc Presbyterian Church choir. Tea served at 7 o'clock. Tickets, single, 40 cents; double 75 cents. With such a programme there can hardly fail to be a large attendance.

A Plucky Driver.

On Monday morning of last week, while Miss Carrie Wood was driving out from her father's residence, the horse ran away, owing to the hold-back straps being unfastened, allowing the buggy to run on the horse's heels, and the animal came tearing up Durham st. at a terific pace. The young lady, however, pluckily held on to the ribbons, and guided the horse up the hill towards the English Church, where it was soon stopped, and driven back by Mr. J. B. Church. Miss Carrie displayed an amount of nerve under the circumstances that many other ladies, and gentlemen also, might profitably endeavor to cultivate. No damage was done.

A Simpleton.

A few days ago a man named King, one of the late arrivals at the Dufferin mine, came down to this village, having in his pocket one of the caps used in exploding the dynamite at the mine. He showed it to some parties here, professing ignorance of what it was, but he soon found out to his sorrow. He was warned to be careful of it, but, determined to find out all about it, he commenced to pick out the explosive in the inside with a pin, when it suddenly exploded in his fingers, materially destroying the usefulness of two or three of these members and also inflicting a severe wound in his leg. He will probably have more respect for dynamite caps in the future.

Methodist Church of Canada.

The service in the C. M. Church on Sunday evening last was conducted by Rev. Mr. Kenner, of Hastings, late of this circuit. The subject as a foundation of his discourse was taken from Prov. XIII:20, the remarks being both practicable and instructive and were listened to with interest throughout. The sermon was more especially directed to those of younger years, and an earnest appeal was made to such for the formation of a right and godly character in this life that their end may be peace and happiness. As our companionship in life, either for good or for evil, to a greater or less degree moulds our destiny hereafter, the speaker impressed on all the importance of being mindful and seeking counsel and guidance of those who are wise, and especially of Him who doth all things well.

Mining Notes.

A new very rich gold-bearing quartz has been discovered on Mr. Burrow's property, Kaladar. Mr. Palmer pronounces it unusually rich.

A party of fifteen practical miners from Philadelphia and New York arrived at the Gatling Gold Mine last week. The works at this place assuming the proportions of a thriving village.

Seventeen cars of ore were shipped in one day from the hematite mine this week. Enough cars cannot be furnished to meet the demand, and in consequence part of the ore taken out has to be stacked. Over 7,000 tons are now awaiting shipment. The work goes on night and day.

Work on an extensive scale will be prosecuted at the Dufferin mine from this forward, to which place a branch of the railway will shortly be built. Mr. Welle imported some 30 or 40 men from Lower Canada, and, we understand, about 60 men are now at work. A solid vein of ore two feet in width at the surface, and widening as it goes down has been struck, and altogether the prospects are most promising. Some big returns are expected from this mine.

The superintendent of the Consolidated Gold Mining Company, in his last monthly report, says:—In the deep shaft we are running the two south drifts and lower north drift with machine drills. Faces are good everywhere. We are also sinking the shaft with a machine drill. In the Tuttle shaft, since my last report, we have sunk 10 feet, and are still progressing well. We are still scarce of men. On the surface the mill frame has been raised. The office is now under roof, and the houses nearly completed.

A Savage Brute.

On Saturday evening last as a little girl of Mr. Levi Taylor's, about ten years of age, was passing over the crossing at Whytock's, in front of a team which was standing there, one of the horses savagely caught her by the shoulder and inflicted an ugly bite, taking out, we are informed by Mr. Taylor, a large piece of flesh. The team, we understand, belonged to a party named Delong. Mr. Taylor entered an action before A. F. Wood, J. P., but the latter refused to proceed, and Mr. Taylor now talks of taking it to Belleville. The owner of such a vicious brute should certainly be made to pay damages in such a case.

That Corner Again.

The trouble between Mrs. Wright and the Village of Madoc, about the ownership of the southwest corner of St. Lawrence and Durham streets was revived yesterday, on the former leasing the corner to Mr. A. F. Wood for a grain office, and having the sidewalk torn up to put the new building out as far as she claims. Reeve O'Flynn, on behalf of the Corporation of which he is Chief Magistrate, promptly stopped the work. Last night watchmen guarded the corner all night on behalf of the village, and this morning the contractors, Messrs. Kerrs & Walton, rushed up the building on the old site, inside the sidewalk.

The Queensboro' Picnic.

The picnic in aid of the R. C. Church, at Queensboro', which took place on Wednesday last, was in every respect a success, about $400 clear being realized. The day passed off most pleasantly indeed, and great praise is due the ladies for the very creditable condition and extent of the edibles provided. Dancing was the principle feature of the day's amusement, but in addition the following prizes were competed for: Hop, step and jump, 1st, F. Dyer, 2nd, Moses Dermore; Strait Jump, R. Phillips and F. Dyer, equal; Putting Shoulder Stone, 1st, James Murphy, 2nd, R. Connell; Irish Jig, 1st, Chas. Way, 2nd, D. Mellroy. During the day a silver watch, valued at $10.00, was raffled for, Mr. A. Mitchell, of this village, being the lucky winner. The watch realized $70.50. Credit is also due Messrs. Mellroy, Bohen, McLean, and others who had the arrangement in hand for the admirable manner in which everything was carried out.

Honey Festival at St. Paul's.

The annual Social gathering of the congregation of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, was held in the church at Eldorado, on Friday evening last. The turnout was good, the building being well filled. The gastronomical arrangements were most complete, and added as well to the already high reputation of the ladies of the congregation, as to the enjoyment of those present. The honey was delicious, and it is stated that large quantities were consumed. These honey festivals should be encouraged, as several couples were observed to be particularly *sweet* and *sticky*. Addresses were delivered during the evening by Rev. Messrs. Down and Mitchell, and Mr. Wood. The Rev. D. Mitchell, being a *city man*, of course occupied a large share of the time. The rev. gentleman had just returned from a trip on the Hastings Road, and gave some amusing experiences of his journey, not the least of which was a most extraordinary account of the attachment of the *swine* of the back country to gentlemen of the cloth. Mr. Mitchell stated that he had baptized seventeen babies back there, but there was ne'er a wedding. He was so anxious to accomplish the latter before returning home that he offered to marry Mr. Ross, the popular young missionary, then and there, and free of charge. This was nearer being accomplished than he thought, as a gentlemen present who had donned a lady's hat and cloak was about to proceed to the platform, when the National Anthem put an end to the proceedings. Members of the Madoc choir contributed some choice sacred selections during the evening.—COM.

DIED.

MULLETT.—In Madoc Township, on Monday September 12th, Elizabeth P., (Lilly) daughter of Sylvanus Mullett, aged 26 years.

KEENE.—In the Township of Huntingdon, on Tuesday, September 1st, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Leonard Keene, aged 30 years and 5 months.

Those who are subject to Billiousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion or any Kidney Affections, should take the advice of an able physician and use Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. In large bottles at 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

SIGN OF THE CIRCULAR SAW.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

(o)

Just received one Case of

CROMPTON'S CORSETS.

D. C. CLARKE.

CLOTHING.

We are now receiving one of the largest stocks of Ready Made Clothing ever shown in Madoc, all of which will be sold at prices far below its value.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, July 6th, 1881.

STIRLING AND MADOC

PUMP FACTORY!

THE undersigned has leased the shop previously occupied by R. SIMMONS as a Pump Factory, and is now prepared to furnish

Pumps of the Latest Styles on the shortest notice

All Pumps not bearing my name and recommended as my make are an imposition.

A CALL SOLICITED.

A. L. SAYLOR,

Madoc, June 16th, 1880. Madoc and Stirling.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash AND Blind Factory

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

China and the Chinese.

The Horrible Treatment of Prisoners in That Country.

The Terrible, Torture Ending in Death, of the Stocks.

It is rather surprising that, while New York and Brooklyn contain so many Chinamen, few are brought before the bar of justice for violation of the law; but it is a notable fact that crimes of the most heinous nature are frequently committed in the Chinese Empire. The Chinese have many good traits, however. They are considered honest, industrious, and good workmen. They pay as they go, and all seem to make money. As servants, it is said, they surpass other nationalities in cleanliness and thoroughness. They seldom quarrel among themselves, but there are numerous instances where their ire has been aroused by the interference of "outside barbarians" in their affairs. They are not treacherous, as a rule, as many claim, for the instincts of integrity seem to be inculcated in all of them by their early training. Their good behavior appears to be traceable to the hardships of the criminal class in China. There the prisons greatly differ from the jails of this country, and the treatment of the criminal in many instances, to say the least, is barbarous. The prison at Shanghai is considered a fair type of the rest on the coast. Its architecture is the style characteristic of the Chinese. It is a large, square building, with tiers of cells running around the sides, leaving a sort of yard in the centre. The cells are about ten by twelve feet, and are frequently crowded to their utmost capacity by the prisoners. They do not perform any labor, as prisoners in our cells are compelled to do, but seem to be there only for the amusement of the large numbers of soldiers on guard. It is said that one of the common occurrences in these prisons is for the soldiers on guard to toss up to see which victim shall receive a whipping. They are struck without the slightest provocation, and

TORTURED AT THE WILL OF THOSE ON GUARD.

The prrsons are visited by many persons, who amuse themselves by throwing a few coins among the prisoners to see them scramble and grab for them. The visitors can converse at will, and not infrequently they bring food and clothing to their friends in custody. The food and clothing, however, are thoroughly examined by the authorities before they are given to the prisoners for whom they were brought. One of the most telling facts in connection with the treatment of the prisoners in jail is that there is no hospital for the reception of the sick. No matter what offence the victim may have committed—whether he stole a pound of tea or cut a man's throat—when he is attacked with sickness, whether fatal or trivial, he receives no extra attention, but is treated with the same harshness which is characteristic of the soldiers' ways. Chinese justice differs from that of this country. There justice is satisfied only by the sacrifice of a life.

An interesting story is related by a man who was condemned to die. His offence was not a very serious one, but nevertheless it was punishable with death. The execution was to occur at Shanghai, and the condemned man was allowed the privilege of furnishing a substitute. The unfortunate man made a tour of the prison, and at last came across a prisoner who was in a half-starved condition. He had been undergoing torture for months at the hands of the guards. When the question was put to him, he said he was willing to be a substitute when his term of imprisonment expired. Sixty dollars was the price agreed upon for his life, with the understanding that one month's time should be afforded him in which to spend the money. This was accorded him. When the substitute released he took the money joyfully and had a month of feasting and apparent enjoyment. The time arrived for his death, when, with wonderful coolness and presence of mind, the poor man placed himself in the hands of his executors. Justice was satisfied and the real criminal regained his liberty. Death from suspension from stocks is a popular form of execution at Shanghai. A stock is an iron cage with heavy planks at the top, in which holes large enough to admit the neck is cut. The first process is to stand the criminal upon a box, which is regulated so as to bring the unfortunate neck upon a level with the planks above. The next movement is to open the stock, so as to admit the criminal's neck in the hole. Then the stock is locked and the box lowered until merely the toes of the unfortunate rest upon it. He consequently is

SUSPENDED BY THE CHIN AND NECK.

The guards tantalize them sometimes by raising the box and giving them food, which they eat greedily. This process of death is slow but sure. It is one of the most agonizing forms. The victim endures this torture for over twenty-four hours sometimes before life becomes extinct. A trivial offence affords amusement to the juvenile element of the Chinese nation. The offender is put in stocks placed about eighteen inches apart, his head and feet being encased in the locks. Then the guards or soldiers stand around and urge the Chinese boys to "makee more fun." The boys gather in numbers laden with dead cats and vermin of all kinds, which they hurl at the prisoners who are doubled up in the uncomfortable position in the stocks described. A great criminal, when the penalty of his crime is not death, is encaged upon a bare rock for five or more years. Iron bands manacle his neck, waist, wrists, and ankles, the chains from each being fastened to a ring bolted to the rock. He is not supplied with any covering save what he wears, and in winter or summer, rain or shine, he is found wearing the same clothing and living upon what is given him, as no sort of food is furnished by the authorities. At night he sleeps on the bare rock, chained to his guard. There are few debtors in China, as the punishment is too severe. The square yoke, which is a large block of wood, weighing about forty pounds, with a square hole cut in it so as to rest on the prisoner's neck, is devoted exclusively to them. The debtor is compelled to wander around begging money to pay what he owes. He fears to rest, as the guard who accompanies him waves the bastinado above his head and brings it down with terrifying force. Thus the debtor lives; walking all day, begging alms of everyone, and sleeping at night under the open heavens.

The treatment of the prisoners has been commenced upon frequently, and it is reported that the screams of the unfortunates who are whipped for the amusement of the soldiers may be heard at all hours ringing out upon the air. The prisoners are whipped upon the soles of their feet until the blood oozes out at every stroke. If the victim is unable to walk after such harsh treatment he is dragged to his cell by his cue. It matters not who the prisoner is, or what crime he commits, punishment is sure to follow speedily, irrespective of sex or age. The guards, it is said, are utterly void of feeling, and take every opportunity of torturing the criminals and robbing them of what they can.

The prisoners at Hong Kong are under a different rule, and are in marked contrast with those on the coast. Here chain gangs are found who repair the roads all over the island. They are given three meals a day and are treated with consideration. The food is good, well cooked, and the prisoners enjoy each meal. The treatment of the criminals here differs so greatly from the barbarous practices of the other prisons that not infrequently petty crimes are committed for the sole purpose of being condemned to imprisonment, in order that the food allowance may be obtained.

LIFE IN MEXICO.

A Warning to Canadian Emigrants—The Sufferings of a Party of Nova Scotians at the Mines.

Some time ago a gang of forty men left Halifax to work in the Mexico silver mines. A few days ago a letter was received stating that the party had been attacked by Indians and many killed. A letter from one of the party shows the difficulties the gang met with. It should serve as a lesson to intending emigrants. The letter says:—"The journey out took twenty-eight days. Our railroading ended at Alpassa, Texas, whence we had to coach it, an operation lasting thirteen days, but the difficulty was to get a coach. Every gang of men that had left Alpassa in coaches for five weeks previous to our arrival had been attacked by Indians. It was no wonder, therefore, that we had difficulty in obtaining a coach, for although the livery-stable men did not care a cent about the lives of the party travelling, they had some little regard for their coaches. Finally we got a man to run the risk, and he undertook to coach us through, but when we came start seven of our men were missing. They had already had enough of 'American life.' They saw enough savages in Texas without desiring to come in contact with the wild Indians of Mexico. However, I determined to rough it, and embarked on the mad adventure. We were all well armed with revolvers and rifles. We started with our lives in our hands and determined to make a desperate fight for our lives in case of attack. Fortunately we got through safely, but though we got through safely we saw traces of the struggles of the gangs of men who preceded us. At one spot we came across the bodies of 12 men who had been killed by Indians. We stopped to bury them. They must have made desperate resistance. One poor fellow had his hands and arms skinned, his eyes gouged out, and was otherwise mutilated. Some of the others fared similarly. One woman was among the party. We did not find her body, and suppose she was taken prisoner, to be subjected to a worse fate than death. We arrived at the mines on the 21st July, and were put to live in a log barn. We went to work Saturday night, and of course we have to work Sunday. The Lord's day is not recognized in this country. The Mexicans who work in the mines are treated like dogs. The only law here is the fist and the revolver. There are only ten white men in the place besides our Nova Scotia gang. We were told before leaving Halifax that we should get $40 per month and our board, but on arrival here we found that we had to board ourselves or starve. I need not tell you that there are none of the luxuries of life here. There are no potatoes or vegetables of any kind. We live on bread, meat, and coffee, all of the very worst quality, and board of that kind costs us $3 per week. No one thinks of going about here without a revolver. There are five or six men killed here every night. To live at all, you must keep a civil tongue in your head and keep away from the rum shops."

Preparing Pea-Nuts for Market.

Pea-nuts to be prepared for market are placed in a large cylinder, from which they enter the brushes, where every nut receives 15 feet of a brushing before it becomes free. Then they are dropped on an endless belt, passing along at the rate of four miles an hour. On each side of the belt stand girls, and as the nuts fall on the belt the girls, with a quick motion of the hand, pick out all the poor-looking nuts, allowing only the best to pass the crucible. Those that do pass drop into bags on the floor below. When the bag is filled it is sewed up and branded as "cocks," with the figure of a rooster prominent on its sides. The peas caught by the girls are thrown to one side, again picked over and the best singled out, bagged, and branded as "ships." These are as fine a nut as the first for eating, but in shape and color do not compare with the "cocks." The third grade is branded as "eagles." These are picked out of the cullings of "cocks" and "ships." The cullings that are left from the "eagles" are bagged and sent to the top story, and what little meat is in them is shaken out by a patent sheller. The nuts being shelled by this new process, the meat drops in bags below, free from dust or dirt of any kind, and is then shipped in 200 pound sacks to the North, where it is bought by the confectioners for the purpose of making taffy and pea-nut candy. It may here be stated that a peculiar kind of oil is extracted from the meat of the nut, and in this specialty a large trade is done among the wholesale druggists. There is nothing wasted, for even the shells are made useful. They are packed in sacks and sold to stable-keepers for horse-bedding, and a very healthy bed they make.

"A large part of our happiness," says Mr. Beecher, "is due to our mistakes." The printer who got bounced for setting up "infernal" reception for "informal" reception may coincide with Mr. Beecher, but we doubt it.

CURIOUS OBSERVATIONS.

The Effects of Different Intoxicants.

A thoughtful looking man was observed recently in Canal street making notes in a memorandum book. He had been watching the curious locomotion of an individual who was propelling himself homeward under discouraging circumstances, being hopelessly intoxicated.

"You are an artist, perhaps," said the reporter, addressing the man with the note-book.

"No, sir; my object is a scientific one; I am collecting facts designed to throw light upon the internal condition of the inebriate by noting his acts when intoxicated. Patients get at present too much of the lump treatment."

"Would you be willing to name some of the special effects of well known liquors?"

"Certainly; a gin drinker, for example, will resist the influence better after the first few drinks and become more helpless after he has had his quantum than the majority of drinkers of spirits. There are physiological reasons for it. He recovers easily, however, and, although he often gets sick, will, as a rule, follow his nose with considerable fidelity. The whisky drinker gets lively and excited in his cups, and often hard headed and obstinate. His gyrations are the most eccentric of all. The peculiarity of this liquor is its bracing power, and it is followed by a cerebral activity not always pleasurable. Whisky is popular because it 'takes right hold of a man.' He seldom falls, when we consider the intricacy of his method of walking, and when down is not apt to stay so unless he has arrived at that stage of insensibility which is a common effect of over-doses of all intoxicants. Common whisky is a bad drink on account of its large amount of amylic poison.

"The drinker of St. Croix rum does not talk so loud nor gesticulate so much as his whisky companion, and is usually more clear-headed. But he is liable to a sudden weakness in the knees which lets him down unexpectedly. He manages for years to pick himself up; but there comes a time when he has to be hoisted up, as it were. That is the time for him to shut down. In walking, mild cases will go straight ahead for a few steps, and then suddenly dive sidewise. They seldom get so wild as the whisky drinkers."

"How about the lovers of Irish whisky?"

"They take a sort of cow-path route and in the country prove more curious pedestrians than in the city, where the houses keep them in a straighter line. I knew a man living back of Cornwall, who used to imbibe his Irish whisky in an adjacent village. But it was always necessary for him to wander off through two other villages before he could get on his home road. Consumers of that brand generally fall straight forward; sometimes, however, they go in a heap and—so to speak—turn themselves inside out suddenly. Pat's description of the sidewalk rising and hitting him in the face does credit to the national observation in matters of science.

"In applejack the victim falls almost always upon his back. In walking he will raise his feet as though trying to move skyward. This curious fluid is unerring in its capacity for inducing quick intoxication, and, as a sleeping dose, is more potent than rye. Its power of raising the imagination to a high degree of foolishness is well known.

"Scotch whisky develops an easy, rolling, liberal sort of gait, and its victims are noted for holding long conversations with themselves. If the article is of passable quality, the user generally gets jolly and is inclined to mind his own business. He will often keep straight after the power of speech has fled. In Edinburgh they frequently stand so still on the sidewalk that a suspicious policeman will touch them in order to ascertain their condition. However gently touched, they will, if drunk, fall at full length. This is a statement I have often heard made. Drinkers of Jamaica have a tendency to topple over to the right side. They show considerable power of standing on one leg; it is the effort to put the other one forward that mixes them up. It causes a species of locomotion called—I think—taugle-foot.

"Brandy drinkers are the quietest of all. But it is a killing drink on account of its dangerous adulterations. Its victims go off suddenly. Their walk is marked by eccentric sidewise episodes indicative of impending paralysis. Liquors made from impure alcohols are heating and bring out the passions in full relief. Even while the victims are able to walk straight they have a fixed half-dazed look as though they were poisoned—which, in fact, they are.

"An excess of wine makes men jolly and develops their mellow qualities. It does not often produce more than a respectable stagger, as a man will often sicken with it before it produces its full alcoholic effect. Giddiness and a loose, indifferent walk are frequent effects of the heavier wines.

"Hard cider drinkers get more bad falls than any of them, and seem to feel them the least. I have seen three or four men go down together as though it was an understood thing, and then get up, go a few rods straightly enough, and then tumble again as though shot. A beer drinker—a heavy one—often pays more for his folly, in both ill health and money, than any others. It is the worst possible drink to tie to as an intoxicant, and the excess of fluid bears heavily on the secretory functions. The beer walk is an awkward, cumbersome fling, reminding one of a man lame in both legs. Beer drinkers are eccentric; I saw one to-day trying to arrest himself. A policeman saved him the trouble.

"Of course, the same drinks will not affect all alike. We have our individual peculiarities. I am only giving you general effects taken from a multitude of observations. As to the solid philosophy of the matter, I have given you but little, your curiosity being apparently most strongly and unaccountably directed to the legs of the poor inebriate."

"One question more; what had the man we just saw been drinking?"

"He had, no doubt, been mixing the alcoholic with the malt. We will inquire."

"That man!" exclaimed the saloon-keeper, on being questioned; "the one you saw go out? Bless your soul, sir, that's old Uncle Ben. He never misses his daily intoxication. He has discovered the quickest and most economical way of getting off. First, he calls for the biggest quantity of Scotch whisky we sell for fifteen cents; then he takes a schooner of beer, and in five minutes it's settled."

Old and New Creeds.

A man may have given up his belief in Christianity after long, solemn and painful thought; he may have felt constrained to to tear himself away from the faith of parents and friends and childhood, and the pangs may have been like the tearing away a piece of one's life. But such a man is not likely to remain in a creedless condition. His sincerity and intensity will never let him rest until he has found some little ground on which he may stand, something on which a shelter may be raised to take the place of the forsaken home. He may come to have a poor creed, an imperfect creed, in many respects a mistaken creed, but he will still have a creed, and so be saved from the spiritual death of a frivolous skepticism—saved by faith. But in these days there are too many who, while they are incapable of painstaking thought or a fervent intention, flit hither and thither unresistingly with the infertile buzzings of an unfelt infidelity. They no more deeply feel infidelity than they ever felt fidelity. These are flippant superficial minds, which catch the trick of what is called advanced thought without the trouble of thinking. People who would not or could not rise to the height of a great argument—young people with a foible for omniscience, and frivolous people who have no knees, who never knew what it was to fall down before a great idea—easily acquire the pert phrases of unbelief, and dismiss the faiths which have stood for ages, and take a new incredulity from a monthly review. In these days people seem to have no time to do things well, no time to be thoroughly informed about any one thing, and so they become the victims of some reckless writer's confident assertions:

"And well-placed words
Baited with reasons not unplausible
Wind me into the easy-hearted man
And hug him into snares."

If it were not for our superficial magazine and newspaper articles, some who now affect to be unbelievers, or semi-unbelievers, in Christianity—to be pantheistic with Spinoza or Positive with Comte—would scarcely have known even the names of these great writers. "Knowledge comes" if "wisdom lingers;" everybody knows everything, and labor is unnecessary, for we can become scientific in an hour and skeptical for a shilling. It becomes a duty then to warn men against the plausibilities which solicit their attention in order to discredit their religion. There would be little danger in these plausibilities if the readers were better informed than they generally are, but they are startled by bold assertions, whose inaccuracy they do not know, which take possession of the mind as though they were positive facts.

Technological Institutes in England.

The Prince of Wales has lately accepted the presidency of an institute of technology, called the City and Guilds of London Institute. It is located at South Kensington, and is intended to be the central institution of its kind for England and her provinces. The corner stone of the building was recently laid by the Prince, who in reply to the Lord Chancellor's address relating to the objects of the movement said: "Hitherto English teaching has chiefly relied on training the intellectual faculties so as to adapt men to apply their intelligence in any occupation of life to which they may be called; and this general discipline of the mind has, on the whole, been found sufficient until recent times. But during the last thirty years the competition of other nations in manufactures which once were exclusively carried on in this kingdom has become very severe. . . . Other nations which did not possess in such abundance as Great Britain, coal the source of power, and iron the essence of strength, compensated for the want of raw material by the technical education of their industrial classes; and this country has therefore seen manufactures spring up elsewhere, guided by the trained intelligence thus created. Both in America and in Europe technical colleges for teaching not the practice but the principle of science and art involved in particular industries have been organized in all the leading centres of industry. England is now thoroughly aware of the necessity of supplementing her educational institutions by colleges of a like nature."

The New Cunard Liner Servia.

While this splendid new vessel, to ply between New York and Liverpool, built by Messrs. Thomson, of Clydebank, was proceeding down the Clyde a few days ago, with the object of having her experimental trials made, it was observed that a crack was opening out in the main crank shaft. Although it might have been possible to work the vessel for some time with the imperfect shaft, yet it has been deemed advisable to have it taken out and either thoroughly repaired or a new one substituted. The work will, it is expected, occupy about two months. The shaft was made at the Lancefield Forge, Glasgow, and is probably the largest hitherto placed in any Clyde-built steamer. Along with the above fact a very remarkable circumstance transpired, namely, the existence of a flaw in the corresponding portion of the spare shaft, which was made at the Mersey Iron and Steel Forge, Birkenhead. A new shaft has since been ordered, and no fewer than four furnaces will be at work on as many separate forgings for making a "built" shaft, the crank pin of which is to be of steel. The Servia is a vessel of 8,500 tons, 530 feet in length, and the largest merchant vessel yet built, with the exception of the City of Rome, recently launched at Barrow-in-Furness, excluding the Great Eastern.

N. H. Holmes of Salem, Oregon, shot a crow and broke its wing. On the following day a flock of crows came and fed the disabled one. It was left to the care of its companions, and in a few days it was able to fly a considerable distance. It was recovering so rapidly that Mr. Holmes caught it again and was surprised to find that the fractured portions of the wing had been bound together with horse hairs, and had really knit together.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Crown diamonds of France are to be sold in order to provide for the better maintenance of the public museums.

Forty thousand Sunday school children of Cardiff, Wales were recently entertained in the Cathays Park, Cardiff in celebration of the birth of an heir to the Bute estates.

There is a theatre in Berlin which gives performances at half-past 6 o'clock in the morning during pleasant summer days. The price of admission is low, and 2,000 to 3,000 persons are often present at these representations.

The Jesuits continue to prosper in England. It is stated that the Imperial Hotel at Dover, a very large building, which has been unoccupied for several years, has been purchased by the order, and will shortly be converted into a Jesuit college.

The latest Venezuelan Army List contains the names of 32,222 Generals. As the regular army of the republic consists of exactly 12,000 men, each Venezuelan soldier may count upon nearly three generals to convey to him, individually, his instructions in the field.

An Imperial decree has been issued by the Czar for encouraging the colonization of Nova Zembla by Russian traders. It grants 350 roubles and freedom from taxation for ten years to each male capable of work who may settle in Nova Zembla together with the right of returning to his native commune after a stay of five years in the colony.

During the last few weeks many riotous demonstrations against the Jews have taken place in the small cities of Pomerania and West Prussia, where houses have been demolished and Jewish families persecuted by the mob. The Prussian Government has now taken the necessary measures for protecting the Jews there, but a strong hatred against the Semitic race seems to pervade the whole population.

Among the Christmas books of the present year will be a birthday book by the Princess Beatrice. The book will consist of illustrations in water colors, said to be very charmingly executed, and designed to represent by their appropriate flowers the twelve months of the year. These pictures are to be reproduced by the chromo-lithographic process. The illustrations for August and December will be printed in no less than seventeen colors, and that for April in eighteen. The volume is intended to be one of the most magnificent gift books of the year.

The lake that has the highest elevation of any in the world is Green Lake, in Colorado. Its surface is 10,252 feet above the level of the sea. Pine forests surround it, and eternal snows deck the neighboring mountain tops. One of these, Gray's Peak, has an altitude of 14,341 ft. The water of Green Lake is as clear as crystal, and large rock masses and a petrified forest are distinctly visible at the bottom. The branches of the trees are of dazzling whiteness, as though cut in marble. Salmon and trout swim among them. In places the lake is 200 feet deep.

In the district of Saratow, in Russia, a new religious sect, called "The underground Sect," is said to be gaining followers. The peculiar name is derived from the habit, practised by the followers of this eccentric form of belief, of seeking out caves and other subterranean places of refuge as habitations. They live an ascetic life, taking only bread and water for food and drink, and tolerating no union of the sexes. Their dead are buried under cover of night, from which the notion has gained currency among the peasantry that they throw the bodies into the Volga.

The Pacific steamer Magellan, which arrived at Liverpool recently from Valparaiso and other South American ports, had as part of her cargo about 360 bags described as containing "old metal." Some of these were torn in discharging, and it was discovered that they were filled with spent brass cartridges used in the Chilian war. Further examination showed that in each of the bags examined there were from 50 to 100 loaded cartridges. The customs authorities thereupon stopped the delivery of the bags which were consigned to a Liverpool firm, pending scrutiny. It is not supposed that there was any improper design in the consignment. The cartridges were, no doubt, collected simply as old metal on a battle field, without proper examination as to whether they were loaded.

A new industry or manufacture has been undertaken in England, namely, the production of paint from steel scale, for the protection of iron and steel from corrosion in any position and in any climate. The scale for this purpose is that which falls from the metal as it passes through the rolls, and this is ground by special machinery until it becomes as free from grit as flour, and then it is intermixed with boiling oil and coloring matter. The paint is of two kinds—the anti-corrosive, for use above water to prevent structures from rusting, and the anti-fouling, for use under water, to prevent animal and vegetable life from attaching themselves to ships' bottoms and other iron work. It is claimed that, if painted with two coats of this composition, a vessel may go to India or Australia and return with a clean bottom; the anti-corrosive covering, it is also asserted, is much more effectual for blast furnaces than gas tar.

The Duke of Argyle as a Landlord.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Many who have been accustomed to admire the public conduct of the Duke of Argyle, and who are now watching his attitude to the land bill with regret, will learn with some surprise that on his own estates in Scotland he has recently being engaged in an attempt to enforce his right as a landlord in a somewhat harsh manner. The Duke brought an action to compel one of his feuars at Clyndor to pull down certain wooden buildings which had been erected without the Duke's consent, and were, it was contended, prejudicial to the amenity, of his estate. The fate of a somewhat similar attempt on the part of the Earl of Zetland has recently shown that the law of Scotland takes a strongly favorable view of the tenant's interests, to the extent of even refusing to enforce against equity what would be regarded in this country as the landlord's strict legal right. The sheriff substitute and the sheriff principal at Dumbarton have both decided against the Duke, and their decision, even if it should be reversed on appeal, serves to show that in the management of his own estates the Duke is inclined to lay too much stress upon the right of a landlord.

PRINCE L. AND HIS SAD STORY.

Unjustly in Confinement He Survives His Enemies and Foretells His Death.

The past history of Double-faced Janu s, whence he came, or how he first took up h is abode with Alexis Sergeivitch, was a complete mystery; but the story of Prince L., on the contrary, was well known. Of a wealthy and influential family, he went up to Petersburg in his 20th year and entered a regiment in the Guards. At the first levee he attended he attracted Catherine's marked attention, and stopping a minute before him she pointed him out with her fan to one of her suite, and said, in a loud whisper: "Only look, Adam Vassielievitch, what a beautiful youth, a perfect doll!" The blood rushed to his head, he hurried home, ordered his horses to be put to, threw over his shoulder the ribbon of the Order of St. Anne, and drove through the city with the air of a man on whom fortune has just showered an unexpected and miraculous favor. "Trample them down," he shrieked out to the coachman, "if they don't choose to make way!"

The Empress was informed of what had happened, and an imperial order was issued declaring him to be mad, and giving him over to the charge of his two brothers, who immediately had him transported into the country and placed in the strictest confinement. They were only too glad to get his share of the family property, and took good care to keep him shut up so long that at last he really became mad. But they were not permitted to reap the wages of their knavery; the Prince outlived them, and after numerous delays and disappointments was released and given into the care of Alexis Sergeivitch, to whom he was distantly related. During his long confinement he had lost the faculty of speech, and only from time to time muttered a few unintelligible words; but he sang old Russian songs to perfection, having preserved to the last the silvery freshness of his voice, and then each word was pronounced clearly and distinctly. At times passionate fits of something like madness would come over him, and it was awful to watch him, standing in a corner of the room, his face to the wall, and every vein in his bald head filled with blood; he would break at intervals into shrieks of cruel laughter, stamp with his foot, and order "the malefactors"—meaning probably his brothers—to be punished. "Beat them well," he yelled hoarsely, as he choked and laughed; "beat them well; no mercy, but beat; beat the misbegotten brutes; my wrongdoers! That's the way, that's the way!"

On the day before his death he surprised and frightened poor Alexis Sergeivitch. He came into his study deadly pale and unnaturally quiet, and then, making a profound bow, thanked him for all the kindnesses he had shown him, and begged him to send for the priest, since Death had come to him—he had seen Death with his own eyes—and the time had come when he must do ease to his soul and pardon all who had done him wrong. "But how can you have seen Death?" mumbled the terrified Alexis, as he observed that for the first time the Prince was speaking coherently. "What was she like? Had she a scythe?" "No," answered L.; "an old woman, simply dressed in a short jacket, with only one eye, and that eye without any lid." And the next day he died, after he had received the last sacraments and taken a kindly and gentle farewell of all around him. "I shall die like that," said Alexis Sergeivitch more than once. And in truth something of the kind proved to be his fate too.

A SAGACIOUS LIZARD.

Made Him Laugh To See a Snake Try to Swallow Him.

"This is the third one that has been found in the park this spring," said a man at the arsenal, holding out a curious, spiny-looking object for a reporter to look at. "No, it's not a toad, though they call them horned toads. It's a lizard, and the people in the museum call it the phrynosma."

The animal was about four inches long and unpleasant to look at. His body was flat, the upper surface covered with short dark spines, and the under surface with small plates. The back of its head was armed with several recurving short spines with shorter spines here and there.

"You wouldn't think such a creature would know anything," continued the owner of the lizard, "but a snake has to wake up early in the season to get the best of it. I call him Samson, because the first day I had him he pushed under the leg of a heavy chair that was tipped against the wall and fairly knocked it over. If a man was as strong in proportion to his size he could lift the obelisk. No, that didn't show any cunning, but I'll show you where the cunning came in. I caugh a big striped snake about two weeks ago. I was standing in my yard, when along came a big toad, putting in its best hops, and right behind it the snake, so intent on the chase that it came right up to me. I caught it and kept it for some time in a box with a glass top, and one day it struck me that the spines on the lizard must have been intended as a preventer against snakes. I thought I would test it, and I put Samson into the box. Then I discovered that he was as wise as Solomon. You see the revised Testament business makes a man familiar with Bible names. The snake evidently had not tasted food since last summer—you know they sleep all winter—as quick as a flash he darted at the lizard, but, as the boys say, he got left. The little fellow went around the box like a shot, but finally the snake cornered him and caught him by the hind claw. Now, a toad or a frog will squirm around and face a snake, and get demoralized generally, and give it a chance to catch hold of the head, but my lizard knew a game worth two of that. When the snake touched him he turned his head directly away. The snake tried every way he could to edge and get the little fellow by the head, so he went to work to swallow him tail first. He stretched out his jaw and planted his long teeth into the legs and gradually worked the body into his mouth with the smaller teeth. When he had taken in as much as he could in this way, the long fangs were loosened and thrown ahead and a fresh hold taken, each side of the mouth edging ahead in turn. Nothing could stand this pressure long, and in ten minutes half of the patient lizard was out of sight. He was only waiting for his turn, and it soon came; the snake's lips had reached his neck, when operations ceased. There were four or five spines, as sharp as needles, pointing, out every which way, that put an end to the swallowing business. I didn't see the lizard laugh; he must have felt like it, for he wasn't hurt in the least. It took the snake half an hour to get rid of him. At every jump the lizard turned his back so that the spines faced the snake, and at last I separated them. Yes, it was rather cruel, but I looked at it as a scientific investigation."

BRAVE FRANK SHAW.

His Coolness and Nerve Save the Lives of Many Chinamen.

From the Tucson Journal.

At Pantano, Wednesday afternoon, the brakes of a flat car loaded with ties became loosened in some inexplicable manner, and the car began to move down the steep grade toward Cienega. A bystander jumped aboard and endeavored to tighten the brakes. He, however, found them unmanageable. Another tried and failed. A regular brakesman then boarded the car and quickly discovered that the brakes were out of order. the car by this time had increased its speed to fully twenty miles an hour, and to remain upon it would be almost sure death, when the first washout was reached. He therefore called to the other two men on the car to jump, and this they did. Engineer Frank Shaw at this time was sitting on his engine at Pantano, and attached to his locomotve was a car filled with Chinamen. He at onco realized the terrible result if this runaway flat car was allowed to proceed unchecked on its way, for a score or more of laborers were engaged far down a deep gulch in the Cienega pass, strengthening the braces of a broken bridge that spanned it. They would not be able to hear the approaching car, and it would soon crush through the weakened timbers and probably crush many beneath its weight.

As these thoughts flashed through his mind he pulled wide open the throttle-valve, and started in pursuit of the fast-receding car. It was a race for life, and Shaw was soon thundering down the track at sixty miles an hour, with the car load of terrified Chinamen behind hfm. The flat car ahead was increasing speed at every turn of the wheels, and the grade there is very steep. The locomotive, however, kept gaining, and finally Shaw, placing the lever in charge of his fireman, crawled to the cow-catcher, and, taking the heavy coupling bar in his hand, stood in that perilous position until the car was reached. The chasm where the men was working came in sight, and still the fugitive car was 200 yards away. He called to his fireman to open wider the valve, and the laboring engine gave a lurch that showed she had felt the increased volume of steam. They sped along with lightning rapidity. The space between them gradually lessened. Shaw stood with the rod in one hand and a coupling pin in the other. Finally the few feet intervening disappeared, and, with a dexterity that comes from practice and a cool brain, the coupling was made. The locomotive was reversed, and the train came to a standstill, and within fifty feet of the bridge. This is the way one man saved many lives.

Housekeeping Hereafter.

Housekeeping, as now conducted, is too big a job for those who undertake to do it—a fact practically realized in all households. Not even the most favored are free from danger of periodic break-down in the over-taxed machinery of domestic administration, and the common experience is that the gearing runs anything but smoothly at best. The one matter of trouble with servants is becoming such a crying evil that it is the first topic talked of whenever housekeepers meet, and the public prints are burdened with discussions of remedies and plans for obtaining better "help." This agitation will presently make it plain that the servant trouble lies too deep to be reached by changes in the personnel of the service. It is not that cooks and chambermaids are so greatly at fault as that too much is demanded from them. The work to be done requires greater intelligence and ability than can be induced to enter domestic service at present.

Necessity commanding and opportunity inviting, an attempt to institute better methods of housekeeping cannot long be delayed. The centripetal force of society, potent in commerce and the arts, will be permitted again to modify the conduct of household affairs; acting, as heretofore, by removing certain kinds of work from the home, and making them the basis of a new business. The kinds of work to be transplanted are those which bring dirt and litter into the house, those which require or which produce heat, and those which demand a man's strength or an expert's skill. In plain words, the household is to be relieved of the heavy and gross labors, and also the difficult and trying operations connected with cooking, washing, ironing, heating and cleaning.

An English Opinion of American Locomotives.

R. M. Bereton, an English engineer, says concerning American locomotives: "I argue that the greater duty done by the American motor is due to the better design and better system of working the locomotives. The American builder excels in the system of framing and counterbalancing, and in designs of crank axles, etc., so that the engine may run remarkably easy and without jar round sharp curves, and work not only on the light roads, but also diminish the wear and tear on the solid roads, and at the same time increase the effective tractive force. The English engine is a very heavy affair, and in running it only not wears and tears itself very rapidly, but also the roadway, and by its unsteadiness and jar it greatly fatigues the drivers and firemen. I have ridden hundreds of miles on engines in India, in France, and in the United States, and have always found the American engine most easy and comfortable; but I never did the English or the Continental engines. It is almost impossible to give these engines their full hauling power, simply because the greater portion of the weight cannot be thrown on the driving wheels.

Rustic chairs are pretty objects, and as long as a man can resist the inclination to sit in them they are desirable to have about.

The Garter or Ribbon Snake.

From the Independent.

The garter snake (*Eutænia sirtalis*)—abounding, as it does, in every State of the Union, and, indeed, throughout North America—is too common to need description.

In the latter part of March or early in April the male is in its best spirits or finest condition. If at this time you attemp to capture him, he will flatten himself out so as to appear twice his usual size, and strike with amazing vim and rapidity for so small an animal. I have had the blood drip from a finger lacerated by their sharp little teeth.

Toward the end of summer the female brings forth alive from twenty to thirty young. They exactly resemble their parent at birth, and are about seven and a half inches long. They are covered with a thin, transparent membrane, out of which they soon force their way.

The young snakes feed on angle-worms and soft-bodied insects. As they increase in size they adopt their adult food—viz, frogs, toads, salamanders, and small reptiles of all kinds, young birds and field mice, and, when obtainable, small fishes. In captivity I have succeeded in getting them to devour raw beef by moving it about with a fine wire. The snakes believing it to be alive, seize and swallow it.

Now a word about this swallowing process. Strictly speaking, a snake does not "swallow," but crawls over its food. Both upper and lower jaws are freely movable and controlled by appropriate muscles. Having seized its prey, one upper jaw is moved forward, and the teeth, which all point backward, firmly fixed, then the jaw of the opposite side in the same manner, then the two lower jaws act in the same way, until the object is swallowed, the muscles of the neck meanwhile forcing the serpent's body forward over that of his victim.

Snakes, it is well known, are able to go a long time without food; not so long, however, as is usually thought. I think none of our common species could exist through even a single season without eating. The locomotive apparatus of serpents is very beautiful. Each vertebra (except the caudal) is supplied with a pair of freely movable ribs, the lower extremities of which are attached to the broad, movable belly-scales (*scuta*), each of which slightly underlies the preceding one. Each rib is supplied with a set of muscles, too complex to describe here. When the ribs are pulled forward, of course the *scuta* move with them, their smooth surfaces taking no hold on the ground. When, however, the muscles act in a counter direction, their sharp edges take firm hold, and the body is propelled forward.

Garter snakes, like all ophidians, change their skins; not once a year, as is generally supposed, but three, five, or even more times in a season, according to age or condition.

I have many limes witnessed this process of undressing. By stretching the jaws wide open and violently working the labials (lip scales) the skin is broken from about the lips. Then, by rubbing the head against the ground or convenient object, it is forced backward to the neck, whence it is unrolled from the rest of the body by the snake crawling like an earth worm (i. e., contracting and extending the body) completely out of its old dress, assisting the operation by rubbing against stones and swigs. By blowing into the "neck" of this empty "slough," it may be for a moment inflated, looking like the ghost of its former owner.

What the term of life in the Eutæniæ may be, is, in the nature of things, somewhat hard to determine; but, judging from their slow growth, I think that thirty or forty years would be within limits.

The principal diseases to which they seem to be subject are a fungoid growth of a soft, mucous character, which grows around and in the mouth, soon causing the animal to waste away and die, and a disease of the skin and superficial muscles, which gives the poor animal the appearance of being caked with white clay. This also is sooner or latter fatal.

Nor does the ribbon snake want for enemies. Frogs and toads will readily devour the young. I think both moles and shrews prey upon them, and several species of hawk feed upon the larger individuals.

This snake is entirely harmless and is even to a certain degree capable of being tamed. Indeed, I have had several which would take food from my hand, crawl into my coat pockets and up my arm, without showing the slighest fear, the species being usually, except the males in the breeding season, extremely timid.

In conclusion, I would say that the wholesale killing of every species of snake is not only cruel, but worse than useless, the greater number of species feeding largely on field mice, thus ridding the agriculturists of these annoying and destructive little pests. All species will get out of the way of men, if possible, and the two venomous varieties found in the New England and Middle States—the rattlesnake and copperhead—are, popular opinion to the contrary, rare.

Dr. Schliemann's Courtship.

Dr. Schliemann's description of his courtship of his wife is an interesting one. "It is now twelve years," he says, "since I met her in the house of her parents in Athens. It was Saturday. In the course of the conversation I made an astonishing discovery. The young 18-year-old girl, as the talk turned upon the Iliad, recited to me a long piece from that work with literal accuracy. We were soon absorbed in the subject, and on the same day I was able to tell her, 'Next Thursday will be our wedding day.' And Thursday was our wedding day, for important business called me at once to Paris. We made our wedding tour thither. Then came the time for learning. I recited Homer to her, and she repeated it after me. During our married life we have not had a single falling out—not even over Agamemnon and his sister. The only dispute we ever had was when we had different ideas about the rendering of a passage in Homer.

"I'm not very proud of your progress in school," remarked a mother to her son, who was struggling along in grade five. "There's Charley Smart is away ahead of you, and he isn't as old." "I know it. Teacher said he'd learned all there was to learn in my room, and that left me without anything to learn."

Englishmen Captured by Brigands.

London Standard.

There has just been laid before Parliament a return of British subjects who have been taken for ransom by brigands in foreign countries since 1860. Three of these acts of brigandage took place in Mexico, two in Italy, two in Greece, four in Spain, one in Sicily, and two in Turkey.

The first captive was Mr. William Rabling, who was taken in November, 1863, near Pachuca, in Mexico, and for whose ransom $6,000 was demanded. His detention lasted about three weeks, and at the end of that time his friends obtained his release on payment of $3,000 and twelve muskets.

In July, 1864, Mr. Beale was captured near Florence. His case was exceptionally fortunate; 12,000 scudi was the sum demanded for his ransom, but he was released the day following his capture without any payment, his guards being under the mistaken impression that the amount had been obtained.

Mr. and Mrs. William Moens, the Rev. J. C. M. Aynsley and Mrs. Aynsley, were taken near Battipaglia, Italy, on May 15, 1865. The ladies were released the same day, and Mr. Aynsley on the day following, to arrange about the ransom, which was fixed at £8,500. Negotiations carried on by the British Consul at Naples and the friends of the captives, at a cost of £44 10s. to the former, and £800 to the latter, resulting in the release of Mr. Moens on Aug. 25, on payment of £5,100 by the friends. Lord John Harvey, the Hon. H. Strutt and Mr. Coore are the next victims; they were taken in Arcanania, Greece, on Dec. 8, 1865, and on the same day the two first were released in order to obtain £3,000 as ransom. The amount was paid on the 15th, when Mr. Coore was at once set at liberty.

Mr. John D. Mirrillies was taken prisoner near Irapuato, in Mexico, on Nov. 15, 1866, by an armed band claiming to be a portion of the Liberal forces of Gen. Antillon, but he paid the $2,000 demanded of him, and was only detained about four days. In each of the above instances the ransoms were paid by the captives, and no repayment or compensation was made by the Governments of the respective countries where the outrages occurred. On the 19th of December, 1869, Mr. John Francis Furber was captured near Guanaxuato, Mexico, and on the following day his body was found, with an explanation attached to it that he had been murdered for having refused to ransom his life for $5,000. No compensation was ever exacted.

Messrs. John and Anthony Bonell were captured in Spanish territory, near Gibraltar, on May 21, 1870. The sum of $27,000 was demanded, and advanced by the Governor of Gibraltar, and both captives were released after a short detention. The amount of ransom was subsequently repaid by the Spanish Government. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rankin and Mrs. Taylor were taken near Denia, Spain, on March 18, 1871, but at once released on payment of $200. Mr. Arthur Haseldin was captured near the Rio Grando Mines, in the Sierra Morena, Spain, on July 3, 1874. Four millions of reals (about $40,000) was the sum first fixed as a ransom, but this was soon reduced to a quarter of the amount, and after nine days' captivity Haseldin was released on payment by his brother of £6,000. Mr. Edward Rowse was captured on May 3, 1874, near Hiendelaencina, Spain, but was only detained few hours, while his servant fetched 100-000 reals (about £1,000), which he agreed to pay for his liberty.

On the 11th of April, 1870, a party consisting of Lord and Lady Muncaster, Mr. E. H. C. Herbert, Mr. F. G. Vyner, and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd and child, were captured by Greek brigands near the bridge of Pickermes, about a dozen miles from Athens. The enormous sum of £50,000 was first demanded for ransom, but this was afterwards reduced to £25,000 and an amnesty. Lady Muncaster and Mrs. Lloyd and child were released the same day, and Lord Muncaster was sent back on the 13th to arrange about the ransom. The English and Italian Ministers opened correspondence with the brigands, and the negotiations were afterward carried on by a representative of the Greek Government, but they were not carried to a successful issue, and on the 21st of April Mr. Herbert, Mr. Vyner, and Mr. Lloyd were murdered. In this case the King of Greece gave Mrs. Lloyd £1,000 for her immediate wants, and the Greek Government afterward granted an indemnity of £10,000.

On the 4th of November, 1876, Mr. Forester Ross was made prisoner close to the railway station at Lecara, near Palermo, Sicily, and various demands from £5,000 to £2,000 made for his release. Negotiations were carried on by the captive's brothers, who eventually obtained his liberty for about £1,600, but they estimated their expenses at 20,000 lire, besides the injury doné to the firm by suspension of their business, and they claimed 125,000 lire (about £5,000) from the Italian Government. Neither in this instance, however, nor in either of the three previous ones, was any repayment or compensation ever made.

The two last cases mentioned are those of Col. Synge and Mr. and Mrs. Suter and child. In both th ese instances the ransom—about £11,000 in the first case and £14,000 in the second—the money has been advanced by the British Government, but the cases are marked "not concluded."

A King's Finances.

The Archduchess Valerie, younger daughter of the Emperor of Austria, is, it is reported, betrothed to the eccentric King Louis of Bavaria. The young lady who has just taken this serious step in life is only 13 years old; the King is 36. Valerie is a clever and pretty child, and already an author. Her first work was a drama. She has brilliant eyes, a slender figure, and hair soft and abundant, like her beautiful mother's. King Louis is a handsome man whose strongest taste is for music.

The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* mentions what may be safely set down as the worst case of spelling of recent record. It occurred in a "notis" of a "sellybraahun" to be held on the shores of "Lake Eary," and mentioned the occasion as a "guble." This word troubled the editor a good deal, but with rare perspicacity he at length resolved it into "jubilee."

THE NOBILITY.

Queens, Emperors, Empresses, Princes, Princesses, Lords, Dukes, Duchesses, and Other Great People.

THE bride of Lord Glamis wore a travelling dress of cream-colored nun's cloth, lace-trimmed. She was evidently not afraid of the dust of travel.

BISMARCK, they say, puts spies about when the Empress Augusta goes to dinner parties. If the august lady knew it, how his left ear would burn.

THERE were exhibited at a recent bazaar in England the coverlet and cushions of her couch, in canary silk embroidery, done by Catharine, Lady Blount, in 1695, and a chasuble presented by her to the church of Ridge on her marriage.

THE Princess of Wales, on the late occasion of awarding prizes at the royal school for the daughters of officers, dispensed with splendor, and wore a simple cream-colored sateen dress, and a straw bonnet trimmed with cream-colored lace.

THE romantic story that the Princess Louise would have been plain Mrs. Duckworth instead of Marchioness of Lorne, had she followed her own sweet will, is again renewed, owing to the rumor that Prince Leopold's former tutor is to be made Dean of Westminster. It is not, however, at all credited in well-informed circles.

THE Duchesse de Mouchy, formerly Princess Anna Murat, has been mentioned as having the manner of a grand lady when she enters a room. But it is thought, on the other hand, that her asserting and penetrating voice, which allows no modulation, and her harshness to servants, show a nearness to the soil from which she sprang.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH was present at a garden party given lately by the Prince and Princess of Wales, where King Kalakaua was also an honored guest. His dark Majesty has been doing a stroke of fashionable work abroad, dancing quadrilles at Lady Gerard's, where there was a corridor fitted up with flowers instead of candles, a guest of Archbishop Tait's, a partner of Lady Spencer's at South Kensington, and generally welcomed.

THE wedding dress of Signorina Ruccellani, of Florence, who is to marry Prince Odescalchi, of Rome, is of crepe lisse over white satin, the train embroidered with white silk in orange flowers and roses with silver veinings, the skirt opening in front over a white satin tablier covered with point a l'aiguille. Renaissance embroideries figure in the trussean with designs copied from bas-reliefs of the Byzantine school; other embroideries are Russian, Bulgarian, and of fine gold.

The Way in Which a City Lad Amuses Himself in the Country.

A small boy, who seems nearly destitute of holiness, is up in the country spending his vacation. If he don't make things lively and bring his parents to grief before the summer wanes away it will be wonderfully remarkable. Here is a letter written by him to a schoolmate in Cambridge: "This is the best place in the world to have fun. There is six of us fellers, and an old man who lives here said he wished we were all in hell; we throwed his wheelbarrow into a well and he couldn't get it out, and that is what made him swear. I got a fish-hook stuck in my nose and don't you forget it ain't sore. The farmer folks put tin pans out in the sun to dry, and they are sick pans to hold milk after we jab some holes in 'em. The farmers mow down hay with a horse-rake and scatter it around with a grass-mill and pile it up with a machine. Gripple got one of his legs in a hay machine and got cut immense, and when he gets home he won't have any leg, only one; he'll be a healthy kid to play base ball. There was a great circus when Jimmie's mother came and found him crazy, he was so sick; he et too many cucumbers and two quarts of huckleberries, and I et more'n he did. I want you to see Hickey and swap my rabbits for his gun. We fired a pistol four times at a cow yesterday and didn't kill her. Pistols ain't no good for game. We drowned six hens in a brook yesterday; it was sport to see 'em floop round. We shall drowned some more to-morrow and we shall drowned some more every day. The doctor has cured Jimmie and his mother is going to take him home. But here is something funny: Jimmie put some squirrels in his trunk and they et his clothes up. When you send the gun send a lot of powder and a lot of matches. We are goin' campin' next week."

Trial of the Largest Dredger in the World.

The new iron hopper dredger recntly constructed by Messrs, M. Simons & Co., Renfrew, for Otago, was lately tried on the Clyde, and dredged [at the rate of 400 tons per hour, which was plunged into its own hold or hopper cavity, capable of containing 1,300 tons of spoil. At the same time it loaded with several hundred tons the new government steamer Perseverance, which came alongside. Afterwards, by steam appliances, its bucket girdle was elevated, and its twin screw propellers put in motion, and the vessel steamed away down the Clyde to the measured mile, where the loaded speed was tested at 7½ knots per hour; the vessel then steamed down the Fifth of Clyde, where its large cargo was instantly deposited through its bottom in 60 fathoms water.

This vessel dredges from 5 feet to 35 feet depth, has twin screws, and is propelled and worked by two independent sets of compound engines of 700 horse power, and besides loading its own cargo, it can fill if required a fleet of barges on the old system. It is the property of the Otago Harbor Board, and will steam to New Zealand.

The trial of dredging, steaming, maneuvering and depositing was considered very satisfactory; this being the tenth and largest hopper dredger constructed by Messrs. Simons & Co., who are the inventors and originators of the system. It is also worthy to note that, owing to the enterprise of the above colony, they will have a dredger the equal of which is neither in Europe nor in America.

IN all the mines in Great Britain there are, it is estimated, 378,151 persons employed, and the length of underground tunnelling in which they work is 30,744 miles.

VILLAGE COUNCIL.

Council met on Monday last. Present, the Reeve, and Messrs. Dingman, Tuller and Ross.

On motion of Messrs. Ross and Tuller, the fees of the Referees on equalizing assessment of Madoc Union School Section were ordered to be paid.

By-law No. 19, for levying rates for village and school purposes, namely, 10 mills for municipal and 10 mills for school purposes, was passed.

Moved by Mr. Ross, seconded by Mr. Dingman, that a new lock be procured for the Town Hall. Carried.

On motion of Messrs. Tuller and Dingman, Messrs. Dingman and Ross were appointed a committee to look after and complete the ditch in rear of Dale & Son's store, from St. Lawrence to Elgin street.

Council adjourned.

TOWNSHIP COUNCIL.

Council met on Monday last in the Town Hall, Madoc. All the members present.

Minutes read and confirmed.

The account of J. H. Wannamaker, for costs, was ordered to be laid over.

J. Dale & Son's account, $1.60, for crowbar, was ordered to be paid.

Moved by Mr. Caskey, seconded by Mr. Thompson, that the road Surveyor examine the hill on Trotter's road, and report the amount of land it will take to lay out a new road, and the amount of compensation, &c., at next meeting of Council. Carried.

J. Robertson's account for grave clothes for Peggy Reid, and Zeron, paupers, $5.57, was ordered to be paid.

On motion of Messrs. Caskey and Broad, Mr. McInroy was instructed to repair the road at Mr. Wm. Nichols.

On motion, Mr. McInroy was instructed to sell the building of a bridge on Lots 24, between lots 4 and 5, 6th concession.

On motion James and Thomas Simpson were exempted from paying taxes for the year 1880.

Moved by Mr. McInroy, seconded by Mr. Thompson, that Mrs. Rodgers be allowed $15 in full compensation for board and care of Peggy Reid, deceased. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Caskey, seconded by Mr. Thompson, that Francis Daws be paid $1.80 for digging grave and other expenses in connection with the burial of S. Zeron. Carried.

On motion, M. Maybee was ordered to be paid the sum of $10 for coffins for Zeron and Peggy Reid, paupers.

J. R. Orr's account for printing and advertising, $29.96, was ordered to be paid.

On motion of Messrs. Broad and McInroy, the sum of $5.00 was ordered to be paid Edward Plain for support of his brother.

On motion of Messrs. Caskey and McInroy, the Road Surveyor was instructed to examine the road across the west half of lot 20 in the 9th concession, known as Thos. Broad's hill, and also examine the hill further south and find out the cost of land for road south of present survey, and report at next meeting of Council, and also order the parties owning the land to open the road.

An order was granted the Road Surveyor for $18 on his salary for present year.

Mr. Preston was ordered to be paid $5.75 for gravel for two road beats.

The Collectors, Messrs. Thos. Allen and Donald Nicholson, applied for a raise of salary. On motion of Messrs. McInroy and Broad, $10 were added to Mr. Allen's salary, and $5 to Mr. Nicholson's, owing to extra amount of work in collecting school and township taxes.

Owing to all the School Sections not handed in the amount of their requirements, the by-law for estimates was not passed.

Council adjourned.

As a Family Medicine Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters are rapidly taking the place of pills, they are equally effectual, do not gripe, weaken, or produce nausea and are purely vegetable. In large 8 oz. bottles at 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Dyspepsia, Jaundice.—These complaints are the results of a disordered liver, which secretes bile in quality and quantity incapable of digesting food. Digestion requires a free flow of healthy bile, to insure which Holloway's Pills and Ointment have long been famous, far eclipsing every other medicine. Food, irregularity of living, climates, and other causes are constantly throwing the liver into disorder, but that important organ can, under all circumstances, soon be regulated and healthily adjusted by Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which act directly upon its vital secretion. The Ointment rubbed on the skin penetrates immediately to the liver, whose blood and nerves it rectifies. One trial is all that is needed; a cure will soon follow.

MONEY TO LOAN

—AT—

Six and Six and One-Half Per Cent.

STRAIGHT loans. Interest payable annually. No commission charged. No delay beyond that of investigating titles. Tariff fees reasonable. Mortgages purchased. Lands for sale in Sidney, Thurlow, Marmora, Elzevir and Belleville.

W. N. PONTON,
Barrister,
231. Post Office Block, Belleville.

FARM FOR SALE!

LOT No. 9, 5th concession, township of Madoc, containing about 100 acres, only three miles from the flourishing village of Madoc. There is on the premises a good log house, frame barn, and other out-buildings, and also a number of living springs of good water. Title indisputable. For terms and further particulars, apply to

JOHN ELLIS,
Madoc.
Madoc, August 8th, 1881. 228-tf.

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that all parties are forbidden cutting grass or timber on lot 16, 3rd concession of Madoc, as I have purchased said lot, and any person found trespassing thereon as above will be prosecuted.

PETER SANDFORD.
Madoc, 29th August, 1881.

6 6½ & 7 PER CENT.

We are now offering Money at the above very advantageous rates on farm property.

$80,000

just placed in our hands. No commissions, and no unnecessary delays.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c., "O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.

THE MEDICAL HALL.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

C. G. WILSON

Chemist and Druggist

A full stock of Pure Drugs and Chemicals always on hand.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS
AND
Family Receipts
Carefully Compounded.

A full stock of

SCHOOL BOOKS,

AUTHORIZED BY THE
Council of Public Instruction.
At Publishers' prices.

Agent, Montreal Telegraph Co

Madoc, August 16th, 1881.

AUTUMN TRADE.

We visit the market at Belleville every Saturday to pick up everything desirable in our line, for our customers.

PEACHES

are very scarce and dear, but we will endeavor to keep as good a supply as possible during the season. Apples and Pears are still dear, and desirable kinds and qualities difficult to obtain, but our customers may rely on our having at all times the

Best the Market can afford, at Lowest Prices.

We expect a full supply of Grapes in their season. We are now receiving American Water Melons, and as soon as they ripen in PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY we shall be receiving our

Contract Supply of 2,000 Melons.

Our sales of Ice Cream are up to the standard, and our make is as highly appreciated as it is widely known.

S. A. DAVIS.
Madoc, August 18th, 1881.

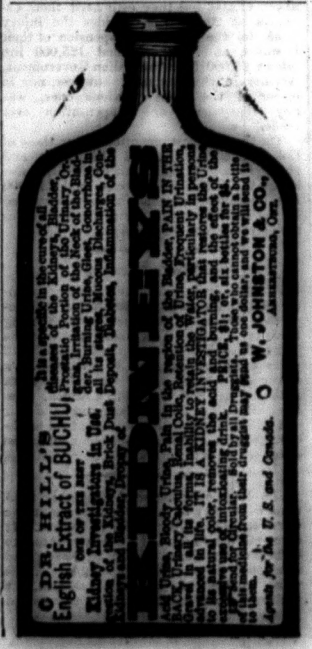
EPIZOOTIC.

Jacob Huff's Discovery

Warranted to Cure in Three Doses

As I understand some parties are selling an inferior article and using my name therefor, the public is hereby cautioned against purchasing any Powder represented to be mine unless the package has my label thereon.

—FOR SALE AT—
Wilson's and Loomis' Drug Stores.
JACOB HUFF.
Madoc, December 16th, 1880.



Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAN WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

We keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Nails, Glass, Putty, Paints and Oils, White Lead, etc.,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

—o—

We are offering nails at $2.85 per keg.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, April, 28th, 1881.

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision,

WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

GROCERIES, Confectionery, and BISCUITS

(A SPECIALITY.)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ale and Porters!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,

Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Cash price.

JANE WRIGHT.

MADOC, January 1st, 1880.

GOODS AT COST,

FOR THE

NEXT 60 DAYS

—AT—

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

Madoc, August 18th, 1881.

MADOC BOOT & SHOE STORE!

FIRST-CLASS

All Wool Tweed Suits

For $6.50.

Diagonal Suits $9.

JOHN GRANT,
MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK.

Madoc, April, 1881.

R. R. Cornwall & Co.
—Nails, Iron, Steel,
AND
GENERAL
HARDWARE.
Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R. R. Cornwall & Co.
Oils, Putty,
Paints,
Varnishes of all kinds.
MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum, in advance

VOL. V., No. 233. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, September 22, 1881. POSTAGE PREPAID.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

Former acquaintance with Senator Flint, taught me to expect that he would spread himself over at least a column in your last paper, hence I am nothing surprised at his letter. The Hon. Senator informs me that what I may consider a "purely local matter" is a "public matter." Granted. Still I fail to see that it affects any portion of the public besides the people of Allen Settlement, and I cannot think that Mr. Flint is justified in coming from the wilderness to interfere; but while he was writing I am sorry he did not point out—as none but such a journalist as himself could point out—in what respect our mail or the mail for Cooper and Remmington is made the better for passing through Bridgewater. As he indulges so freely in surmise, perhaps he will forgive my saying that he probably thinks that lying over night in Bridgewater will give our mail some taint, which, as a lover of education he hopes will remind us of Dr. Goldsmith's "Deserted village," or perhaps better, "Milton's Paradise Lost." But it seems there is another explanation of the interest Mr. Flint takes in this matter. If I am correctly informed the Bridgewater Postmaster is paid for distributing the Cooper and Remmington mail; if true, this would seem also to explain why the Queensborough mail occasionally comes by Bridgewater, and why the Cooper and Remmington were again sent that way, (after having been thrown out of their legitimate channel by some presumptuous would be postmaster general, which person it is needless for me to inform the Hon. Senator, was not myself), and of course, the conscientious P. M. at Bridgewater receiving the pay was unwilling that any other should perform the work.

Never did Don Quixote attempt a greater and more praiseworthy achievement than this no less segacious gentleman in sallying forth to defend the Bridgewater and Queensboro' mail connection. It is a "public matter," and as a worthy member of the Upper House he must needs interfere. Let us see what is in jeopardy—some weeks there passes between Bridgewater and this village as many as three letters; other weeks not even one—the revenue on three letters would be nine cents. Now pause, for a moment, if the direct postal connection between this place and Bridgewater were severed, the Bridgewater people might decline writing us letters that would have to be carried around by Belleville. Some weeks nine cents, as often nothing at all! How the P. M. General will tremble when Parliament meets and he hears from the Senate Chamber that this great source of revenue is in danger; and how he will clap the Senator on the back for being a defender of the public interests, for indeed this is a "public matter." Mr. Flint says so, and Mr. Flint is a Senator, and knows that as such his first duty is to the welfare of the *general* public and not to the interests of Bridgewater, much less those of its postmaster. What wonder then that considering the long years standing of this mail connection which Mr. Flint rather pathetically touches in his last, together with the fact that the revenue therefrom amounts up to as much as nine cents some weeks, whereas it costs but $180 a year! What wonder then I say that Mr. Flint rushes to the defence, and is very angry with me for saying it is a waste of money.

Mr. Flint seems to consider me the unremitting enemy of this connection. Now, respecting that, I, with all the people in this section, fail to see that we derive any advantage from it whatever, I would like to set myself right on this point. When drawing up a petition for our daily mail, I regarded only our own interests, but without prejudice to the interests of Cooper and Remmington. Bridgewater, I, of course, ignored, as I considered that route useless, and I think it would puzzle even Mr. Flint to point out any advantage which that place derives from it besides the postmaster's salary and the courier's contract, which are not worthy the consideration of a great man. We got our daily mail, and, notwithstanding the insinuations of Mr. Flint in his first letter, we consider our thanks all due to others than himself. Since then the Allen Settlement people have, I believe, agitated for direct communication from Madoc, instead of Bridgewater, and Mr. Flint opposed them; but, as it was no affair of ours, I in no way interfered until the P. O. Inspector sent me an editorial on the subject that he had clipped from your paper and asked my opinion concerning it, so that Mr. Flint cannot now fail to see that my advice was not given gratuitously. With this explantion I must decline any further correspondence on the matter, and will take no notice of any further letters which Mr. Flint may see fit to adorn your columns, however crowded they (the letters) may be with such sparkling specimens of his wit as the leather spectacles in his hat.

Yours &c.,
DANIEL THOMPSON.

Queensborough, Sept. 20th, 1881.

NOTICE!

ALL parties are hereby warned against purchasing or seizing a yoke of oxen from William Elliott of the township of Wollaston, as the said oxen belong to me and will be recovered by me at the next Court.

HENRY LLOYD.

Wollaston, 24th August, 1881.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per brl	$6 50 to $6 70
Wheat, per bushel	1 10 to 1 25
Rye, "	0 87 to 0 90
Oats, "	0 35 to 0 40
Barley, "	0 70 to 0 75
Peas, "	0 65 to 0 70
Potatoes, "	0 40 to 0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 12 to 0 13
Butter, per lb	0 20 to 0 00
Wool, per lb	0 24 to 0 00
Hides, per cwt	7 50 to 8 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$1 15 to $1 30
Barley,	0 70 to 0 80
Rye,	0 90 to 0 00
Oats,	0 38 to 0 00
Peas,	0 65 to 0 70
Butter,	0 25 to 0 35
Eggs,	0 13 to 0 15
Potatoes, per bag	0 60 to 0 90
Flour, per bbl	6 00 to 0 00
Sheepskins,	0 75 to 0 00
Oats,	0 38 to 0 00
Peas,	0 65 to 0 70
Butter,	0 25 to 0 35
Eggs,	0 13 to 0 15
Potatoes, per bag	0 60 to 0 90
Barley,	0 70 to 0 80
Flour, per bbl	6 00 to 0 00
Sheepskins,	0 75 to 0 00
Oats,	0 38 to 0 00
Peas,	0 65 to 0 70
Wool, per lb	0 22 to 0 00
Hides,	6 00 to 8 00
Hay,	6 50 to 10 00
Calf Skins, per lb	0 10 to 0 00
Deakens,	0 60 to 0 00

JUST RECEIVED
A fine lot of
SOLID SILVER
—AND—
COLORED GOLD JEWELRY.

Elegant designs in Sets and Single
Brooches and Earrings,
Also a fine line in
SILVER LOCKETS
—AND—
BRACELETS.
—:o:—
BROOCHES & EARRINGS
In real Whitby Jet, also
Bracelets and Necklets,
And a great variety of
STUDS, GENTS' SUITS, COLLAR BUTTONS, and SCARF PINS,
PLATED & FINE PEARL.
E. L. WEISS.

MONEY TO LOAN
—AT—
Six and Six and One-Half Per Cent.

STRAIGHT loans. Interest payable annually. No commission charged. No delay beyond that of investigating titles. Tariff fees reasonable. Mortgages purchased. Lands for sale in Sidney, Thurlow, Marmora, Elzevir and Belleville.
W. N. PONTON,
Barrister,
231. Post Office Block, Belleville.

FARM FOR SALE!

LOT No. 9, 5th concession, township of Madoc, containing about 100 acres, only three miles from the flourishing village of Madoc. There is on the premises a good log house, frame barn, and other out-buildings, and also a number of living springs of good water. Title indisputable. For terms and further particulars, apply to
JOHN ELLIS,
Madoc.
Madoc, August 8th, 1881. 228-tf.

NEW
BOOT AND SHOE
SHOP

THE undersigned begs to announce to the people of Madoc and vicinity that he has opened a New Boot and Shoe Shop in the building formerly occupied by M. Ray, one door east of Mrs. Christie's Photograph Gallery, St. Lawrence street, where he will be prepared to receive and execute all orders entrusted to him, in a first-class manner. Having worked in some of the best shops in the city of Toronto and elsewhere I am confident of being able to give satisfaction as regards fits and the quality of the work done, to all who may favor me with their orders.

For patching on Ladies' and fine work I am using a new cement by the use of which no sewing is necessary and the patches cannot be detected. I am the only one in this village who is using this kind of cement.

TERMS Cash. - Give me a call.

H. COTTRELL.

Madoc, July 7th, 1880.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. BATEMAN, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
R. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland,
Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month. H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, Sept. 26th,
At 8 o'clock.
C. S. MITCHELL, Rec. Secretary.

Gold and Iron.

West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.

THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.
A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.
Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good
COOKING, BOX, OR PAR OR
STOVES
CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,
Division Street, Reed's Block,
Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop
22 GEORGE CHOWN.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

THE undersigned keeps on hand large quantities of SUPERIOR EXTRA flour in Bags or Barrels at the North Hastings Warehouse, sold in quantities to suit purchasers and at the lowest possible prices.

He is in receipt within the last few days of
THREE CAR LOADS
OF THE CELEBRATED
"Empress" Brand,
a grade of flour that has given general satisfaction. The best evidence being that he has sold about 1,000 Bbls. since the 1st of Jan. last.

SEED GRAIN.

He keeps on hand Wheat, Peas, Oats and Barley for seed. The Wheat and Oats are from the neighborhood of Lindsay, and of superior quality. A limited quantity of superior Spring Wheat for seed on hand.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, March 2nd, 1881.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."
Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,
CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, September, 1879. 131

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC,
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

LOOK! LOOK!
8c. A FACT! 8c.
OUR WONDERFUL
CHEAP STORE,
Just opened in Reid's Block, for people wishing to secure bargains in such goods as
TINWARE, SOAPS, BRUSHES,
Toys, Novelties, &c.
FRESH ARRIVALS WEEKLY.
GIVE US A CALL. Remember the place,
REID'S BLOCK.
G. BENNETT.
Madoc, Feb. 22nd, 1881. 204.

Money to Loan!
Low Rate of Interest!
To Farmers and Real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to add to your farm?
To build a new house or barn?
To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?
To pay off a mortgage, and get plenty of time at a low rate of interest?
Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
FOR THIS COUNTY.
AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,
with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please
6 Per Cent. INTEREST. 6
The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.
Nov. 1st, 1880.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. D. DICKSON,
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Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

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HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.
Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.
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WOMAN GOSSIP.

Love Matters—Marriage Notes—Home—Waifs, etc.

Waifs.

When the dressmaker sends out her bills look out for a dress pay raid.

Why is Bridget like the letter E? Because she makes a pet of Pat.

Oh, let women vote if they want to. Any woman who supports a husband and family of children is capable of supporting the constitution.

We have just read a handkerchief flirtation code, and advise all men desiring to avoid breach of promise suits to wipe their mouths with their coat-tails.

The "marriage market" is reported from several different summer resorts as sympathizing with the cheerful aspect of trade and commerce, and unmistakalby improved.

Little Lottie to her friend: "I have so many cares. Yesterday a little baby sister arrived, and papa is on a journey. It was but a piece of luck that mamma was at home to take care of it."

"What is the greatest charge on record?" asked the professor of history. And the absent-minded student answered: "Seventeen dollars for hack-hire for self and girl for two hours."

For the autumn and weddings before Christmas, the bridesmaids will wear ivory-white camels' hair trimmed with bands of swans' down; large white plush hats and drooping white feathers.

An exchange speaks of a "rich heiress." When a young man makes up his mind to marry an heiress, we advise him to select a rich one. A poor heiress is a delusion and a snare and a hollow mockery.

The Atlanta *Constitution* thus announces an impending operatic innovation: "Miss Emma Jane Abbot will come to the front with a new stage hug next season. She proposes to make Romeo grunt so the gallery can hear him."

"That hat," said an ill-natured man, referring to his wife's latest purchase, "is the very climax of absurdity." "Indeed," said a lady friend, who overheard the remark, "then I should think she would insist upon your wearing it."

Harper's *Bazar* says: Happy those ladies who can devote an evening a week to their friends. That washes out the social slate very neatly, besides giving all one's friends a chance at spending a very agreeable hour in the society which always gathers around a hospitable lamp.

We are said to light our rooms too much. In the day time the sunshine is flooded full into the room, at night the gas blazes. The French women, who are perfect adepts in understanding their own good and bad points, take advantage of this, and the light in a French saloon is mellow and not at all bright.

Our Set—"Angeline, my dear, you should not sit on the veranda in the edge of the evening; you will contract malaria," said a careful mother. "I know it, ma," was the cheerful reply; "that's what I'm trying to do. All our set have the malaria. It is quite the idea, I assure you." What could mamma say?

A Pleasant Call—"Come here, Hilderand, my love," said a fond New Haven mother as her spindle-legged youngster appeared just inside the gate. "Hildebrand! I should say so. How came you to tie such a homely boy to such a high-priced name?" said a blunt spoken caller. "He may be homely, but he's mine, thank you. I didn't have to marry a widower with four great over-grown boys, as you did." This treading on corns, metaphorically, doesn't pay.

The Luxury of Home.

Travel is pleasant. The change of air and the change of scene are beneficial alike to body and mind. It is pleasant to meet so many agreeable people, and it is delightful to look upon the varying and often beautiful scenery. Travel is instructive. It suggests new ideas, gives one a knowledge of the world to be acquired in no other way. But, after all, there is nothing so pleasant and so enjoyable as the independence and the luxury of one's own home at last. Travel is pleasant "but home is delightful."

Want of Energy.

Want of energy is a great common cause of the want of domestic comfort. As the best laid fire can give no heat and cook no food unless it is lighted, so the clearest ideas and purest intentions will produce no corresponding actions without the energy which gives power to all that is of value, which is, as it were, the very life of life, and which is never more necessary or valuable than in the matter of a family. Those who have it not, and many are constitutionally destitute of it, would do well to inquire of their experience and their conscience what compensating virtues they can bring into the marriage state to justify them in entering upon its duties without that which is so essential to their performance. They should consider that the pretty face and graceful languor, which, as it is often especially attractive to the most impetuous of the other sex, gained them ardent lovers, will not enable them to satisfy the innumerable requisitions and secure the social happiness of the fidgety and exacting husbands, into which characters ardent and impetuous lovers are generally transformed.

The Young Queen of Spain.

The present queen, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, seems likely to live and do well. Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, there is no prospect for the advent of the son for whom both she and her young husband long so passionately. She is very happy in her summer retirement at La Granja, driving her four and sometimes six spirited ponies about the ground, and giving a smile and pleasant word to everyone she meets, for even that stiffest and most formal of courts lays aside etiquette and royal observance in the free, pleasant atmosphere of that summer residence. Donna Christina is said to look very pretty in her fresh, white muslin dresses, trimmed with delicately-tinted ribbons, and in the shady hats wreathed with silk gauze, which are her usual wear at La Granja. Such attire suits her far better than do the cumbrous robes and rich satins and velvets which she must assume on state occasions. She has an extremely pretty figure, straight, trim, and finely molded, its only defect being that it is too straight, the queen carrying herself so erect that her waist has a backward curve. She is a devoted mother, and may often be seen driving out with the little princess and holding the baby's soft hand in her own. But they say that neither as mother nor as queen will Donna Christina be content until she is the mother of a son. The young king, I am told, makes a most exemplary husband, his brief passion for a beautiful foreign lady during his widowerhood having been replaced by a very genuine attachment to his sprightly and sensible wife.

About Love.

Mr. Factandfancy has noticed:

That the boy who is most afraid of the girls is the first to be corraled into matrimony.

That the little boys prefer boys to girls.

That they soon change, never to go back to their early love.

That the little girls love the girls best.

That they don't get over their preference as soon as the boys do—some of them never.

That the women love men because they love everything they have to take care of.

That men love women because they can't help it.

That the wife loves her husband so well that she has no thought for other men.

That the husband so loves his wife that he loves all women for her sake.

That the married man is apt to think himself all-killing among the fair sex simply because he has found one woman fool enough to marry him.

That homely husbands are the best. They never forget the compliment paid them by their wives in accepting them.

That homely wives are the truest. They know how to make the most of what they have.

That the man who marries late in life does well.

That the man who marries young does better.

That the man who never marries is to be pitied.

That the woman who marries does well.

That the woman who does not marry does better nine times out of ten.

A PRINCELY HOME.

The Magnificent Happy Home of the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria.

To the apartments of the newly-married crown prince and princess of Austria, at Prague, says a correspondent, there are three entrances—a stair-case in the right corner of the outer palace yard for the crown princess as side entrance to her chamber and to the rooms of her suite—the great staircase between the outer and second yard serving as main entrance, and the portals in the inner palace yard for the crown prince. The first six rooms on landing at the head of the grand staircase are for the exclusive use of the crown princess. One of them is a bath-room of a simple style, but provided with every comfort; the walls and bath are tiled in blue and white, the furniture in white. The adjoining room is the princess' dormitory, its walls hung with light blue tapestry, the curtains and carpets of a darker shade, the high and beautifully-carved baldaquin bed, with light-blue silk hangings, together with a toilet table, some arm chairs and tabourets, forming the whole of the furniture. Above the toilet table is placed a large mirror in richly-gilt carving. From above the mirror, held by a rosette of lilies of the valley, the favorite flowers of the princess, lace curtains drop down to the floor. A high white painted and gilt door leads to the third room, the toilet chamber, which is also decorated in blue and gold, and contains the necessary toilet furniture, including a magnificent full-length trumeau. Next to this is the breakfast-room, the walls covered with cream-colored pressed paper richly ornamented with leaves, vines, and birds, the furniture and doors being black and gold. A narrow winding staircase in one corner of the room leads to the upper story into the princess' wardrobe. The fifth room is the boudoir, completely hung with costly Gobelin tapestry which formerly ornamented the apartments inhabited by the Emperor Ferdinand, the furniture being *a la* Louis XIV. The sixth and last room is the princess' salon, with rich hangings of blue silk, the woodwork in white and gold. While the breakfast-room, boudoir and salon have fine Italian mantel-pieces, of Carrara marble, the other three rooms contain large glazed stoves. Of the crown prince's apartments, the first four rooms are the same which he inhabited during his previous sojourn in the Bohemian capital, and which have undergone but slight alterations. These are followed by eight others in the following order—namely: A large salon, hung with Gobelin tapestry, the furniture being white and gold, with coverings of heavy red silk, which latter are also to be seen in the second or reception-room; next comes the grand reception salon—the club-room with elegant furniture in renaissance style—the ante-chamber with black walnut furniture, likewise renaissance. The dining-room has a finely carved ceiling, and also black walnut carved furniture.

The "Good Cheese" Which Inspired the Russians.

In the course of a note upon the rations of the Russian soldier, the New York *Times* tells this anecdote: "When the half-starved Russians poured into the village of Andernatt, of whose famous cheese they had heard so many stories, their first proceeding was to devour the contents of a large store filled with what they supposed to be the dainty in question, and then, falling upon the French, they beat them across the Reuss. When Suvoroff, after the battle, praised the valor of the men, one of them modestly attributed it to the 'good cheese' which they had eaten, and triumphantly displayed the half-gnawed remnant of a bar of yellow-soap!" Well, it is not strange that under the circumstances they should have cleaned out the enemy.

THE editor of a Hamilton paper paid a visit to Toronto, and he was told on retiring for the night to be careful and not blow his gas out. That was three weeks ago, and he's mad yet.

A QUEER PET.

The Odd Ways of a Tame Crow—True to the Family Weakness.

From Chambers' Journal.

Of all our pets among the land birds, I select for special notice the hooded crow. He is not a beautiful bird, certainly, but he makes up for his not handsome appearance by his exceeding cleverness. We had one, in particular, for many years. We called him Crabbie, because of his sidelong mode of progression when not on wing. His liberty was seldom restricted, unless he had been guilty of some prank more than usually audacious, and then his punishment would be a day or two's confinement, which he greatly hated; but he soon managed to coax us into giving him his freedom, and manifested the utmost gratitude to his liberator. His moral sense was at least as obtuse as a cat's. He delighted in stealing, simply, as it seemed, for its own sake, not because he could make any use of his plunder. Spoons, needles, wires, pirns of thread, balls of worsted, little one's shoes and socks, anything and everything that was portable to which he could get access, he would carry off and carefully hide, covering them over with bits of turf; and then wiping his bill in the most satisfied manner, hop away as though he had performed a highly meritorious action. Alas for the half-knitted stocking which might be left on the chair or table if Crabbie was about! The wires would be quickly pulled out and removed and the stocking torn to tatters. I caught him one day—and an intensely droll figure he cut—hopping out doors with a pipe in his bill. On another occasion he made off with a piece of tobacco. We never could make out whether he had any intention of himself trying the soothing effects of the weed. He had, or affected to have, a great dislike for bare feet, as the little boys who often came to the house with baskets of sillocks, or with messages, had but too good reason to know. On the whole, he was on terms of very good friendship with the dog and cat; but it always afforded him exquisite delight to tease them, particularly to pinch the point of an outstretched tail, if the owner thereof happened to be asleep; and a pinch of his sharp and powerful bill, whatever pleasure it might afford him to inflict, was no joke to his victim.

Once an old woman was bringing a message to the house. Just as she was crossing a stile, Crabbie's quick eye fell on the spotless cap which adorned the old lady's head. It was an opportunity too tempting to be resisted. Down he swooped, neatly plucked off her headdress, and, with a triumphant "Cra, cra," flew away with it. Not being aware there was any such "uncanny brute" about the house, her consternation may be imagined; and when she appeared at the back door bereft of her white muslin mutch, and told, in tones of horrified agitation, how she had been despoiled of it by a "crow," she met much sympathy from the domestics, who hated Crabbie with a most perfect hatred. And little wonder they hated him, for he teased and tormented them unmercifully, and by his never-ending tricks often imposed upon them a great amount of additional work. For instance, clothes on the bleaching-green he seemed to regard as spread out for the special purpose of affording him an opportunity of showing how completely he could soil them. At any rate, what he did, whenever he got a chance, was to march and hop all over them in the most systematic manner, with the dirtiest effect.

What I am about to relate will appear to many incredible, but having frequently witnessed it I can vouch for its accuracy in every particular. Our old cook was an expert dresser of the fine Shetland shawls so well known and so much prized. It is quite an accomplishment to be able to dress these delicate fabrics, and none but a Shetlander can do it properly. The shawl having been washed and starched, is stretched over the bleaching-green, a few inches from the ground, with a multitude of wooden pegs like pencils, and allowed to dry in the sun. Crabbie would sit on the wall at a little distance, intently watching the proceedings of the old cook, who particularly detested him, and with whom he had a standing feud. Then he would fly off, and presently return with the very filthiest and wettest clod he could find, and of set purpose drop it upon the out—stretched shawl, thereby rousing the righteous indignation of poor Meggy, who gave expression to her wrathful and outraged feelings in language much more forcible than choice; all of which did not in the least affect Crabbie or disturb his equanimity. In these ways, however, he got to be such a nuisance that it became necessary on bleaching days, or when a shawl was being dressed, to make sure he was not at large, else the bleaching or dressing was certain to prove labor lost. But then he got so exceedingly cunning and adroit in avoiding capture that it was often impossible to secure and confine him. At last, as we could fall upon no plan of curing him of his thievish and mischievous propensities, we were obliged, most reluctantly, to part with our poor Crabbie, who was sent to a friend in the south.

Twice in Sight of the Altar.

A San Francisco maiden who sighs for some one to shield her has twice been balked at the threshold of matrimony. Two years ago she gave her hand to a wealthy young lover, and the wedding day was fixed. A week before the proposed marriage the youth was taken to an asylum for the insane. The about-to-be-bride recovered from the shock and disappointment and at one of the Pacific Coast resorts last June accepted the attentions of a bachelor of 40. This man of middle age whose heart Cupid's dart had pierced was reputed to be a wealthy St. Louis merchant. D. C. Carey was his name, and frequently during moonlight walks Mr. Carey would tell his 'Frisco dear of the delightful home to which she soon should go. The young woman made all her preparations for the wedding, her father presenting her with a magnificent trousseau, and, indeed, until the morning of the marriage day, everything was lovely. Then it was learned that the bridegroom had disappeared. Inquiry developed the fact that he had taken his baggage with him, and another fact that he had left his board bill unpaid. The young woman sat weeping on the sands of the quiet sea as the reporter, who stumbled upon the romance, hurried off to write over it in big letters: "Doomed to Celibacy."

HOW SOME AUTHORS WORK.

Entertaining Facts About Famous Literary People of the Past.

Intelligent people are generally curious about authors and authorship. They long to know how certain ideas originate to the minds of the writers. Was such-and-such a book composed under the influence of sudden inspiration, or was it in the slow product of laborious thought? Was it written off at once, without stop or stay, or was it corrected and revised with years of anxious care? There are, indeed, few things more interesting, though few more difficult, than to trace the growth of a book from its first conception till it develops its full life and vigor. For the growth is different in different minds; and authors are peculiarly chary of lifting the veil and letting outsiders penetrate behind the scenes.

It is only comparatively recently that we know to a certainty how the idea of "Adam Bede" began to arise in George Eliot's mind. The usual report was that the Quakeress, Dinah Morris, was literally "copied" from Elizabeth Evans, George Eliot's aunt, who had been a female preacher at Wirksworth, in Derbyshire,. But from George Eliot's own account, given in her letter to Miss Sarah Hennell, we find what the facts of the case really were. She only saw her aunt for a short time. Elizabeth Evans was then a "tiny little woman about 60, with bright, small, dark eyes, and hair that had been black, but was now gray," of a totally different physical type from Dinah. For a fortnight, Elizabeth Evans left her home and visited her niece in Warwickshire. One sunny afternoon she happened casually to mention that in her youth, she had, with another pious woman, visited an unhappy girl in prison, stayed with her all night, and gone with her to execution. "This incident," adds George Eliot, "lay on my mind for several years, as a dead germ apparently, till time had made a nidus in which it could fructify. It then turned out to be the germ of Adam Bede."

Mr. James Payn, the novelist, tells us that when he was a very young man, and had very little experience, he was reading on a stage-box an account of some gigantic trees. One of them was described as sound outside, but within, for many feet, a mass of rottenness and decay. "If a boy should climb up, bird-nesting, into the fork of it, thought I, he might go down feet first, and never be heard of again." "Then," he adds, "it struck me what an appropriate end it would be for a bad character of a novel. Before I had left the coach-box I had thought out "Lost Sir Massingberd." Such a process lasted for a shorter time with Mr. Payn than with the majority of the novelists; with many the little seed might have germinated for years before it brought forth fruit. Yet Mr. Payn is remarkable for the clearness and coherency of his plots; they always hang well together, and have a substantial backbone.

Of all the literary workers Balzac was certainly the most extraordinary in his modus operandi. At the first he would write his novel in a few pages—hardly more than the plot. These would be sent to the printer, who would return the few columns of print, pasted in the middle of half-a-dozen blank sheets in such a way that there was an immense margin left all around. On this margin Balzac would begin to work, sketching the personages of the story, interpolating dialogue, perhaps even completely altering the original design of the book. Horizontal, diagonal, and vertical lines would run everywhere; the paper would be scrawled over with asterisks, crosses, and every kind of mark. The dreams of the unlucky printers must surely have been haunted by those terrible sheets, besprinkled with all the signs of the zodiac, and interspersed with long feelers like spiders. To decipher such hieroglyphics must indeed have been no enviable task. Four or five times this process was repeated, until at last the few columns had swelled into a book; and the book, in its turn, never went through a fresh edition without being revised by its over-scrupulous creator, "who sacrificed a considerable portion of his profits by this eccentric plan of building up a book."

Harriet Martineau at first believed copying to be absolutely necessary. She had read Miss Edgeworth's account of her method of writing—submitting her rough sketch to her father, then copying and altering many times, till no one page of her "Leonora" stood at last as it did first. But such a tedious process did not suit Miss Martineau's habits of thought and her haste to appear in print. She found there was no use copying if she did not alter, and that even if she did alter, she had to change back again; so she adopted Abbott's maxim: "To know first what you want to say, and then say it in the first words that come to you."

Woman's Perplexity.

It would be a curious problem for a woman to find out, from the average expression of mankind, what really is required of her. The riddle of the Sphynx would fall into insignificance beside it. At present she wanders in hopeless darkness. She has been led through so many labyrinthian mazes, that she has lost all clue to the truth.

Man adores helplessness and raves over spend-thrifts. He decries frivolity and runs away from brains. He pines after his grandmother, who makes pies, and falls in love with white hands that can't. He moans over weakness and ridicules strength. He condemns fashion theoretically, and the lack of it practically. He longs for sensible women, and passes them by on the other side. He worships saints, and sends them to convents. He despises pink-and-white women and marries them if he can. He abuses silks and laces, and takes them into his heart. He glorifies spirit and independence, and gives a cruel thrust at the little vines that want to be oaks.

In short, he refuses to be pleased with anything, unless it is himself; then indites sonnets to "divine woman," calls her a general angel, fit only for an enchanted paradise, and created for the express purpose of waiting upon him, soothing his sorrows, sewing on his buttons, crowning his happiness, fitting him for heaven, and making him universally miserable. What would the critical lords like? Solve the problem who can.

THEY have caught a chap in Troy who has ten living wives and nary divorce, and he is also saddled with about twenty forgeries. May be he isn't lonesome over the outlook!

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Notes on Various Topics to Entertain Everybody.

A NEW ironclad of the largest size is to be built in Germany for the Chinese Government.

THE orange is the longest lived fruit tree known and is reputed to have flourished three hundred years.

SIR BARTLE FRERE lately stated that in a single year diamonds of the value of $17,500,000 have passed through the Cape Town post-office.

SITTING BULL sells his autograph at the varying prices of two and five dollars, and has parted with his pipe to a lover of relics for one hundred dollars.

FROM his son's firm, where he is a silent partner, General Grant is reported to receive an annual income of about fifty thousand dollars. He was always a silent man.

THE somination, on his return to Constantinople, of Hobart Pasha to the post of Minister of Marine, tends to show that the English element is again coming into favor with the Sultan.

A LONG, close-fitting robe was the dress worn by George Eliot in her later days, and her light brown hair, which fell low on both sides of her head, was draped with point or Valenciennes lace. She received, by-the-way, only one hundred dollars for her first work—a translation from Strauss.

AN expedition sent over the route of the Northern Pacific Railway by the Chicago *Times* from the Yellowstone to the head of Lake Bend d'Oreille, reports the region "densely wooded, very mountainous, abundantly supplied with water, poorly favored with grass, and with indications of rich mineral deposits."

FEW men have been as successful as Lord Falmouth in the breeding of race horses, but of late he appears to have been producing a succession of unsound animals, whose propagation will certainly not be conductive to the improvement of the breed of English race horses; and as Lord Glasgow's name is associated with unnamed racers, and Sir Tatton Sykes's with sleight-of-hand mares, so will Lord Falmouth be remembered as the breeder and owner of speedy roarers—Farnese, Charibert and Bal Gal.

SINCE the completion of Cologne Cathedral the German architects who accomplished that great work have been looking out for some other undertaking of similar character. The restoration of Strasburg Minster was long considered, but finally it has been decided that Aix-la-Chapelle shall be the next great national undertaking. The beautiful basilica dates back to the time of Charlemagne, and it is far richer than Cologne in archæological interest and historical associations.

ACCORDING to French journals, the project of tunnelling the Alps under Mont Blanc bids fair to assume a tangible shape, it being pronounced by some of the most eminent engineers a more practicable undertaking than the Simplon route. The estimates of cost for executing such a work are, in the case of the Simplon, $27,000,000. and in that of Mont Blanc some $12,000,000 less. It is further claimed that the Mont Blanc tunnel will make the journey from Paris to Genoa about ninety seven kilometres shorter, and from Paris to Milan forty-four kilometres shorter, than by the Simplon route.

THE new metal of which it is proposed to construct pipes in which to lay telegraph wires under ground is described as very light—only about one-sixth the weight of iron—and, being composed almost entirely of pure carbon, is indestructible, whether in the air or under ground; it does not rust or change by exposure, and is not affected by heat or frost. The most important characteristic claimed for it, however, in connection with underground wires, is its being a perfect insulator. The pipes of the metal need not, it is stated, be buried very deep in the ground, as they may be of a semi-elastic character, adjusting themselves to the slight upheaval and depression of the ground through the action of frost.

What Causes the Blood to Circulate?

To what degree the heart is aided by other forces is yet a matter of investigation, Probably there are several forces assisting. The elasticity of the arteries increases their carrying capacity. They are firm, elastic tubes, which expand under the pressure from each heart-contraction, and then by their own elasticity contract and help the onward flow of the blood. In the smaller arteries the flow loses the intermitten character it possesses in the larger arteries, and becomes a steady stream. The elasticity of the arteries serves precisely the same purpose as the air chamber of any force-pump, that of equalizing the flow, and so increasing the amount delivered. The whole force is derived from the heart; the arteries cause the force to act continuously.

The veins are lax tubes, somewhat larger than the arteries, and capable of holding all the blood of the body. They convey the same amount of blood as the latter, but more slowly. In the larger veins, however, near the auricles the velocity may be 200 millimetres per second. They are provided with valves which effectually prevent the blood from flowing backward toward the heart. Any compression, produced by muscular contraction, or otherwise, will therefore assist the forward flow of venous blood. This is one explanation why exercise hastens the circulation. The movement of the chest in breathing probably aids the pulmonary circulation, the blood, as well as the atmosphere, tending to fill the vacuum during inspiration.

Physical capillary force is not generally regarded as an active force in the circulation. But there is an admitted force in the capillaries, resulting from the attraction of the tissues for the arterial blood, containing the required oxygen and nutriment. "The vital condition of the tissues becomes a factor in the maintenance of the circulation." It is this force; primarily, which adapts the amount of blood to the varying needs of any organ; the nervous system regulates the supply by varying the calibre of the vessels.

The force in the capillaries, or some other force, carries the blood, after death, from the arteries, where the heart leaves it, into the veins. Finding the arteries empty after death gave rise to the idea that they conveyed only air; whence the name. It was this belief which Harvey overthrew in 1620.

The Hat-Rack.

From New York Times.

In these days of agosticism we are losing our reason. Formerly reasons were plentiful. There was a time when a Roman General knew that he ought not to risk a battle for the reason that the interior arrangements of the sacrificial chickens was not satisfactory, and learned men use to explain the change in the seasons by saying that in the winter the sun was driven out of its course by northerly winds. In the happy days when faith was fashionable there was a reason for everything, and even when the reason did involve a greater mystery than the phenomenon which it explained, it was still very soothing and comforting to the mind. We have lost much in losing our faith in the old fashioned methods of accounting for everything, and especially ought we to pity ourselves for our loss of faith in evil spirits.

There was nothing that furnished so handy a reason for whatever was disagreeable and hurtful as the theory of active intermeddling of evil spirits in human affairs. When a man did all sorts of objectionable and unaccountable things, how comforting it must have been to assume that he was possessed of a devil. How completely the tendency of people to die in certain houses was explained by deciding that the house was haunted. The story told in "Tobit" of the young woman whose successive husbands always died within a few hours after the wedding ceremony would have seemed extremely improbable had not the writer told us of the demon who made husband-strangling his chief occupation. There are articles of furniture in constant use to-day, the malignity of which is to us unbelievers utterly inexplicable, but which would seem perfectly natural did we accept the hypothesis that the articles in question are the work of evil spirits addicted to cabinet-making.

No candid man can examine the modern hat-rack without feeling that it is inexplicable only on the theory of its demoniacal origin. Indeed, the human mind is so constituted that it instinctively refers all the contrivances ostensibly intended for holding hats to the devil, and most of us would confess a belief that the devil makes hat-racks did not we fear the derision of so-called philosophers. Is it reasonable to suppose that any human being seriously designed for a good purpose the combination of brass rods which is to be seen above the table in certain restaurants? Ostensibly these rods are intended for the temporary storage of hats, but when a man tries to put his hat on a brass-rod rack it instantly falls down again, and brings with it two other hats and a pile of newspapers, the former of which upsets the caster, while the latter diffuse themselves over the butter and the beefsteak. Nothing but the theory of the active influence of evil spirits can account for this style of hat-rack, and yet it is really inferior in ingenious malignity to the common hat-rack of private houses.

This diabolical contrivance is always placed in the dark corners of the hall—a fact which shows that evil spirits are concerned not merely in manufacturing but in placing it. The consequence is that the visitor gropes for it, and in so doing knocks down the overcoats and hats which are already hung upon it. When he is able to perceive it with his eyes, he can find no satisfactory peg. The malicious manufacturer never fails to make the pegs so short that to induce a hat to balance itself on one of them is a task requiring both time and dexterity. Not content with this the manufacturer places the pegs so close together that it is impossible for two adjoining pegs to support each its own hat at the same time. The ordinary visitor learns this only by sad experience. He persists in trying to hang his hat on the peg next to that which bears the hat of the head of the house, and it is only after he has knocked the original hat down with his own hat, and then knocked his own hat down by trying to restore the other to its original place, that he perceives the fell purpose of the maker of hat-racks.

Only the ingenuity of demons could have combined an umbrella stand with a hat-rack. The object of this unholy combination is obviously to tempt the visiter to deposit his overcoat on the protruding handles of half a dozen umbrellas and canes. The prudent man rarely attempts to hang his overcoat on a peg, for he knows that in so doing he will knock down all the hats. Moreover it is the practice of the satanic manufacturer to put in the pegs so loosely that the weight of an overcoat, when put on any one of them, will pull it out. He therefore folds his overcoat up and lays it gently on the umbrella handles. Instantly these delusive supports give way. A rattling avalanche of canes and umbrellas strikes on the marble floor, and the betrayed overcoat gathers to itself all the valuable dirt that has accumulated in the bottom of the umbrella stand, while the startled and indignant visitor breaks into language which might well fill listening demons with fiendish joy. So notorious has the character of the combination hat-rack and umbrella stand become that wise men never meddle with it, but uniformly place their folded overcoats on the floor in a corner of the hall, and put their hats on their overcoats.

Now, if we attempt to account for the hat-rack on any theory which excluded the supernatural, we make a complete failure. It is in vain for us to ask ourselves why men should make an article of furniture that can accomplish no conceivable end except the exasperation of mankind. The moment we assume that hat-racks are the work of evil spirits they become coherent and intelligible. Is it not, then, a pity that the abolition of faith in the evil spirits leaves us without any method of accounting for the existence of hat-racks, and compels us to say that we do not know, and cannot conceive, for what purpose they are made?

A Girl who Waggles her Ear.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Vivacity has assumed a virulent form at this resort. We caught that from a pretty girl with a nose. Most girls have noses, but this one's is remarkable as the only quiet feature in her face. Around it plays a kaleidoscopic concussion of eyes, mouth, teeth, dimples, brows, and cheeks, grouping themselves into momentary expressions of mirth, wonder, doubt, sorrow, and so on, but so rapidly that she might reasonably be suspected of St Vitus's dance. Talk about lively countenances! This one is beyond compare. Well, the theory gained belief that she was a charming vivacious girl. Then the rest of us began, in our comparatively weak way, to lift our eyebrows, wink our eyes, purse our lips, wrinkle our cheeks, and generally comfort our faces in conversation. We are meeting with fair success, but there is one particular in which we do not hope to rival the Queen of Vivacity. In her moments of supremest effort she perceptibly waggles her ears. None of the rest of us can do that.

Queen Isabella's Villa.

Dieppe seems to be the most favored of fashionable watering-places, and it was there, says a correspondent, that Queen Isabella desired to pass six weeks befor going to Spain; but not a decent house was to be had at any price, and after a week's search along the coast, Marquis d'Alta Villa, grand master of her majesty's household, decided on taking Prince Lubomirski's beautiful villa situated upon the heights of Etretet, and which happily was to let. On the second of August her majesty left Paris with a numerous suite. Four horses, four superb mules, and several country carriages had preceded her, and in point of comfort she will have little to regret, although when one has visited her sumptuous residence, Avenue Kleber, one wonders she ever wants to leave it. She had graciously given us permission to visit its every detail the day after her departure, and the gentleman left in charge of the palace most obligingly did the honors, showing us many historical objects we might otherwise have passed by unnoticed. The entrance to the Palais de Castille is thoroughly imposing—no finer private staircase exists, and the suite of reception rooms, as well as the queen's private apartments, are lofty, spacious, and of royal proportions. In the first-named nothing has been displaced, family photographs cover the tables, and the flowers have not yet faded. In a rich gilt frame, surmounted by a royal crown, is the portrait, painted on ivory, of Queen Christine, which the engraved legend underneath informs us was the celebrated picture sent to Ferdinand VII, which decided him at once to ask her hand in marriage. Portraits and marble busts of King Alphonso are to be seen everywhere. The present library and his bed-room before he became king, and the paper on the wall is still the same, with A. F. B. (Alphonso Ferdinand Bourbon) interlaced in the design. In the stable is still his velocipede, and in the gunning-room, his small gun. The walls of the entire palace are adorned with master paintings. There are no less than eight Murillos, whilst Vandyke, Valasques, Murano, and other celebrated artists dispute good places and bad light. By the side of Queen Isabella's bed hangs a *benitier* (for holy water) made of precious stones. The centre pearl is as large as a pigeon's egg, and in the form of a heart; whilst the crown, sword and other attributes of our divine Saviour's crucifixion are in diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. The room adjoining is her bath and dressing-room. A tub of solid silver, is naturally its chief monument, and outvies Gambetta's farfamed bathing apparatus in the Palais Bourbon (which, by the by, he seems in no manner disposed to quit, although he has ceased to be president of the chamber). The queen's boudoir opens into a pleasant hothouse, and a flight of marble steps leod from it into the garden, where a fountain plays agreeably through these hot summer days. The apartments of the ground floor are occupied by the Marquis and Marquise d'Alta Villa (who are on constant service near her majesty). On the opposite side of the hall is a billiard-room and three saloons, whilst near by is a chapel which none could imagine exists, if they were not told. A double window opens upon a stained-glass recess, too narrow to contain an altar, but in an instant an altar unfolds, and three curtains drop as by magic, and we find ourselves in a pretty gothic chapel. On one side, above the altar, is the famous golden rose given to Queen Isabella in 1864 by Pius IX. Nor is this the only souvenir she has of his holiness. In one of the saloons, upstairs, richly framed, is the relic of the holy cross, encased in a crucifix of artistic value, which Pius IX. left her by will.

Trying on the Bonnet.

From the New Haven Register.

A New Haven gentleman whose business keeps him up late at nights, was persuaded to do a millinery errand for his wife the other night, and as a result stumbled up the front stairs about 2 o'clock in the morning with a brand new bonnet held carefully under his arm in a tissue paper. As soon as he turned on the gas, his better half rubbed open her eyes and drowsily inquired:

"You—forgot my—bonnet, didn't you?"

"No I didn't. Here's the business."

"Oh, is it!" and that woman sprang up and ripped the wrappings off in a jiffy and, slatting her nightcap into the corner, adjusted the new purchase carefully on her head. "How do you like it? It's becoming, isn't it?"

"Madam," responded the husband, "the bonnet certainly is becoming, but, somehow, the remainder of your costume don't jibe. Your dress, if I may call it such, has too much Hamburg edging and not enough overskirt. I think you need a little knife pleating and a couple extra ruffles—"

"Oo! you horrid——"

"And then, too, that bonnet has too much color for the rest of the *tout ensemble*, if I may borrow from the French."

"You hateful, I'll throw the thing out of the window if you don't just tell me how it looks, so there".

"That's what I'm trying to do, my dear. The bonnet looks 'immense,' In your present costume you could'nt fail to make a hit on the street, and just as like as not land in the police station. I should think some milliner had hired the statue of Queen Zenobia for a dummy to show off her goods."

"Dummy, dummy, did you say? I'll let you know I'm no dummy;" and she sat on the edge of the bed and lectured, and lectured, until the deluded man had been hummed to sleep by the monotony of her voice. But she didn't take that bonnet off. She went and rigged herself up in the best duds she had, and when he awoke in the morning she was promenading about the room trying the effect by posing in attitudes before the mirror.

The latest stockings we read of are of three or four colors. This ought to make a muddy crossing glisten like a rainbow.

"If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly about the neck, he cannot hurt you," says a Western paper. Keeping a block ahead of the snake is also a good scheme.

AN ILLUMINATED BUOY.

Successful Trial of the Novel Light Signal—A Steady Flame in All Weathers.

A pleasant company, comprising some fifty or eighty gentlemen, went down the New York Bay the other night to near Sandy Hook on the fast steamer Sunny Side for the purpose of seeing one of the new lighted buoys, which is stationed near the old Scotland Lightship. The weather was simply beautiful. The absence of moonlight served to throw into better relief the rays of the illuminated buoy, which was found dancing at its anchor on the surface of as smooth a sea as the eye could wish to behold. The buoy is arranged to serve as a recipient of gas, which is under a pressure of six or seven atmospheres. It is built without rivets, and is surmounted by a fire-proof lantern, the arrangement of which is such that, while a sufficiency of air is admitted to keep the flame alive, no water can enter. Neither the most violent gale nor the force of the waves can, it is claimed, extinguish the light. As the lamp is so constructed that particles of salt do not adhere to the glass, no fears need be entertained that its light might be obscured by salty deposits on it. The outflow of the gas from the buoy is controlled by the regulator, which is substantially the same as that used for years back on German and English railroads for steadying the gaslight in cars. Its action is uniform and the light bright and steady, no matter what the position of the buoy or how it may toss in heavy seas. The buoy light is intended to burn day and night. The buoys used in Europe are made to burn from thirty to 120 days. The larger the buoy the longer it can be made to burn. The lamp will consume 16.8 cubic feet daily, and, therefore, the buoy will contain a supply of gas sufficient to last for 100 days without any care whatever. It is refilled at certain intervals by means of a tender. This is accomplished by passing the gas from a tank, where it is carried under a pressure of ten atmospheres, and is conveyed into the buoy by means of a tube under a pressure of six or seven atmospheres. This system of lighting buoys has been used for a number of years in Russia, Germany, England, France and other countries. The other night when the Sunny Side, with saloons filled with admiring spetators, approached the buoy, a little way from the light-ship, it was found bobbing up and down uninjured. It was, in effect, a lamp attached to a buoy, so constructed that no matter how the sea might pitch the lamp must always be upward, and as far above the surface of the water as its shaft or post would admit of. In this case its elevation above sea level was equal to about five feet. The light has been burning steadily for a considerable number of days past.

Love Making in Chicago.

Chicago Tribune.

"I am very rich, my darling," she said softly, punctuating her sentences with soft, warm kisses. "Already I have $100,000 worth of four per cents registered in my name, and when the leaves are turning red in the rich abundance of a beautiful harvest, I shall cut off the coupons. And when papa dies he will leave me nearly $200,000 more. Yes, my sweetheart, I am a very happy girl," and a fair young head nestled confidingly on the sholders of the strong-limbed, hazel-eyed young man to whom this avowal was made. He looked tenderly down at the brown tresses and the invisible net that bound them to the fair forehead. Gently lifting the beautiful face to his, he pressed a passionate kiss on the full, red lips that seemed only made for osculation.

Turning his head away, Herbert Ainsleigh appeared for a moment to be wrapped in thought. Then kissing Miriam with a rich, warm, two-for-a-quarter kiss, he said: "Do you love me, Birdie?"

She gave answer by placing her white arms around his neck, and throwing herself madly on his shirt front.

"Do not hug me so hard, darling, an' you love me, or my collar stud will raise a carbuncle on the back of my neck," he said in low, mellow tones.

"It is only the deep, passionate longing of my love, Herbert. It rocks not of carbuncles. But you are right. Too much pressure on the cervical vertebra will cause an exostosis. My professor of anatomy told me that."

"And we will be married in the fall, my sweet?"

"Yes, Herbert, in the rich, hazy, sensuous days of Indian summer, when the low note of the farmer's boy seeking his lost cow is heard as he sits on the vine-embowered stile and blasphemes until the fire fly leaves for a cooler spot. You must take all my money, Herbert; it must be yours to do as you will with it; to attain the glorious fame that awaits you; for I know that my love's name will some day be known through the length and breadth of the land. Surely, you have an ambition?"

"I have," said Herbert, kissing her while she caught her breath.

"And you will not let your false pride stand in the way of using my money to attain the height you fain would reach?"

"No, darling, I will not. You say you have $100,000 in four per cents. It is enough. To-morrow I will act, and in less than a day my name will be as familiar thoroughout the world as that of Edgland's proud Queen."

"Oh, Herbert, what will you do?"

"I shall purchase Maud S."

* * * * * * *

Two minutes later a human form fell with a dull thud on the front porch of the haughty pork-packer's residence. It was Herbert Ainsleigh. The old man had fired him out.

Said Mrs. Younghusband, "Charley, why is it you never talk with me as you did before we were married? I notice that you talk fast enough with other women." "Dearest," replied Charley, without taking his eyes off the newspaper, "don't you know that people talk to conceal their thoughts? I have nothing to conceal from you, love.' In another moment he was deep in the stock markets reports, while something that sounded very much like "humbug" trembled on the lips of Mrs. Younghusband as she slowly left the room.

There are places in the Rocky Mountains where the snow has filled ravines 150 feet deep, and where it has not melted for scores of years. There is where the blizzards breed.

MAN'S CONSTANCY.

A Gray-Haired Swain Whom the Wealth of His Sweetheart Could Not Turn Away.

The tremulous moonbeams, says the Burlington *Hawkeye*, toyed with the restless leaves, and the whispering winds of the August night, like the sigh of some passing spirit, seemed the kind of sort of—like it was—or something like that.

As he held her for one moment in his passionate embrace, holding her to his breast as though he would concentrate all the wild, burning love of his life in that one caress, there was a sound like a hawser parting in a gale, and she gently stopped him.

"Darling," she said tenderly, "it is sweet to be loved, but corsets are cash this summer, and there goes the third rod since Sunday.

The ardent boy held her off with both hands—he was only a child of 42—and looked at her face as though he was examining a suspicious treasury note.

"My own," he said, "how well I love you your heart can tell. What have I not endured for your own dear sake? Twice last week your father kicked me off the moonlit stoop; on Tuesday last your brother kicked me in the public street; the taste of my blood is yet fresh on the fangs of yon sleeping hound, and should your mother find me here to-night—oh, help me immortal gods! But I will die, it they should find me, I will die at your feet. This it is, my own heart's darling, this it is to love fondly, eternally, and unselfishly. Fly with me now; we will to yonder isle——"

"But there is such a difference in our age, dear," she sighed; smoothing the rumpled ribbon at her waist; "the days of the years of your pilgrimage are forty-and-two, and I am but a little girl of 19 brief but happy summers. And oh——"

"Think you," exclaimed the gray-haired boy, impetuously—"think you that I am proud beyond my love, and would spurn you because the world may taunt you with your youth? Oh, no; in my arms I would shield you from its cruel sneers, and for your sake I would forget how young you are. Besides, is not my ripe experience old enough for both of us?"

"And you are poor," she said, once more nestling in his arms; "you are poor, they say?"

"Poor," he exclaimed rapturously; "and they who say do not know how poor I am, sweetheart; by yon bright moon I swear I am poor enough for ten men. With me, you could not ask for more poverty and fewer clothes than I would bring you."

"And I am rich," she said, turning her face so that she could look into her lover's eyes. "Pa says that when he dies I will have $298,000."

But there was no shade of sadness, no passing shadow of renunciation in her steadfast eyes. Twining his arms around her yet more closely, he said more earnestly than he had spoken yet:

"And am I base enough to give you up for that? Think you I will tear you from my arms for that? Fairest and best, believe me, I do love you well enough to overlook your wealth, and it you will not come to these arms of mine, bring it all with you, every whit, and see if to my constant heart it will not make you even doubly dear."

The sound of an old man was heard in the shadowy distance, and with one lingering embrace the proud youth fled. And on her pillows that night long hours the maiden brooded over his constancy and the exceeding faithfulness of his love. And murmuring "He loves me for myself and all I have; I am indeed his very own," she fell asleep to dream of him.

And how did she reward his constancy. Oh, faithlessness of woman's fickle vows! Oh, bleeding ruin of man's loving constancy! It has ever been so. Within three months that girl married a young fellow from Arizona, son of a bank president and himself a big operator in mines, worth about $500,000 in clear money and more mining claims than he could count in three weeks.

And the discarded lover, loving his false one no less dearly than before, went out to Arizona and got a confidential clerkship under the husband, because he was an old friend of his wife's, and he is now robbing his employer at a daily rate that shows how his heart still fondly clings to the love of other days.

The Suez Canal.

Full reports of the business done by the Suez Canal for the first six months of 1881 bring into clearer light than the early partial statements the actual and extraordinary increase that has taken place in canal business. This increase is a signal vindication of the predictions made in the beginning by the canal projectors. For the first six months of 1879 the number of ships that passed was 795 and the receipts were 15,349,371 52f.; for the first six of 1880 the ships numbered 1,118 and the receipts 21,275,418 26f.; for the same period in 1881, 1,334 ships passed through the canal, and the receipts were 24,561,218 58f. Thus, the number of ships increased more than two-thirds in two years, and the advance in receipts was in nearly the same ratio. From these and other figures as a basis, it is estimated that for the full year 1881 the receipts will be 46,000,000f. Last year they were 39,840,487f., so that the year's increase will thus be 6,160,000f., against one in 1880 over 1879 of 10,000,000f. The gross revenue from all sources last year was 41,820,899f., and the gross expenditures, including the 5 per cent. interest on the shares, was 28,841,803f. Hence, there was a net profit, after paying the 5 per cent. interest, of some 12,976,000f., all of which, except 684,954f., was available for distribution to the Egyptian Government, the founders, the directors and employees, and the stockholders. The share of the latter was 8,754,400f., which, on the share capital of 200,000,000f., is 4. 3 per cent. interest. Certain deductions have to be made from this percentage to cover taxation and some other matters, but, with this all done, there remains enough, when added to the 5 per cent. represented in the company expenditures already mentioned, to ensure a comfortable dividend of 8. 8 per cent. It has become clear enough that Lord Beaconsfield's purchase of the canal shares was a stroke of excellent foresight in Oriental affairs—more excellent than the acquisition of the Island of Cyprus. Indeed, this island is proving anything but a source of profit to England. Almost the very mail that brings these figures from Port Said brings others from Cyprus which shows an unwelcome falling off in resources as compared with liabilities of a round $390,000.

ST. PETERSBURG.

Peter's Designs in Building it, and how it Looks in Summer.

A traveller should always make it a point when he finds it possible, to visit a country when it is in what is called its own element. Russia is the land of snow and ice, and may probably be seen to advantage in skating and sledge-driving weather. All provisions are here made against the discomforts of a hard winter. But against the scourge of the summer dust which sweeps day and night over St. Petersburg, all the pumps drawing water from all the four branches of the Neva are inefficient. There is nothing for it but to turn one's back upon it: and that is what every man does who can manage it. The city is left to a few priests, the police, officers of her Britannic Majesty's squadron who are on a week's holiday, and to myself; and the Hotel d'Europe, the best in the town, is being swept, scraped and painted like a London club in mid-September, for this is the dead season in St. Petersburg, and the place is really too much of a thing for a man to have it all to himself.

What a town it is! How large, how dismally empty! How it squats like an immense alligator half in and half out of a swamp, modelled on Amsterdam, and reminding one of Venice! What miles and miles of "prospects" or, as the French would say, "boulevards;" what endless succession of wide, open spaces and magnificent distances, of long straight lines of walls and rows of trees, and interminable avenues contrived, as it were, to allow the town ample room to run out of town! A city of churches, convents, and palaces, of steeples and ornaments of gold, bronze, granite, and marble, of buildings in all styles, European and Asiatic, quaint originals or indifferent copies, many of them grand and massive, yet strewn over space at haphazard, on a perfectly flat surface, grouping nowhere; nowhere laid out with effect or with an eye to the picturesque. A town of princes, to all appearances, or of wealthy bankers or traders, with nothing mean, no back slums, no rag-fair; the homes of the poor, if at all existing, carefully hidden out of sight; the whole covering scores of miles of ground, a maze of isles and islets, of bridges and embankments, of river, and branches of river and canals.

It is a town made by one man, made on a plan and for a purpose, and when that is said, all is said. It was not one of the cities of God's own building; consequently, it may be feared, not one of those that abide. Its foundation was suggested by a great thought, and it turns out now to have been a mistake. It is questionable, indeed, whether Peter the Great ever meant St. Petersburg for a permanent court residence and capital. As late as 1724, seven months before his death, it was not here, but at Moscow, that he celebrated the coronation of his wife Catharine, and if he spent much of his time on this spot it was chiefly because a work of such magnitude as he had undertaken required the master's incessant presence. For the rest, all that Peter wanted here was a port, and he could under the circumstances find no better. He built it on conquered ground out of all the boundaries of Old Russia, amid a Finnish population, the former subjects of Sweden. He drafted his workmen among the serfs of all his provinces, and wasted 100,000 human lives in the achievement, labor being as cheap for him as it ever was for the kingly builder of the Egyptian pyramids.

The site was a swamp—an unsafe and unhealthy swamp; so unsafe that some of its finest monuments—the monolith column of Alexander I. and the Isaac Church—show in their deep crevices the rapid decay to which the treacherous ground underneath is dooming them; so unsafe, besides, as to be subject to inundation, like the ground of ancient Rome; for the city has already been destructively flooded eight times since 1703, the date of its foundation, and even last year the waters rose more than ten feet above the ordinary level, driving people from their cellars and basement floors, as well as from the villas and gardens of the lower islands. There were even for many years ominous speculations as to the possibility of the whole town being submerged. "The Gulf of Finland," Peter reasoned, "runs westward from St. Petersburg, in the direction whence the heaviest storms always blow. Imagine a storm to set in from the west in April or May when the ice is breaking up, and suppose that this should happen just when the water in the river is at the highest. The masses of ice blown in from the sea would meet those that float down from the land side, and the collision between the two opposite masses would not fail to overwhelm the whole city, with its proud palaces, when princes and beggars would be drowned promiscuously, like Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea." The town, however, has already stood 178 years, and the catastrophe seems indefinitely adjourned. As no such combination of storms, high water and great thaw as croakers conjured up has yet occurred, sanguine people have become perfectly skeptical as to the possibility of the dreaded contingency.

The Two Sexes.

There is nearly always something of nature's own gentility in all young women, except, indeed, when they get together and fall a giggling. It shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape than our rough masculine angles. An uncouth boy requires Heaven knows what assiduity, to move three steps, we do not say like a gentleman, but like a boy with a soul in him; but give the least advantage of society or tuition to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table. There is sentiment in all women; and that gives delicacy to thought and taste to manner; with men it is generally acquired; an offspring of the intellectual quality; not, as with the other sex, of the moral.

September days won't be any too mellow for good eating.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 22, 1881.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD DEAD

A whole nation plunged in mourning.

To the intense sorrow and regret of almost the whole world who have been watching daily the reports of the effect of the assassin's bullet on the life of President Garfield, he has, after a terrible and prolonged struggle with death, succumbed to the destroyer, and his heroic spirit passed peacefully away. Few anticipated, when the attempted assassination was first announced, that he would survive so long. Many times during his long and severe illness, reports from the patient's bedside have given good ground for the hope that he would ultimately win in the painful struggle for life, but for the late frequent and severe relapses grave apprehension was felt, and that to look for a favorable ending was evidently to hope against hope. The President's death, for this reason, will surprise none, though it will shock many. The grief of any nation was, perhaps, never greater, and so much sympathy poured out for any man as for President Garfield. When the reports of his sufferings were unfavorable, universal sorrow was expressed; when they were encouraging and hopeful, a world-wide gratification was manifested. He bore his severe trials with manly courage and patience throughout, and his cheerfulness in compliance to the will of his physicians made him a hero in the eyes of the world.

His removal to Long Branch a short time ago was thought to be the one chance for life, and from which such good results were expected. But alas! it was not so to be, the hand of the last enemy was upon him, and at 10:35 P.M., Monday, 19th inst., his earthly career was ended, and his spirit took its flight to try the realities of another world. His last hours were soothed by the tireless love of his family. At his bedside, holding his poor emaciated hand in her own, and watching with anguish unutterable the fast vanishing sands of life, sat his faithful, devoted wife. There also sat a heart-stricken widow full of grief, but with too much Christian courage to exhibit it to those about her. Mollie Garfield was greatly affected, and bursts of tears flowed freely from the child's eyes. The death scene was one never to be forgotten. Perfect quiet prevailed, and there was not a murmur heard while the President was sinking. The fact of his death is the melancholy circumstance which at this moment has a depressing effect upon the whole nation. The life of General Garfield throughout was marked with unequalled success. He was great in whatever he undertook, whether as a canal boy, student, college president, soldier or statesman. He bade fair to be one of the best Presidents the United States ever had, and the world-wide sympathy for the wounded magistrate by the people at large is the best testimony that ever republican institutions received in their dark trials. The heroism of his devoted wife, the Christian fortitude of the wounded man, his preparedness to die, will ever be a source of consolation to the citizens of the United States when the recollection of the sad event disposes them to regret it.

What is known as the Orange case—Grant v. Beaudry—came up for hearing in the Court of Queen's Bench in Montreal last week. The whole day was taken up with the argument of plaintiff's counsel.

It is understood that Mr. Fay, M. P. for county Cavan, will be made solicitor of the land court, in which case Parnell will put forward Patrick Egan as Biggar's colleague in that county.

Death rate in Toronto during the past eight months was 17 per thousand.

Hanlan has issued a challenge offering to row Ross, or any other man in the world. Ross has not as yet accepted.

Four hundred pounds of light bread were seized by the police at St. Catharines, on the 9th, and distributed to the poor.

LIST OF PRIZES

To be awarded at the Fall Show of the Tudor, Wollaston, Limerick and Cashel Agricultural Society, to be held at Millbridge, on Wednesday, October, 12th:—

Class 1.
HORSES.

Sec. 1—Entire Horse 3 years old, or over, 1st prize		$3 00
Second,		2 00
" 2—Entire Horse 2 yrs. old		2 00
Second,		1 50
" 3—Span of Draught Horses		3 00
Second,		2 00
" 4—Brood Mare, with foal at her side,		2 00
Second,		1 50
" 5—Colt, 3 years old		2 00
Second,		1 50
" 6—Colt, 2 years old		1 50
Second,		1 25
" 7—Colt, 1 year old		1 25
Second,		1 00
" 8—Colt, of the present year		1 00
Second,		75
" 9—Best Single Horse		2 00
Second,		1 50

Class 2.
CATTLE.

Sec. 1—Bull, 3 yrs. or over		2 00
Second,		1 50
" 2—Bull, 2 years old		1 50
Second,		1 00
" 3—Bull, yearling		1 00
Second,		75
" 4—Milch Cow		2 00
Second,		1 50
" 5—Heifer, 2 years old		1 50
Second,		1 00
" 6—Heifer, yearling		1 00
Second,		75
" 7—Yoke of Working Oxen in yoke		2 00
Second,		1 50
" 8—Yoke of 4 year old Steers in yoke		1 75
Second,		1 50
" 9—Yoke of 3 year old Steers in yoke		1 50
Second,		1 00
" 10—Yoke of 2 yr. old Steers		1 00
Second,		75
" 11—Pair of yearling Steers		1 00
Second,		75
" 12—Spring Calf		1 00
Second,		75

Class 3.
SHEEP.

Sec. 1—Ram, any age		1 00
Second,		75
" 2—Ram Lamb		75
Second,		50
" 3—Pair of Ewes any age		1 00
Second,		75
" 4—Pair of Ewe Lambs		75
Second,		50

Class 4.
PIGS.

Sec. 1—Boar, over 1 year old		1 00
" 2—Sow, over 1 year old		1 00
" 3—Boar, under 1 year old		1 00
" 4—Sow, under 1 year old		1 00

Class 5.
POULTRY.

Sec. 1—Pair Fowls, any breed		25
Second,		15
" 2—Pair Turkeys, any color		40
Second,		25
" 3—Pair of Geese		40
Second,		25
" 4—Pair of Ducks		25
Second,		15

Class 6.
GRAIN AND SEEDS.

Sec. 1—Fall Wheat, half bush.		50
Second,		40
" 2—Spring Wheat, half bush.		50
Second,		40
" 3—Barley, half bush.		50
Second,		40
" 4—Rye, half bush.		50
Second,		40
" 5—Oats, half bush		40
Second,		30
" 6—Peas, large field, half bush.		50
Second,		40
" 7—Peas, small field, half bush.		50
Second,		40
" 8—Corn, half dozen ears		25
Second,		15
" 9—Timothy Seed, 1 peck		50
Second,		40
" 10—White Beans, large, half bushel		50
Second,		40
" 11—White Beans, small, half bushel		50
Second,		40

Class 7.
ROOTS.

Sec. 1—Potatoes Early Rose, half bushel		50
Second,		40
Sec. 2—Potatoes, any other sort half bushel		50
Second,		40
" 3—Turnips, Swede, half doz.		25
Second,		15
" 4—Turnips, Aberdeen, half doz.		25
Second,		15
" 5—Turnips, any other sort, half dozen		25
Second,		15
" 6—Cabbage, White, 2 heads		25
Second.		15
" 7—Cabbage, Red, 2 heads		25
Second,		15
" 8—Cauliflower, 2 heads		25
Second,		15
" 9—Top Seed Onions, half bush		50
Second,		40
" 10—Multiplier Onions, half bush		50
Second,		40
" 11—Blood Beet, half doz.		25
Second,		15
" 12—Carrots, White, half doz.		25
Second,		15
" 13—Carrots, Red, half doz.		25
Second,		15
" 14—Squash, 2 largest		25
Second,		15
" 15—Pumpkins, 2 largest		25
Second,		15
" 16—Tomatoes, 6 largest		25
Second,		15

Class 8.
DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Sec. 1—Butter, Roll, 2 lbs. or over		50
Second,		40
" 2—Butter, Tub, 50 lbs. or over		1 00
Second,		75
" 3—Homemade Full Cloth half doz. yards		1 00
Second,		75
" 4—Homemade Flannel, half dozen yards		75
Second,		50
" 5—Homemade Bed Quilt, patchwork		1 00
Second,		50
" 6—Homemade Bed Quilt, log cabin		1 00
Second,		50
" 7—Homemade Floor Rug,		50
Second,		25
" 8—1 lb. Woollen Yarn		40
Second,		25
" 9—Pair Woollen Mits		25
Second,		15
" 10—Pair Woollen Socks		25
Second,		15
" 11—Cake of Maple Sugar		40
Second,		25

Special.

Best Specimen of Blacksmith's Work	1 00
Second,	75
Third,	50
Best Variety of Apples, 5 of each	25
Second,	15
Best Variety Crab Apples, 5 of each	25
Second,	15
Special prizes to the amount of	$5.00
for Ladies' Fancy Work.	

Those who are subject to Billiousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion or any Kidney Affections, should take the advice of an able physician and use Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. In large bottles at 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

ALL parties having purchased my pumps are hereby cautioned not to pay the same except to my authorized Agent, as Mr. W. E. Murphy has left my employ and is no longer an Agent for me.

D. ASHEY.

Norwood, 14th Sept., 1881. 233-4w.

LOST OR STOLEN!

SOMETIME between the 10th and 31st of August last, a note for the amount of $5.75, given by John West, in favor of the undersigned, was either lost or stolen while somewhere in the vicinity of Madoc. All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing or trading for the same. Any information as will lead to its recovery will be thankfully received by

THOMAS BROAD.

Madoc, Sept. 20th, 1881.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

UNDER and by virtue of a Power of Attorney, dated the nineteenth day of October, A.D., 1881, granted by Mary E. Embury, of the Township of Madoc, administratrix of the estate of the late Wesley Embury, deceased, I hereby give notice to all Creditors of the said estate to present their claims to me, within one month from the date hereof.

HENRY ROBINSON.

Madoc, Sept. 21st, 1881.

N. B.—All persons indebted to the above estate are requested to make immediate settlement. 233-4w.

OYSTERS!

I HAVE made arrangements for a supply of Oysters DIRECT FROM THE PACKERS, and will be enabled to retail them as near Belleville prices, as a small additional charge to cover passing them through the Customs and extra freight will permit. I shall deal in none but

Well Known and Reliable Brands,

and expect to be in receipt of the first lot by **"October First,"** probably sooner.

We have largely increased our facilities for

SERVING LUNCHEONS,

and we trust to the steady increase in the past as encouragement for the future.

A full supply of

CANDIES, NUTS, FRUITS, &C.,

always on hand.

S. A. DAVIS.

Madoc, September 21st, 1881.

Grain! Grain!

H. CORBY, JR.,

IS prepared to pay the highest Cash Prices for all kinds of Grain either at Madoc or Belleville. Grain to be delivered in Madoc at the Farmers' Warehouse. 232

NORTH HASTINGS Warehouse.

THIS Warehouse is again open for Storing and Shipping Grain. To Buyers every facility will be given and reasonable rates charged. To Farmers grain received in store and no charge made if held for the purpose of selling. All such grain covered by Insurance and no charge made to the Farmer. The undersigned will pay the highest prices for all kinds of grains and Clover and Timothy Seed.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 12th, 1881.

Spring Wheat for Seed.

I AM instructed to purchase a few hundred Bushels of LOST NATION Spring Wheat for seed, for which extra prices will be paid. It must be entirely clean and free from other grain or seeds.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, September 12th, 1881.

TELEGRAPH POLES!

THE undersigned wishes to purchase from one thousand to three thousand Telegraph Poles for which extra prices will be paid if delivered within the next six weeks.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 14th, 1881.

TIES! TIES!! TIES!!!

50,000 TIES WANTED!

I WILL make contracts for Cedar, Oak, Rock-elm, Tamarac or Hemlock Ties, to be delivered during the coming winter, on the River or along the Railway.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, September 14th, 1881.

FARM FOR SALE!

A Farm containing 175 acres, in the Township of Sidney, County of Hastings. It is conveniently situated on a Gravel Road close by a School and Cheese Factory, two miles from Frankford and ten miles from Trenton. 100 acres cleared. About 35 Apple Trees. Frame House 18x24 and Kitchen 14x18. Frame Barn 18x24, Stone Stable under it. Well watered. Well adapted for fruit. Terms easy. A certain sum required, balance on any reasonable time required by purchaser.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 10th, 1881.

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Municipal Council of the United Townships of Elzevir and Grimsthorpe will pass a By-Law at their next meeting, to be held on the 31st of October next, for the purpose of opening and establishing a Road commencing at south side of Lot 16, in 4th Concession of Elzevir, running across part Lot 16 in the 4th, 16 and part 17 in the 5th, to 6th Concession line, Elzevir. All persons interested therein will govern themselves accordingly.

E. JAMES.
Township Clerk.

Bridgewater, 12th Sept., 1881. 232-4t.

ALL THE NEWS FOR A CENT.

THE

Toronto Daily World,

THE ONLY ONE-CENT MORNING PAPER IN CANADA.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR!

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A MONTH!!

ONE CENT A COPY!!!

Less than Half the Cost of any other Morning Paper.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY by canvassing for The World. Agents and Canvassers wanted everywhere. Send post-card for terms and

SAMPLE COPY FREE.

WORLD PRINTING Co.,
No. 4 King street east, Toronto.

RUSSEL ESTATE.

IMPORTANT AUCTION SALE

—OF—

Choice Building Lots,

—IN THE—

VILLAGE OF MADOC,

Suitable for Private Residences or for Business purposes, by Mr. Charles Wilkins, at

MOON'S HOTEL

—ON—

Saturday, Oct. 1st, 1881,

Commencing at 1 o'clock, p. m.

Plan of property can be seen previous to sale at the office of S. Ross & Co.

Information as to terms of sale, &c., can be obtained from Mr. S. D. Ross, Madoc, or from

R. D. RUSSEL,
Montreal.

Madoc, 12th September, 1881.

H. JAMES, M. D.,

OF BELLEVILLE, will visit Madoc professionally every Friday and Saturday of each week, when he will be prepared to meet patients or make calls upon the afflicted of this village or surrounding country. Office in Moon's Hotel, where orders may be left.

Belleville, March 14, 1881.

Mineral Land for Sale.

LOT No. 31, 10th Con., Madoc. Good iron ore beds on the same. Gold has also been found. Apply to JOHN BROAD.

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

DR. JAMES'

CHILL FEVER OR AGUE ANTIDOTE, in connection with the DISEASED LIVER ANTIDOTE, has done good work in Madoc, and made many cures among those who were thought to be incurable. These, and all his other medicines, will be found to be perfectly reliable, and are for sale at GRAY & MCGREGOR'S store, Madoc. There is no quinine in the Ague or Liver medicine, purely vegetable, and as a preventative should be taken in the Spring and Fall. If this were done thoroughly by the people, Ague, Intermittant and Remittant Fever, in a few years would be unknown in the County of Hastings.

H. JAMES, M. D.

FOR SALE.

IN the Village of Madoc, that commodious and valuable property, situate on the east side of Russell Street in said village, and owned by the heirs of the late James O'Brien. The property is well and favorably situated for a Cooper's establishment, as that was the business which was successfully conducted by the late owner, on the said premises for several years. Hard and soft water on the premises. This is a good investment for a good Cooper, as there is no business of the kind at present carried on in the village or vicinity. A good title can be given. Application may be made to Mr. Samuel Driscoll, Madoc village, or to Catherine O'Brien, relict of the late James O'Brien, Trenton.

CATHERINE O'BRIEN,
Executrix.

Trenton, June 22nd, 1881.

ARRIVED

—AT—

D. W. WRIGHT'S,

QT. AND ½ GALL.

Stone and Glass Fruit Jars

A SPLENDID QUALITY OF

ALE,

In 10 gallon kegs and on draught, for summer use.

A choice lot of

Groceries, Crockery and Liquors,

Goederham & Worts' Proof, Old Rye, and Malt Whiskies always in stock.

D. W. WRIGHT,
Grocer and Wine Merchant,
VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

SPECIAL NOTICE

—TO THE—

AFFLICTED.

DRS. WILLIAMS AND NASH

may still be consulted at the

BRANCH OFFICE, DETROIT THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE, west front street, over OVERELL'S STORE, opposite GLASGOW WARE HOUSE, BELLEVILLE,

on all the various diseases of the Head, Throat, and Chest, including the Eye, Ear, and Heart.

The Doctor will also attend to all

Chronic, Blood and Nervous diseases.

Over 20,000 successfully treated at our Head Office in Detroit since 1870.

The very best references given from all parts of Canada from those already cured.

All diseases of the respiratory organs treated by Medicated Inhalations combined with proper constitutional remedies. Consultation free. If possible call for examination, otherwise write for a list of questions.

ADDRESS—

DRS. WILLIAMS and NASH,
Belleville, Ont.

P. S.—Office hours from 9 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Living but yet Dead!

Full of Expression, Life, Character and Position, yet it is only a Photograph made by BROCK & CO., Photographers.

The Facts are

Our customers admire our Instantaneous Process. Think of only being asked to sit three or four seconds. What a blessing this warm weather.

D. A. JOHNSTON, M. D., C. M.

PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto; Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

Local Lines.

—It is still smoky.

—Bush fires are still raging.

—The whole world mourns.

—Local news scarce this week.

—Who envys Guiteau's position?

—Cool weather has returned from the sea side.

—The telegraph line on the Grand Junction has been completed as far as Campbellford.

—The funeral of the late President Garfield will take place at Cleveland, Ohio, on Monday.

—You may be poor, you may be unknown, you may never reach your destination. Still, you can shut the door.

—Thursday, the 20th of October has been set apart by the Dominion Government as the annual Thanksgiving Day.

—A slight rain fell this morning, but not enough to check the progress of the raging fires throughout the country.

—Mrs. Wright is exhibiting the finest stock of grapes we have seen for some time, also a large variety of biscuits.

—Grain buyers are sitting on street corners anxiously watching and waiting for the farmers to come along with their grain.

—The bush fires have burned down portions of the new telegraph line along the G. J. R. They are now being repaired.

—Don't forget the Tea-meeting at Allen Settlement in the Presbyterian church. Preparations have been made for a crowd.

—This country consumes 14,880 barrels of kerosene every day. The proportion of servant girls to the barrel has not yet been determined.

—There will be 240 pupils admitted into the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Belleville, during the ensuing season, 50 or 60 of whom will be new ones.

—The circulation of the blood has been demonstrated by the microscope, and the proof of the circulation of Esterbrook's Pens is that they are found everywhere.

—We beg to draw attention to the advertisement of S. A. Davis, whose business, under active and thorough management, has all along been steadily and rapidly on the increase, and well deserves the best of patronage.

As a Family Medicine Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters are rapidly taking the place of pills, they are equally effectual, do not gripe, weaken, or produce nausea and are purely vegetable. In large 8 oz. bottles at 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

—Since July last the Rev. Mr. Hutton has been suffering more or less every week from the Malarial fever, but is at present slightly better. Notwithstanding his sickness he is busily engaged pushing the erection of the new church at Hart's Corners. The work began this week, and with the liberal assistance promised and expected the Building Committee are resolved to have the building completed ready for dedication by the first of December next.

Exodus.

Another of our promising young men, Mr. D. S. Jenkins, left our thriving village yesterday for the West, where he has accepted an engagement as telegraph operator, in Winnipeg city. We wish him success.

Cheap Reading.

The NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW and the Toronto *Daily World* will be furnished to subscribers at the rate of $3.50 per annum, payable in advance. See advertisement of the *World* in another column.

Bruin in Town Again.

Last evening another large bear was observed within the corporation of this village, near the schoolhouse, but was not molested until this morning when three men with their dogs got on track intending to make it lively for him.

M. E. Church.

The Rev. Mr. Hutton will fill his pulpit next Sunday both morning and evening,—the morning theme: the sad and mournful event "the death of the late President Garfield." Evening subject: "The Tower of Babel and its Lessons."

Compulsory Education.

It may not be generally known, but it is the fact, that the Act passed last session amending the School Law states that children over 7 years of age and under 13 are required to attend school for a period of not less than 55 days in each half-year; that the parents or guardians are directly responsible for such attendance, and that trustees are required to notify such parents of any neglect of duty in this respect.

Bible-Class Meeting.

On Thursday evening, the 29th inst., the Rev. Mr. Manley, Agent of the Bible Society, will hold a meeting in the Presbyterian church. Last year the meeting was held in the Canada Methodist, and next year the Executive Committee intend having it in the Methodist Episcopal church. Mr. Manley's subject will be "The Revision and Circulation of the Scriptures," one of very great interest and it is to be hoped a large attendance will be present.

Railway Accident.

On Monday morning last, a young man named Archibald Houston, a brakeman on the Grand Junction, was killed near Peterborough. It appears Houston was in the act of passing from one car to another, and while on the ladder between the two cars, his foot slipped and he fell through on to the track, the train passing over him almost severing his body at the abdomen. When picked up he was quite dead. The remains were taken to Peterborough, where his parents live. The deceased was about nineteen years of age, and much respected by all who knew him.

CHEESE MARKET.

INGERSOLL, September 20.—Twenty factories registered 7,375 boxes of cheese, all August make; no sales; 12½c. offered and refused; holding for 12¾c and 13c for August, September, and the balance of the season, and is not offered.

A New Pest.

A Barton farmer has been examining his potatoes, and he finds that his entire crop has been ruined by a new pest, a sort of a grub or worm, which works its way into the tubers, and eats out the centre. The cavity is filled with ova. The grub is about three-quarters of an inch long, dark brown, and having a hard black head and strong jaws. A number of people, who have examined the destructive grub say they never saw anything of the kind before. It is not known whether the ravages of this new pest have been general.

The County Gaol.

The weak points in our County Gaol are gradually being found out. On Sunday evening last, between five and six o'clock, three prisoners named William and James Ross, sent up for horse stealing, and Lewis Page, confined for burglary, managed to make their exit from gaol without the consent of the authorities, by cutting through some boards in a vacant cell through which the hot air pipes pass, and getting into the hall, thence to the outside. They were seen by the gaoler's mother-in-law who at once gave the alarm, and they were at once pursued. In thirty-five minutes from the time of their escape the fugitives were captured and brought back to gaol. Since their return the three have been confined in separate cells. It is probable after a few more culprits have made their escape from within its walls, the authorities will make the gaol prison-tight.

North Hastings Teachers' Association.

The next session of the North Hastings Teachers' Association will be held in this village on Thursday and Friday, October 6th and 7th. The following is the programme: Thursday, 10 to 12.—Routine Business. Railway System of Ontario, Mr. Rowe. English History, Mr. Kirk. 2 to 5 p.m.—Spelling, Mr. Mackintosh, I.P.S. Geography of North America, Miss McDermid. Reading to Second, Third, and Fourth Classes, Mr. Smith, I. P. S., Hamilton. 7:30 p. m.—A public lecture will be delivered by J. A. Jaques, D. D., on the subject of "Enthusiasm." Friday, 9 to 12 a. m.—Writing, Mr. Robinson, Com. College. Grammar, Mr. Smith, I.P.S. 1:30 to 4:30 p.m.—Canadian History, Mr. Smith, I.P.S. Address to Teachers, Mr. Mackintosh, I.P.S. Question Drawer. Readings by Messrs. Rowe, Beall and Armour, and Misses McDermid and Christie, will be given at intervals during the session of the convention.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges.

Typhoid fever is said to be prevalent in some parts of Hamilton.

Picton bakers have formed a ring and are charging 14 cents per four pound loaf.

An abundant crop of wild strawberries is now being harvested around Waterloo, Que.

Two children got adrift on a door on the river at Montreal on the 16th. They were picked up after drifting ten miles.

The *Ontario* says potatoes are getting dear. They are now selling at 75c. per bush. The crop is a poor one this season.

A woman named Sullivan, from Tyendinaga, has been pronounced insane and has been ordered to the asylum at Kingston.

Mr. Jas. A. Orr, of the Trent Valley *Advocate*, illumined the interior of our sanctum with his presence on Tuesday of last week.—*Picton Gazette.*

Trenton is apparently determined in its efforts to establish water-works as a competent engineer has be authorized to prepare plans and estimates for the same.

The hop harvest in the Napanee district is expected to be about a third over the average, but in consequence of the scarcity of help the growers are afraid of losing considerably.

Hundreds of cattle were frozen to death during a "norther" which struck Arkansas lately, while Thursday last four deaths from sunstroke were reported in New York.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* has been in St. Johns, Que., during the past few days endeavouring to gather information that will prove that Vice-President Arthur was born on Canadian soil.

A farmer residing near Shannonville had his trunk burst open on Monday of last week and $23.75 stolen therefrom. A young lad in the farmer's employ, who disappeared afterwards, is supposed to be the thief.

Mosquitoes around Oakville are enormous, frequently 1¼ inch in length, and they keep beerin' their bills into the people's flesh. They work the folks on drive-well plan, and pump up the blood with enormous rapidity. —*Standard.*

T. Cook's advance gang of men left here this morning for his lumber shanties, to clear the ground and straighten matters up for the winter's work. They were about thirty in all, under the charge of their foreman, Anderson.—Peterborough *Review.*

Lucan outrages have not wholly subsided yet. Two barns belonging to James Marr, in the township of McGillivary, five miles from Lucan, together with all the contents, were burned down at one o'clock a.m., on the 19th. Loss, $2,000. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

An old man named Carney and his son while returning home from Napanee, along one of the gravel roads in Thurlow, one day last week, met with an accident by their horses running away, which has since resulted in the old man's death. They were both under the influence of liquor.

A Dundas girl named Jane Mulligan, while visiting Rochester last week, was taken to a house of ill-fame by a hackman, who assured her it was a respectable boarding-house. The proprietor, however, told the girl the place was not a proper home for her, and handed her over to the authorities. The police are looking for the hackman, and should they capture him he should be made an example of.

THE ROAD TO OTTAWA.

Work on the T. & O. R.R. goes briskly on. A few days ago we took a stroll over the road in company with the engineer, Mr. W. R. Russell, and were surprised at the amount of work accomplished since our last visit a few weeks ago, considering the difficulties which have had to be encountered. Both engineer and contractors affirm that the first mile, from the corporation to Mr O. Dingman's lot, is the hardest on the whole stretch. The bulk of the men are now at work on a long and heavy "fill" and two deep "cuts" across Mr. W. H. Tuller's property, which are the heaviest on the contract. From this point east the road will be comparatively easy of construction until the hills at Bridgewater are encountered. One particularly noticable feature is that the work is being well done. Mr. Russell understands his business well, and, with the contractors, gives personal attention to the work, a first-class road bed being the result. About the same force of men and teams as at first are still engaged. The monthly pay sheets of the contractors show that between $4,000 and $5,000 are being paid out monthly.

Hon. Billa Flint, while in the village a few days ago, was driven over the road by Mr. Parr. He expressed himself as highly pleased with everything he saw, and wished the road "god-speed."

The right-of-way has been purchased from this village to Bridgewater, we understand, and nearly all the deeds made out and signed.

Mining Notes.

It will interest Canadian iron miners to learn that the Cleveland iron masters have appointed a committee to confer with Scotch masters for a reduction of the output. This has advanced the price of iron.

A gentleman who reurned last week from the township of Kaladar informs us that large numbers of speculators are visiting the mines every week and the hotels in the vicinity are reaping a rich harvest. Mr. Green an experienced California and Brazil gold miner has been the most prominent of the late arrivals. He seemed very much impressed with the indications but our informant says there is no truth in the report that he made an offer of $250,000 for a claim. A number of new openings have been made but is impossible at present to say what the value of the ore possesses, as a great deal of it has not been analyzed. There is no question, however, but that gold and other valuable minerals are deposited there, and that if the mines should get into the hands of an energetic company developments would result that would surprise people. The trouble seems to be now that there is a disposition on the part of the owners of the property to delay development and hold out for fancy prices. We were on Monday shown a quantity of quartz taken from one of the mines by Mr. O. Herring, Sr., which he is endeavoring to get analyzed. It has the appearance of silver but Mr. Herring is not prepared to express an opinion as to what it is. Mr. Herring is known to be an experienced miner and when he acknowledges his inability to judge in a case of this kind, little weight can attach to the opinion of men of little or no experience. As soon as Mr. Herring gets some samples he has in his possession analyzed he purposes going back to Kaladar on a prospecting tour which it is expected will be some time next week.—*Napanee Express.*

Elzevir and Grimsthorpe Council.

Bridgewater, 29th Aug., 1881.

Council met pursuant to adjournment. All members present. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

On motion, the Road Commissioner was instructed to lay out a road from 4th con. to line commencing at and crossing lots 9 and 10, and to examine as to the best means of getting a road to S. Gratrex's, and to lay out a road commencing at south side 16 in 4th, running across part lot 16 in 4th, 16 in 5th, part 17 in 5th to 6th con. line on lot 17 in 6th, and report upon the same at next meeting. He presented a report that he had examined road to Richard Lindsay's place between 8th and 9th cons. found there would have to be 40 or 50 rods of crossway and a good deal of grading to be done. Report received.

On motion, the following grants were made: An additional ten dollars on road leading to John Groves'; ten dollars to T. Lindsay (payable in one year) to cover three crossways on road leading to his place, to the satisfaction of Mr. Burns, five dollars to M. Tummeny, a pauper, for support, and six dollars to F. Thompson, W. Wiggins and E. James for examining Collector's Rolls from 1875 to 1880, and preparing a report of the names of all parties in arrears of taxes, and $1 to Wm. Trotter for repair of Trotter Bridge.

An account of Messrs. Orr Bros. of $22.94 for printing was ordered to be paid.

The Clerk read a communication from the County Clerk stating that $1243.33 would be required for county purposes; also the requisitions from the various School Sections as follows:—S. S. No. 1, $500; S. S. No. 2, $185; S. S. No. 3, $300; S. S. No. 4, $226; S.S. No. 5, $150; S.S. No. 6, $237.62; S. S. No. 7, $200, upon which it was moved by Mr. McLean, seconded by Mr. Harrison, that the following amounts on the dollar be levied to meet the sum:—2¼ cents on $ for County indebtedness, 1¼ mills General School rate and for Section School rates, 1¾ cents for S. S. No. 1, 1 3-20 cents for S. S. No. 2, 1¼ cts. for S.S. No. 3, 7 mills for S.S. No. 4, 1¼ cts. for S.S. No. 5, 1 7-20 cts. for S.S. No. 6, and 1 cent for S.S. No. 7. And a By-law embodying the above was read three times, passed and numbered 87.

The Collector returned his Rolls which, on motion, were returned to continue collection till next meeting of Council in October.

Council adjourned till ten o'clock a. m. 31st October.

Dr. Carson never claimed for his Stomach and Constipation Bitters any MIRACULOUS POWER OF HEALING, but with the quiet consciousness of their medicinal virtues he prescribes them to all those who suffer from any derangement of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys. In large 8 oz. bottles at 50c Sold by all Druggists.

SIGN OF THE CIRCULAR SAW.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

—(o)—

Just received one Case of

CROMPTON'S CORSETS.

D. C. CLARKE.

CLOTHING.

—:o:—

We are now receiving one of the largest stocks of Ready Made Clothing ever shown in Madoc, all of which will be sold at prices far below its value.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, July 6th, 1881.

STIRLING AND MADOC

PUMP FACTORY!

THE undersigned has leased the shop previously occupied by R. SIMMONS as a Pump Factory, and is now prepared to furnish

Pumps of the Latest Styles on the shortest notice

All Pumps not bearing my name and recommended as my make are an imposition.

A CALL SOLICITED.

A. L. SAYLOR,

Madoc, June 16th, 1880. Madoc and Stirling.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash AND Blind Factory

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

How He Made It.

One sweltering day in hot July
A beer saloon he wandered by

And seeing that he was not seen,
He entered at the swinging screen.

And to rebuke the drinking man
Whom he observed around him then,

He ordered, as he knew he'd ought ter,
A glass of pure, clear, crystal water.

He set it down: "Ah, ha," said he,
"Cold water is the drink for me."

And so, to make it cold and nice,
He pounded in a little ice.

Healthful and good, sliced very thin,
He dropped a little lemon in.

And then he said: "Sweet to the sweet"
And stirred some sugar in the treat.

To kind of brace the mixture up,
He dashed some bitters in the cup.

Then just a leetle whiskey—well,
Say twenty-fives of nonpareil.

And while he stirred it with a spoon
He sang, in gleeful tones, this tune:

"Water, cold water, pure and free,
Water is the drink for me."

He raised his head; loud, loud he laughed,
And to the dregs the goblet quaffed.

A GUILTLESS PRODIGAL.

By the Author of "HONOURS DIVIDED," "A CAPTIVE'S CAPTIVE," &c.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"No, we—at least I—had been quarrelling," I inform him, with the proverbial candour of the Churchill family. "And when you came in I was crying."

"Crying, were you? I though you were laughing!"

"Ah, that was the reaction!" I say demurely.

The announcement that tea is ready puts an end for the present to my cousinly confidence.

The drawing-room looks very cosy with its cheery fire and inviting little tea-table. We have no gas; and the soft mellow lamplight gives the old-time room a comfortable homely appearance. I give one swift regretful thought to my absent husband, away on his sad, sad errand this weird tempestuous evening, and then and there I register a mental vow that this our first quarrel shall be our last.

"What a jolly room this is!" remarks Wilfrid Yorke. "There's nothing startling about it. Anything violent in the way of blues and greens invariably gives me the headache. Robert certainly has an eye for the beautiful."

Carefully as the compliment is veiled, I cannot fail to detect it; and my face flushes hotly under the look which points the words.

"Do you like your tea sweet, Mr. Yorke?" I ask hurriedly.

"Yes, thanks, in this instance. As a rule, I don't take sugar; but I require something sweet as an antidote to the 'Mr. Yorke.' If you persist in calling me that, I shall think I'm not welcome, and will take myself off by the very next train to Edinburgh. Come, be a good little girl, and drop that hateful 'Mr.' By-the-by, what is your name?" he asks, with sudden interest.

"What should you think?"

He mentions several high-flown appellations, to each of which I return a laughing negative.

"It's of no use; I shall have to give it up. I don't believe I ever guessed anything correctly in my life. I'm an awful muff at that sort of thing," he says in comical despair.

So I take pity upon him, and impart the desired information.

"I like 'Grisel;' there's a quaint grace about it. One gets so tired of Ethels and Mands, Mabels and Geraldines. I hate fanciful names. They're only patronized now by the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker. I don't believe I've ever fallen in love with a girl with a fanciful name. My first sweetheart, and she was an awfully pretty little thing—I always chose little women—was a Mary."

"And your last?" I interrupt laughingly.

"'Where and how shall I earliest meet her?
What are the words she first will say?
By what name shall I learn to greet her?
I know not now, but 'twill come some day,'"

he quotes with his lazy, pleasant smile. "Grisel"—and the familiar title slips out quite easily—"do you know it is a bad thing to possess a large heart? I should have been a respectable Benedict long ago if mine had been smaller. I suppose the truth is, as the novels say, I haven't met my fate. There's not the least doubt in the world that she'll 'come some day'—don't you think so?"

Before I can reply, I hear a well-known footstep ascending the stairs.

"Here is Mr. Yorke!" I exclaim joyfully.

Can it be that a frown gathers upon that handsome brow as I announce my husband's approach? No, it must be fancy, for when Mr. Yorke enters the room, Mr. Wilfrid greets him with effusion. But, if the frown exists only in my imagination, I am sure of one thing, that my husband's reception of his cousin is constrained and cool; and I, who am the very soul of hospitality, feel both angry and ashamed that it should be so. A great deal of my recent penitence dies a sudden death at those few chill words of greeting. If Robert does not fulfil his duty as host at least I will fulfil mine as hostess.

So I laugh and talk with Wilfrid Yorke all through dinner, and scarcely address a remark to my husband. I cannot help pitying him, he looks so jaded and tired; but I tell myself that in this case I am acting upon principle. Once or twice the blue eyes meet mine sorrowfully, reproachfully; and I avert my foolish head with a gesture of superb disdain.

Wilfrid Yorke is excellent company. He is special correspondent for one of our leading papers, an occupation which renders him a most entertaining companion. His brilliant conversational powers, polished manners, and fascinating face completely dazzle me. I feel a childish pride in being related to this literary lion, and determine to invite Leo to meet him without delay. I even plan to find her sunday acquaintance, that she may shine to the utmost advantage in those fastidious eyes. For I feel certain they would not deign to look a second time at a badly-dressed woman, were she a veritable Venus. If Leo thought his portrait "perfectly ethereal," what will she think of him in the fresh and evening-dress?

Yes, I must give him a dinner-party, a cosy little family affair—just papa and mamma, Leo and my lion, and it shall be this day week—Christmas Eve. Christmas Day my husband and I are to spend at home—my real, dear old home. Accordingly I fix upon the preceding evening as the most appropriate for my festivities.

Anxious to secure my roving lion, I proceed, without waiting to consult the head of the house, to invite him then and there. He readily accepts the invitation; and it is only after it has been tendered and accepted that I suddenly awake to the fact of having committed an astounding breach of etiquette and an unwarrantable act of presumption. I glance deprecatingly across at my husband. He looks even more surprised and displeased than I expected. No wonder; he has good reason to be angry; still he might take into consideration that I am little more than a mere child, and but a novice in the rules and regulations of polite society.

He must be sorely offended, for, when Wilfrid Yorke prepares to take his leave, which he does soon after dinner, my husband proposes to accompany him to the station; and for the second time this evening I am left alone. Surely a husband ought to prefer his wife's company to any man's upon earth, let alone that of one whom he evidently dislikes! I feel hurt, mortified, angry. I take out my watch. It is only nine o'clock, ridiculously early to go to bed! Yet it will serve him right! I will—and I do.

CHAPTER IV.

It is Christmas Eve, the day of our dinner-party. Papa, mamma, and Leo have already arrived, mamma looking very lady-live and pretty in her black silk dress and cream-color cap, Leo flushed and radiant, and with a new dress to do honour to the occasion. It is nothing very remarkable, only dark ruby cashmere, made *en princesse*, a style admirably adapted to show off the waving outlines of her exquisite figure. She wears a pretty Indian muslin Olivia cap and fichu trimmed with soft falling lace, and her long mittens and elbow-ruffs give her a quaint picturesque appearance rather foreign to fashionable Leo. She is so essentially modern in a general way. I suppose she wishes to please my artistic husband. If so, her wish is gratified, for I see the grave blue eyes light up with sudden admiration when together we enter the drawing-room, and I know it is not meant for me. I must be growing dreadfully wicked to feel so jealous of my idolised sister as I do this moment.

Ever since that memorable evening, a week ago, "the little riff within the lute" has been slowly widening. I still persist in addressing my husband by the formal title he so heartily dislikes to hear from his wife's lips. I cannot tell how it is, but I seem to have suddenly become possessed with an evil spirit which urges me on to provoke him in every possible way. At one time I am sullen, at another defiant, at another coolly indifferent; but never the Grisel of yore. I never have treated him to any very demonstrative display of affection, for that I do not love this grave middle-aged husband of mine is no secret even to himself. I respect, admire, in fact almost venerate him; but I do not love him. He is not the style of man to take a young girl's fancy, and I married him more for the novelty of the thing than anything else. Married in haste, shall I repent at leisure? Have I already begun to repent?

"Mr. Yorke," announces our solemn old butler in his funereal tones; and Leo's whispered exclamation, "Oh, Grisel, what a gem!" effectually rouses me from my untimely reverie.

I advance to greet Wilfrid Yorke with downcast eyes and painfully burning cheeks, conscious that my liege lord is watching my every movement. But, "variable as the shade by the light quivering aspen made," my embarrassment rapidly gives place to defiance, and I smile my sweetest smile into the dark handsome face of the enemy.

"You are late, Wilfrid," I say, with careless familiarity. "Mamma, allow me to introduce you to my new cousin, Mr. Wilfrid Yorke."

Under cover of my long lashes, I steal a side-glance at the tall figure over by the mantelpiece and note with wicked satisfaction the blank surprise depicted upon my husband's countenance. Then I proceed to introduce Leo.

I am disappointed. I verily believe that I must have expected Wilfrid Yorke to fall prostrate at the feet of such imperial loveliness as my sister's. Instead of which, he goes through the introduction with perfect composure and the easiest of society smiles.

"There's not much likeness between you and your sister, Miss Churchill," I overhear him remark when we are proceeding to the dining-room.

"No, we are seldom taken for sisters," responds Leo in her pretty plaintive tones. "Grisel is so much darker than I am."

"Grisel is the ugly duckling," I say, looking over my shoulder with a reckless little laugh.

"Grisel should remember that this is not the time for indulging in piscatorical pursuits. The present state of the atmosphere is too chilly."

Something in the look which accompanies the softly spoken *double entente* causes me to instantly avert my head and address some random remark to papa.

Dinner passes off very pleasantly. My husband is far too perfect a gentleman to allow any sign of his grievances to appear. He and papa always get on well together; and, when we leave the gentlemen to their wine they are deep in a spirited discussion of the school-board question, a subject of which Wilfrid Yorke soon grows weary, and he follows us to the drawing-room.

He saunters across the room to where I am sitting toasting my rosetted toes at the blazing fire, my face sheltered from its scorching warmth by a dainty peacock's-feather fan, and lays his hand upon my shoulder.

"Have I interrupted a very interesting conversation?" he asks, addressing Leo, who is kneeling on the Persian rug warming her pretty little hands, a picturesque attitude, charming in its unstudied grace. Somehow Leo's attitudes always are picturesque.

"Oh, no!" she says, raising her beautiful startled eyes to his with a shy welcome. "We are not talking at all. One always feels so lazy after dinner."

"I wish I only felt lazy after dinner," he returns laughingly. "I'm sorry to say it's my normal condition."

"Then, why not sit down?" I say, pointing to a vacent chair on the other side of the fireplace; for, light and apparently careless as is the touch of that hand upon my shoulder, it makes me feel uncomfortable.

"Thanks; I prefer to stand and grow good. Do you sing, Miss Churchill?"

"No; Grisel is our nightingale," answers mamma hastily. "Grisel, I should like a song, if you can manage one so soon after dinner."

I have no difficulty in divining mamma's sudden desire for me to display my vocal powers; she does not approve of Wilfrid Yorke's cousinly familiarity, and, blushing guiltily, I instantly rise to comply with her request.

Just as I take my seat at the piano, my husband and papa come in.

"Ah, that's right, Grisel; warble away!" says papa, making straight for the empty seat beside mamma. I never met such a perfect specimen of Derby and Joan as those two are.

"What shall it be?" I ask, wheeling round and facing the company.

"Something Scotch," suggests papa.

"Yes, something Scotch," echoes Wilfrid Yorke, taking up his position by the piano. "Do you know 'Auld Robin Gray'? That is a capital song. Have you ever heard Nilsson sing it?"

"No. I—I can't sing that—I mean I would rather not," I stammer, my better nature for the moment reasserting itself.

The man by my side smiles, but does not press the point; and I make my own selection, "And ye shall walk in silk attire," one of the sweetest ballads ever written. My voice is my strong point. It is a powerful soprano; and, thanks to a professional acquaintance, well cultured. I can always sing better when labouring under any excitement, and to-night I feel that I am surpassing myself.

"By Jove, your voice would make a fortune!" exclaims Wilfrid Yorke when the song comes to an end and I rise from the music-stool. "No, don't get up yet! I vote an encore"—and he lays a detaining hand upon my arm.

I laughingly shake it off.

"No; it is some one else's turn," I say quickly. Don't you sing, Mr. Yorke?"

"Sometimes, when I can prevail upon any one to accompany me."

"Leo will play for you," I reply. But, to my chagrin, Leo politely declines. I fancy she is piqued at his cool reception of my offer.

"What have you here that I know?" he asks, taking up the book of Scotch songs and running his finger down the index. "'Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.' That will do as well as any other."

And, in a sweet tenor voice, he sings the charming old ballad.

"Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch?
She vowed, she swore she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best of ony;
But, oh, the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnnie!

"Oh, she was a canty quean,
Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch?

"Don't you feel well, Robert?" I hear mamma inquire anxiously.

My hands fall from the keys, and in sudden alarm I turn round and see my husband's face is blanched even to the lips.

"Go, on, Grisel. It is nothing but a passing faintness," he says, almost impatiently. Then, seeing mamma's look of surprise, he adds, with an apologetic smile, "I have been working rather hard lately; my nerves are unstrung."

But I play no more; and, to my unbounded relief, Wilfrid Yorke for the remainder of the evening devotes himself most assiduously to Leo. As for me, I wander aimlessly about, feeling inexpressibly miserable and longing for the evening to come to an end. It has been arranged that Leo is to spend a week with us, dating from to-morrow night; and I notice how her companion's face brightens as she communicates the intelligence to him.

"I must run down occasionally and see that they treat you properly," he says laughing. "By-the-bye, Miss Churchill, do you skate?"

"A little," Leo answers, looking very flushed and happy. "Grisel is the best skater in our family. She can cut all the figures, and does the outer edge to perfection."

"We must have a morning on the Serpentine. There's no skating to be had anywhere about here. I can't for the life of me, think how my cousin could pitch his tent in this out-of-the-way hole. He's a perfect martyr to philanthrophy. Don't you wonder how your sister keeps her roses in this vitiated air?" asks Wilfrid, glancing toward my vulgarly-healthful countenance.

But I do not see fit to return the glance, although I think he expects me to do so.

"Grisel always has a colour; I wish I had!"—and Leo heaves a pathetic little sigh.

I do not catch his reply, for it is evidently intended for my sister's ear; but it has the effect of gratifying Leo's wish for the time being.

* * * * * * *

"Dear Grisel,—Enclosed you will find a box-order for the Gaiety. I know it would be a doubtful compliment to ask Robert to accompany you; therefore if you and your sister care to make use of the order and me, kindly wire back to my club, and I shall be most happy to afford you the shelter of my wing. With kind remembrances to all from

"Yours very faithfully,
"WILFRID YORKE.

"P.S.—Excuse brevity. I am literally 'pressed' for time."

"It's of no use, Leo; we can't go!" is my despondent comment when, together, we have mastered the contents of the missive.

"Why not?" demands Leo half angrily.

"Mr. Yorke doesn't approve of theatres."

"My sister's pretty lip curls contemptuously.

"But he is not asked to approve of them. If we choose to go, he won't have to answer our sins. And, what's more, I intend to go. Therefore"—with a little shrug of the shoulders—"I must have a chaperon, and who so correct as my married sister?"

"But, Leo——"

"But, Grisel, I have made up my mind," she interrupts quietly.

There is a moment's silence, during which I stand staring at the note in my hand, a prey to a fierce internal conflict between duty and inclination.

"Leo, it is impossible; he will never allow it," I say at length, throwing down the note with a gesture of despair.

"Allow!"—elevating her brow. "I always gave you credit for possessing a will of your own."

Verily Leo knows how to play upon my weakness. With flaming cheeks and defiant eyes, I catch up the letter and order and proceed boldly to my husband's study. I find him writing, his head resting upon his hand and his brow puckered with deep thinking. He does not hear me enter, so engrossed is he in his subject.

I cough. Still he does not hear.

"Mr. Yorke."

"What is it Grisel?"

There is something so infinitely touching in the utter weariness of the tone and the wistful tenderness of the blue eyes that I waver before striking the blow. Leo and inclination *versus* my husband and duty! Ought not the former to give place to the latter? Undoubtedly, answers conscience. But then I love my sister, and I do not love my husband. And—must I confess it?—mingled with my love for my sister lurks a cowardly fear of incurring her ridicule. Leo wins the day.

"I—that is to say, we—have had a letter from your cousin," I falter, holding forth with unsteady fingers the little rough sheet of Early English paper bearing Wilfrid Yorke's club address.

He takes it from me in silence, and reads it through without comment.

"There can only be one answer to that, Grisel, he says quietly.

"And that?" I interrogate sharply.

"Need my wife ask?"

Although the words are spoken with evident reluctance, their impart is the same.

"You mean that you do not wish us to go?" I say stolidly.

"Would you wish to go without me, darling?" he asks, stretching out his arm and attempting to draw me to him.

But, with a gesture of repulsion, I shrink back.

"I don't see why Leo should suffer for your foolish scruples?" I answer, with withering contempt. "You won't have to answer for our sins." Were I in my right mind I should bitterly regret the cruel words which, for the moment, rob my husband of the power of speech and cause him to wince with sudden pain. But I am not—I cannot be—for in a hard dry voice I continue—"Of course I should have preferred going with your consent; but, as you choose to withhold it, I am forced to go without it. I cannot sacrifice one of Leo's few pleasures to a mere nonsensical whim!"

"Grisel!"

Only one word are those white drawn lips capable of framing; and surely my heart must have suddenly changed to stone that I listen unmoved to its piteous agony.

I wait to hear or say no more, but sweep scornfully from the room, leaving my husband to do battle with the cruellest pain he has ever known.

We go to the Gaiety; I even enjoy myself—at least I tell myself and Wilfrid York that I do. Never have I laughed more gaily or bandied such brilliant repartee. For the first time in my life, I am conscious of eclipsing Leo. She is not at her best to-night; all day she has been suffering from a sick headache, which has robbed her face of its dainty bloom and left dark shadows under her eyes. But, flushed with excitement, and attired in the prettiest of evening dresses, I have never achieved such a success; and, when Wilfrid Yorke takes my hand in parting, he softly quotes—

"'How happy I had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!'"

I only laugh, for I am beginning to understand the value of Wilfrid Yorke's pretty speeches and languishing glances, so pay little heed to them.

CHAPTER V.

Having once set my husband's authority at defiance, I feel no compunction in repeating the offence. Leo's visit has already been protracted to a fortnight, and almost every day Wilfrid Yorke plans some new form of mild dissipation. Undoubtedly he is fast surrendering to my sister's alluring beauty; and I am well pleased that pretty refined Leo should secure such an eligible *parti* as my husband's cousin certainly is. True he may be a little gay; but, when men like Wilfrid Yorke marry, they generally settle down; moreover, who is so fond of fashionable life as Leo? And, although she has not taken me into her confidence, I know that with her it has been a case of love at first sight. Young as she is—little more than seventeen—and secluded as our lives have hitherto been, she has had her admirers; but the love has been all on their side. Like the "Lady of the Lea," Leo is "fanciful exceedingly." She will marry well, or not at all. It has always been an understood thing amongst us that Leo is to make a grand alliance. We have looked higher than Wilfrid Yorke; we have even aspired to a title for our fair imperious young queen.

As she stands by the window, clad in a loose blue flannel morning wrapper, her white hands idly folded, her exquisite profile thrown into striking relief by the dark sombre background of the velvet curtain, the winter sun casting a faint halo around her golden head, I think what a sensation such beauty as this would create in the fashionable world. It seems almost cruel that she should be "born to bloom unseen." Still, if she marries Wilfrid Yorke, she will hold a very fair position; for he is an only son, and has good, if not exactly great, expectations. And then she loves him. I am beginning to attach more importance to love than I used to before I married. What is life without it?

"Life without love's a load, and time stands still;
What we refuse to him, to death we give;
And then—then only, when we love, we live."

My life just now is a heavy load; recklessly gay as I may appear to outward seeming, at heart I am most miserable. I know not what I want. It cannot be my husband's love, for I have thrust that from me and laughed it to scorn. It is not that I am in love with any other man. We Churchills have been brought up with too stern a sense of morality to violate its laws even in thought. Yet, restless, feverish, and wretched, I know no peace by night or day; and the more I endeavour to drown my misery in pleasure the more unhappy I become.

Since that first act of open defiance to his wishes, my husband has ceased to in any way interfere with my movements. I go where I like and when I like; not one reproachful word do his lips utter. But day by day his face grows more careworn and sad, and the lines on his brow more deeply furrowed. His very forbearance irritates me. The first time I set eyes upon his portrait I pronounced him wanting in spirit, and my verdict was a correct one. Say what I may, or do what I may, I can only provoke sorrow, and not anger.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CLOWNERIES.

A spirited business—Manufacturing whiskey.

"Cranks" are people whose heads have been turned.

The man who fills "a long-felt void"—The dentist.

THE man at the telephone office always has a "holler back."

"The old man eloquent"—When he comes home a trifle off.

A PERAMBULATING billy goat is a part of the trashy little chewer of the day.

"You are not fond of money for itself?" "Oh, no," said Johnsonburg; "I am fond of it for myself."

Skilled engineers are said to be wanted on the railroads; but there's 'killed brakesmen enough on all of them.

"Smith," said Brown, "there's a fortune in that mine?" "I know said Smith; "I've put my fortune in it?"

If you judge a person by the clothes worn, how the blazes are you to form an estimate of a burlesque troupe?

Being asked how he liked the performance of a certain dramatic club, an author replied that he should hardly call it a club, but rather a collection of "sticks."

"Durn the dog!" he said. "I'll settle his hash for him when I go down there to see Kate to-night," And he proceeded to saturate the seat of his trousers with strychnine.

O'Mulligan—It's drink, sorr, 's the curse of ould Oirland. Drink! that makes a man "bate" his wife, starve his children, go out and shoot his landlord—and miss him too, bedad.

A piper in a Northumbrian town was once asked if he could play "Within a Mile o' Edinboro' Toon." "Within a mile!" he exclaimed; "Why, maun, I cud play within ten yards on't."

When a rural resort landlord thinks a city man is putting on too many airs, he merely says, as he hands him the key to his room at night: "Be careful to turn out the gas; don't blow it out."

"Gentlemen, a toast. Fill your glasses. May the rich sparkle of the wine, the delicate flavor—" "Be continued in our necks," suggested one of the guests, and the toast was imbibed slowly.

A young man from the country saw steam fire engines working at a conflagration upon his visit to the city, and asked his father, "What in thunder makes 'em heat the water by steam to put fire out with? Cold water is a darn sight better."

"What are yous politics?" the chaplain of the Iowa penitentiary asked of an intelligent-looking convict. "I have not come out for anybody yet," replied the convict, gazing placidly through the bars.

The vacation—summer is that season of the year in which a man carries his pockets full of railroads maps and summer-resorts prospectuses for a week and then decides to go where he did last year.

An inveterate wag, seeing a heavy door nearly off its hinges, in which condition of neglect it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.

This is what an "irreverent ribalt" said to his landlay last week: "You are the most economical woman I ever met. I believe you could board a ship, now, without laying in an extra stock of provisions."

An old man with a head as destitute of hair as a watermelon, entered an Austin avenue drug store and told the clerk he wanted a bottle of hair restorer. "What kind of hair restorer do you prefer?" "I reckon I'll take a bottle of red hair restorer. That was the color of my hair when I was a boy."

In the Pyrenees—A guide in showing off a remarkable echo to a band of tourists. "You will observe, ladies and gentlemen," he says with rapture, "how the sound is repeated from rock to rock, from crag to crag, and especially how beyond the frontier the echo replies with a perfectly distinguishable Spanish accent."

A poor appetite—A rather seedy-looking customer came into a restaurant on Austin avenue and said to the proprietor: "What do you ask for nicely-cooked beefsteak, well-done, with onions?" "Twenty-five cents." "And the gravy?" "Oh, we don't charge anything for the gravy." "You don't! That's liberal. How much do you charge for the bread?" "We throw in the bread." "Is it good bread?" "It is." "So you throw in the bread and gravy?" "Certainly." "Then bring me some bread and gravy. It's not healthy to eat meat in summer."

He Had His Choice.

"Walter," said one of our pork merchants to his 16-year old hope. "I don't mind how short you have your coats cut, so long as they strike you *somewhere* below the shoulder blades; neither does it trouble me to see you choking yourself to death in a pair of tight pants. Nor am I much concerned in how many scarf-pins you sport each day, or how large a bundle you carry to the laundry every twenty-four hours. Though the sight of your mustache, in its feeble efforts for life, makes me faint, yet I can bear up even under that, but let me ever catch you wearing your watch-chain on the outside of your coat, and you'll go to work in the store putting up groceries before you can say "quite too utter;" do you hear me?"

KATHINKA'S FATE.

Born in a Palace, Drowned in the Mississippi—A Woful Tale of a Lovely Woman.

From the Münstine Zeitung.

Kathinka de P., born on the 7th of September, 1850, was the only daughter of Count Michael de P., a great landowner in the vicinity of Warsaw. In the bosom of a loving family she spent the first twelve years of her life, which promised to end as happily as it began. In October, 1871, little Kathinka was send to a boarding school in the vicinity of Stuttgart, and afterwards completed her education at Lyons, in France, and at the Univerity of Zurich. In the summer of 1873 the young Countess returned to her father's castle fully developed in mind and body, an ornament to her sex, and the pride of her family. The next autumn she gave her hand to her lover, Victor de F. Victor was fully equal to his bride in mental and material advantages and the felicity of the young couple appeared to be secured against all attacks without. But how strange was their destiny!

The old count de P. and his wife had been involved in political controversies, which ended by both of them being banished to Siberia. Victor de F., who had played a role in the unfortunate movement, fled in time to the United States, and succeeded in finding a situation in Baltimore which gave but wretched support to himself and his wife. At the end of May he set out to find another situation, and on the 6th of July, provided with very slight means, they started for the far West. The journey was fortunate until they took the railroad between Chicago and Dubuque. In the cars of the Illinois Central Railroad the unlucky man was struck with apoplexy and died at once. Deprived of all means of help, the miserable wife, with her child six months old, arrived in Dubuque, where, with the aid of charitable persons, she was able to give her beloved husband a proper burial.

From Dubuque she desired to go to St. Louis, but her money only sufficed to take her as far as Davenport, and from there she was helped on to Muscatine. Here our acquaintance with the unlucky lady began. On July 26 Madam de F., an elegantly dressed lady of great beauty, came into our office and explained to us her situation. Tears flowed abundantly, and the deepest grief was printed upon every feature of her countenance. Without reserve she related to us the history of her life. We succeded in getting her a ticket to Burlington. Before her departure she handed us several family papers, a gold ring set with diamonds, her wedding ring, and a letter to her parents. It was on Friday last that we received the following lines:—

NEAR KEOKUK, Aug. 9, 1881.

RESPECTED SIR: When you receive these lines your protegee and her innocent child will no longer be among the living. They have sought and found eternal repose. I beg you earnestly to fulfil my last request in regard to the articles confided to you. Think kindly of an unfortunate one, whose last years of life were a long series of disappointments and privations. Farewell, my happiness, farewell!

KATHINKA DE P.

On receipt of these lines we sought for information whether the unfortunate lady had actually committed the rash deed of suicide and child murder, and we received from Hannibal, Mo., the answer that on Friday last the corpse of a woman whose dress and appearance answered our description had been brought ashore. Of the body of the child nothing has yet been discovered. The various articles confided to us were sent on the same day to Russia by Morris's European Express, accompanied by a letter and certificate of death.

Educated in splendor and riches, this daughter of one of the most aristocratic families of Europe ended her life in the waters of the Mississippi.

An Austrian Romance.

London Daily Telegraph.

A strange and romantic story reaches us from Olmutz, having for its hero a young lieutenant, named Pohl, belonging to an Austrian regiment at present quartered in that ancient town. It would appear that, some twenty years ago or more, a general, Prince Ruspoli, accompanied by his bride, to whom he had been married barely a month, happened to visit Olmutz in the course of his wedding tour. While sojourning in the principal hotel the Princess was suddenly taken ill, and brought into the world a healthy child of the male sex. For reasons that may be readily understood, the youthful couple resolved to conceal this event from their respective families and induced an Austrian officer to adopt the infant, under solemn promise that their secret should be faithfully kept by him during their lives. Pohl the officer in question, brought up his adopted son to his own profession, and the last has turned out a gallant and assiduous soldier. On the 8th of last May Prince Ruspoli died in Paris, and, it is alleged, that he confessed the existence of a son in Olmutz, born in lawful wedlock, but passing by the name of Pohl, who turns out to be the young lieutenant above alluded to. As the greater part of the late prince's property, valued at between £600,000 and £700,000, is strictly entailed upon his eldest son, it will naturally fall to the share of this fortunate youth, as well as the title, one of the most ancient and illustrious in Italy. He has, according to a Viennese journal, already received a communication from his brother, Prince Ruspoli, Jr., disinherited by this amazing discovery, informing him that the Prince had indignantly refused to entertain a proposition, made to him confidentially by a renowned Italian brigand, to assassinate the long-lost heir for the moderate consideration of £80 sterling. It is to be hoped that his Highness will provide amply for a relative who has given him so striking and conclusive a proof of highminded disinterestedness.

"Do you know who built the ark?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a little street Arab; and the little fellow replied, "Naw!"

SOME men, when they go to church, never think of studying the frescoing on the ceiling of the edifice until the collection plate is being passed around.

A student at Oxford university, on being asked "Who was Esau?" replied: "Esau was a man who wrote fables and sold his copyright for a mess of potash."

SPANISH BRIGANDS.

An Englishman's Experience—His Capture and Escape

From the London Telegraph.

The following details from Mr. John Lester, of Lowestoft, of his capture by and escape from Spanish brigands near San Sebastian have been received. Mr. Lester writes: "I had walked about sixty miles through some of the grandest scenery in the north of Spain, and, wishing to cross the French frontier that night, was pushing on rather late, when, about 9 o'clock and in a lonely part of the road, bordered with woods, midway between San Sebastian and Irun, I was accosted by a Spaniard, who asked a few simple questions, walking along by my side at the time. Some others had been either following or had stepped out from among the trees. I was suddenly felled to the ground from behind, and on recovering consciousness, some hours afterward, found myself in a dilapidated house or hovel, tied by the leg to a fastening in a corner of the smaller of its two divisions, stripped of all but my trousers and shirt, and with a bundle of straw for my bed. I will not attempt to describe my feelings on finding myself in such a position alone with and at the mercy of a gang of bloodthirsty robbers, perhaps infuriated at not gaining as much as they expected.

"Day succeeded day without anything of note being said. I was supplied periodically with bread and water, and I found the gang to consist of five men, three of whom were but indifferently armed. My capture had been effected on the night of Friday, July 8. On what I found afterwards to have been the night of Friday, July 15, having lost count of the days during my monotonous incarceration, thinking I had had sufficient of that place, and, moreover, being tormented with feelings of hunger, not having had anything given me since the previous evening, and having an idea that their neglect was a preliminary to my death in some shape or other, I resolved to strive for liberty. Having worked out a stone which I found rather loose in the wall near me, and having taken advantage of the darkness of my corner, I gnawed asunder the cord that bound me. I made for the door which opened into the other apartment, and there being but one guard left over me—the others being off on some other expedition—I watched for an opportunity. Presently it was afforded me. As the fellow sat with his back towards me, resting his head on his hands, I stole forward, holding my stone in readiness, and with one blow laid him on the floor. Then, snatching up a knife from the table, I ran out, and after wandering among the mountains most of the night found myself at daybreak on the highway, with my feet cut with the stones and my strength gone.

"I fainted. On coming round I attempted in vain to rise, when two men, coming along with a bullock cart, I asked for help. All they did was to prod me with their goads and march on. The laborers, now turning to their work in the field, and seeing my attempt to regain my feet, several of them pelted me with clods. I had little strength left, but at last I managed to get on my feet, and, having rested awhile to regain my strength, I staggered along to the town and waited upon the Vice Consul, who kindly provided me with food and clothes, after which I accompanied him before the Governor of the province to make my statement. Being weak and ill I found it necessary to enter the hospital for a few days, and am now gaining strength among the mountains of Biscay. The Spanish Government have the matter under consideration; but, as they do not undertake to indemnify persons from injury perpetrated by their subjects, I am told on good authority that I shall be lucky if they but allow me for what I have lost."

SHAVING THE FACE.

The Change of Fashion in Regard There to.

The staid old *Journal of Commerce* has an editorial on the change of fashion in regard to shaving the face. Thirty years ago, according to this authority, a few persons of foreign birth appeared in the streets with hair on the upper lip, and were objects of curiosity and sometimes of public ridicule. In 1850 some of the young swells of the metropolis began to wear mustaches, but for some time no clerk would venture to imitate them. In one case a merchant on Pine street who had just engaged a clerk for twelve months, or during good behavour, discharged him for wearing a full beard, claiming that the adoption of the fashion laid the clerk open to dismissal under the good behavior clause to the contract. About the same time a number of leading merchants gave notice that they would employ nobody who wore hair on the upper lip. As late as 1851 the senior proprietor of the *Journal of Commerce* made his cashier shave an incipient moustache, and soon after brought his own son under the razor. In the church of Dr. Bethune on Brooklyn Heights an elder who was suffering from a lame wrist allowed his beard to grow rather than submit to a barber. The habit, beginning in necessity, continued on account of the increase of comfort which it afforded, and the elder flaunted his beard before the congregation constantly. The result was laughable. Many of the brethren called upon the pastor to insist upon doing away with such a scandal as a full bearded elder. He led them to his library and showed them how some of the early fathers had pleaded against cutting off the beard. "He turned to Lactantius, Theodoret, St. Augustine and St. Cyprian, who had stoutly contended for the growth of the whole beard. He quoted from Clement, of Alexandria, the assertion that 'Nature adorned Men like a Lion, with a beard, as the mark of strength and power.' When one of the visitors asked him how he would like it if the clergy assumed the moustache, Dr. Bethune referred him to a decision of the fourth Council of Carthage (A. D. 252, can. 44), in which it was positively enacted that a cleric shall not shave his beard, and to a statement made by Luther in discussing this subject, that 'all the Protestant martyrs were burned in their full beards.'" This did not settle the matter, for subsequently the ladies of the congregation put in their protest. But in a few months a venturesome lawyer let his beard grow after the manner of the elder and in a little while smooth shaven faces were no longer the rule but the exception.

"Water-melon-choly scene," said the small boy when the farmer's dog chased him out of the patch.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The Deadly Climate—Terrible Condition of the Work People Employed There.

Nautche Zeitung.

The whole of the location of the canal which stretches through an endless morass and for the most part inhabited only by alligators and poisonous serpents, demonstrates the extraordinary unhealthiness of the country. There prevails a certain malarious fever which is even more dangerous than yellow fever. The nicknames of several places, such as "Europeans' Grave," "Fever Grotto," and "Death Zephyr," would alone suffice to prevent a thinking man from going there as a laborer. Only journals that are falsely informed would think of persuading laborers to set out for Panama.

There are about 100 colored men and 60 Europeans at work on the canal, and these are occupied with measurements and with cutting away the trees and climbing plants in the future bed of the canal. These jobs, however, advance very slowly. The murderous climate demands so many victims that about one-half of the workmen are continually sick. Already a mass of human skeletons are bleaching there; and as in its time the railway between Colon and Panama 47½ miles long, required a human victim for every inch, there will be no foot of this new enterprise which will not pay its tribute to death. It frequently happens that laborers are found dead in the woods. Physicians and medicines are scarce. At least there are none to be found at the right time or in the right place. Of hospitals for the poor victims there are as yet none that are satisfactory. Wretched barracks have been stuck up, which do not even keep out the rain.

The food that is given to the laborers is entirely inadequate. They get rice three times a day, coffee morning and evening, and at noon a very small piece of salt meat. Bread is never given. With all this, the men, who have to work in a heat of nearly 100 degrees for nearly ten hours a day, receive a miserable $17 a month. Out of this, also, the rainy days are deducted, when it is impossible to work.

The devices employed to make it difficult for laborers to get away from Panama can readily be understood. It is exceedingly easy to get there, and from almost almost all parts of the world ships bring men gratis; but when they wish to leave the prices are fabulously high. The Panama Railroad demands for its forty-seven miles the extraordinary fare of $25. All the laborers complain, and every one who has got money to get away hastens as quickly as possible, so as not to leave his bones there forever. Many go to Panama or Colon to buy their horses and ride off for Mexico or Costa Rica, where the climate is more healthy, but the wages are yet worse than at the canal. That newcomers find themselves in a most sad situation is easy to understand. Every man who leaves his home to subject himself to all possible fatigues and to that murderous climate is to be pitied. Even the speculators are bitterly disappointed in their expectations. Since the laborers earn as good as nothing, it is plain that they can only buy most indispensable things.

The first duty of the company should have been to provide for the erection of hospitals, in which the laborers should be treated gratis; and the second duty should have been to provide sufficiently good food; and, finally, wages should be raised and the time of work shortened. As long as this is not done the company will have to get its workmen from China. Rice and beans are abundant in the country, and the sons of the Middle Kingdom require nothing more.

Popular Delusions.

That milk is a compound of water, chalk and sheep's stomach. Milk always comes from the cow—a great way from the cow.

That brass-band music is unpleasant to the ear. We know of a man who has lived for years next door to a band room, and has never uttered one complaint in all that time. He is a deaf mute.

That railroads are intended for the benefit of corporations. They are intended for the benefit of the people—the people who hold the majority of stock.

That a small boy hates an overcoat. He loves it so well that he dislikes to wear it out.

That whistling is disagreeable. It is always agreeable—to the whistler.

That the market is overburdened with spring poetry. The waste-basket captures so much of it that but very little of it comes on the market.

That any fool can write poetry. It is only a fool here and there that can do it.

That women go to church to see other women's bonnets. They merely go to show their own.

That a boy thinks he knows more than his father. He only prides himself on his superior intelligence.

That a widow wears weeds to catch a husband. She would rather catch a man who is *not* a husband.

That a silver watch will tell the time just as well as a gold one. A gold watch will tell the time ten times to a silver watch's once, and be just as fresh as ever.

That shopkeepers never mark their goods below cost.

That the self-conceited man thinks that everybody is a fool. He does not include one person in that category—namely, himself.

That Bob Ingersoll talks against Christianity for the sake of his bread and butter. Bob never stoops to plain bread and butter. His lectures pay too well for that.

That extemporaneous speakers prepare their speeches beforehand. They get somebody else to do that.

That the average married man dislikes marriage. He is all the time yearning for another opportunity to enter the sacred state.

That parents love their children because the little ones are so much like themselves. That is just what they punish them for.

That people hate to be laughed at. Look at the low comedian, for instance.

That it is hard to attend to one's business. Lots of people think nothing of it, and have plenty of time to attend to the business of a score of others.

FASHION'S CURIOUS FREAKS.

How Defects are Hidden and Beauties Heightened.

Possibly no human being has ever existed who, at some time of his life, has not felt some anxiety to heighten his beauty or hide his defects by his attire. Beauty may not need "the foreign aid of attire," but from the poor savage with tattooed face and shell necklace, to the noble dame whose charms are enhanced by the flash of her diamonds and soft laces, the poet's advice has been practically scorned and disregarded. Every subject has its humorous side; and we select a few amusing instances of the ingenuity of both sexes in efforts to make themselves more lovely in each other's eyes.

The adoption of the fashionable ecru color in linen and laces has a parallel in the twelfth century. Isabella, daughter of Philip II., made a vow not to change her linen till Ostend was taken. Unfortunately, the siege lasted three years, a prolongation of time which did not possibly enter into the lady's head when her vow was made; yet her character for veracity was so high that it was believed she kept her vow; hence the ladies adopted as the fashionable color a yellowish dingy shade which they christened l'Isebeau.

The ladies of Greenland paint their faces green and yellow. It is not many years since that at the French court no lady was considered in full dress whose color was not heightened by rouge. In ancient Persia aquiline noses were much admired, and when there were rivals to the throne, other claims being equal, he who possessed the handsomest nose was proclaimed king. Consequently, noses were as much as possible molded by art. If the Peruvian ladies wear rings in their noses, ours do in their ears, which, according to the dictates of fashion, either sweep the shoulders or diminish to tiny pearls screwed against the ear. The tremendously piled-up coiffures of the reign of Queen Anne, or, indeed, five years ago, are an imitation, certainly a cleaner one, of the headdresses of the inhabitants of Natal. They, we are told, wear caps, or bonnets, from six to ten inches high, of the stiff fat of oxen. They anoint the head with a purer grease, which, mixed with the hair, serves to cement on the headgear, which lasts for life.

A good excuse for wearing beards and mustaches is given by an author in 1640. He thinks they tend to make men valorous, and says: "I have a favorable opinion of that young gentleman who is ourious in fine mustaches. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them is not lost time; for the more he contemplates them, the more his mind will cherish and be animated by masculine and courageous notions." An old clergyman of the time of Elizabeth gives us a droll view of the *noblesse oblige* principle, when he says, in excuse for being proud of the longest and largest beard in the country round, that he lives "that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance."

The wigs that used to be combed out with such grace by the young gallants of the last century, whether in a lady's drawing-room, at court, or in church, were most expensive adornments. Steele laments that even in his day they cost 40 guineas. Mrs. Thomas, the clever friend of Pope, mentions that her grandfather "was very nice in the mode of that age, his valet being employed some hours every morning in starching his beard and curling his whiskers." It is recorded that in the reign of Elizabeth—who seems equally to have patronized the follies of fashion and the wisdom of great men—two lovers sitting side by side could not take each other by the hand. The gentlemen then wore enormously stuffed-out doublets, and the ladies immense farthingales.

When the French nation reached its height of folly and wickedness just before the Revolution broke out and flooded the land with misery and bloodshed, all who desired to be conside red connected with the aristocracy carried about with them at least one pantin. These were small wooden dolls which, by pulling a string, suddenly jerked out arms and legs; exactly like those which may be seen adorning the hats of "swells" on Derby day. The rage for them was immense. Nobles, gentlemen, and even grave ecclesiastics were to be seen carrying them about and playing with them. A somewhat similar rage for comfits existed in the reign of Henry III. of France. When the body of the Duc de Guise was found after the battle of Blois, he had his comfit box in his hand.

In 1586 the ladies carried hand-mirrors attached to their chatelains, and, like Narcissus, were perpetually admiring their own charms. This excited the deepest indignation of Jean des Caures, a stern old moralist of the time, and he emphatically menaced them with the extremest penalties of the other world.

Who would have believed that so late as 1751 the dress of a dandy should have consisted of a black velvet coat, a green and silver waistcoat, yellow velvet breeches and blue stockings?

Praise of Women.

Says Jared Sparks: I have observed among all nations that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found they are the same civil, kind, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty nor arrogane, not supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous, more liable, in general, to err than man, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself, in the language of decency and friendship, to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold or sick, women has ever been friendly to me, uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel with a double relish.

NO MAN'S LAND INDEED.

Moresnet, a Queerer Territory than San Marino, Monaco, or Andorra.

The last annual report of the Berne Geographical society contains an interesting paper on the territory of Moresnet. This territory, with a population of from 2,800 to 3,000 inhabitants, and very important on account of its mines of zinc, formed part, under the first republic and the empire, of the French department of Ourthe. It belonged to the canton of Aubel. At the congress of Vienna, when it became a question of dividing among the conquerors this corner of the French empire, one part of the canton of Aubel, the territory of Moresnet, was forgotten, and when the commissioners wished to trace the frontiers of their respective countries they found that it had been allotted neither to Prussia nor the low countries. As each state refused to yield, it was agreed, June 25, 1815, that while awaiting a decision of the two governments, a decision which has not yet been given, the disputed territory should be remitted to a common administration, and could not be occupied militarily by either of the two powers. The existence of the mines is what has given rise to the present situation of the neutral territory; it was, in fact, impossible to divide their working, and neither of the co-partners wished to abandon its share to the other. About 400 of the present inhabitants are descended from the original population, and on this account they are not liable to any military service. The other inhabitants enjoyed this immunity till 1854, when the Belgian governor summoned his countrymen to their colors. Russia did the same in 1874, so that one of the chief immunities of the neutral territory is gradually disappearing. There still remain a few others, however, which are not to be despised. The neutral territory pays to-day the same duties as in 1814, when it ceased to be French, viz., a total sum of 1,392 francs for land tax, 335 francs for personal tax, and 1,008 francs for tax on patents. The produce of these imports is divided in equal parts between Prussia and Belgium. To these small contributions are to be added the communal taxes, which vary according to the requirements of the community, and which are collected by the communal receiver of neutral Moresnet. Belgian and Prussian goods are exempt from import duties, though they can not be re-exported to Belgium and Prussia without paying the duties of these countries on foreign goods. In its spiritual affairs the neutral territory, like the former dependency of Belgian Moresnet, is under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Liege. It possesses a branch of the Belgian railway which connects it with Montjole and serves to transport its minerals. Since the existence of this neutral territory all its civil and criminal affairs are, at the demand of the pursuer or plaintiff, taken indifferently before the Prussian or Belgian tribunals. The executive power is delegated by the two governments to the local authorities. A burgomaster nominated by two commissioners (Belgian and Prussian), is at the head of civil affairs and of the judicial police; with him is associated a communal council, a school committee, and a charity bureau. The neutral territory is governed by the Code Napoleon, as it existed in 1814. Both Prussian and Belgian notaries and law officers may perform their duties in the territory. It possesses five schools, and its pupils have the right of attending the school of Prussian Moresnet. Thus the neutral territory of Moresnet possesses all the advantage of independence without having any of the burdens of its two neighbors, Prussia and Belgium, being able to accord almost gratuitously to its inhabitants all possible favors, only asking from them the moderate sum of 2,735 francs per annum, scarcely a franc a head. How long will this peculiar situation last? It is not easy to see how it can be brought to a conclusion, unless, indeed, it suited a certain Prussian prince to want the territory. But, unless for strategical reasons, if its zinc mines were exhausted it would not be worth having.

AN ENRAGED ELEPHANT.

He Causes a Panic in a Circus Tent and Smashes things Generally.

Those who attended the circus last evening were treated to a spectacle not down on the bills. Just before the performance began a great commotion was heard in or near the small tent back of the entrance throught which the cavalcade of knights, tumblers and elephants, dogs and bare-back riders are wont to emerge in all their glitter and splendor. Two or three elephants were making a big noise, as if they were mad about something, but people thought perhaps the baggage-smasher had got hold of their trunks and waited for the show to open heedless of danger. Soon, however, the tent on the side of the entrance between that and the row of reserved seats was seen to rise, and an enraged elephant came tooting and unannounced into the amphitheatre. He was closely followed by a keeper, who very unnecessarily shouted, "Let him alone." Without pausing an instant he made straight for the opposite side of the tent, tearing up the stakes and taking the rope with him as he entered the ring. The seats on the west side were filled with men, women and children, who were terrified when they saw that the elephant was coming through, and they jumped, rolled and tumbled in frantic efforts to get out of the way. Luckily the elephant became entangled in the chain or rope as he emerged from the ring on that side, and his progress was checked for a moment, so that the people escaped in time. Reaching the seats, he pushed along, smashing a tier at a time as long as he could step on them, and then seizing the others with his trunk, he viciously whirled them over his head, making an opening clear through to the open air on the west side of the big tent. He then rushed off on to the open prairie south, where he was with difficulty recaptured and chained up.

IN face of the storm of congratulation with which Dr. Schliemann has recently been welcomed to Berlin, it may be worth mentioning that his "discovery of Troy" has by no means won universal acquiescence from the scientific archæologists of Germany. Dr. Brentano has just published a pamphlet of considerable size in which he argues that the site of Homer's city is yet to be found.

Forest Fires.

Bush fires between Bath and Collinsby are still raging and threatening great danger.

Verona, Sept. 16.—The fire is raging out here. Mr. Alex. Snider's barn was burnt today and his house is in imminent danger. Several others are in great danger.

John N. Moore, of this township, had his barn and its contents including 1200 bushels of grain, fanning mill, harness, and several other farming necessaries destroyed a few days ago by bush fires.

Stayner, Sept. 17.—During the whole of the past week this village has been in a state of terror from the presence all round it of bush fires, which from every direction filled the village with smoke during the day, and lighted up the atmosphere with a lurid glare at night.

Heartrendering accounts continue to be received from the burnt districts in Michigan. Numbers of families are without food, clothing, or shelter, and are keeping body and soul together with the potatoes and corn they manage to secure in a roasted condition from the fire-swept fields.

While a number of men were fighting a forest fire raging about the village of Marilla, near Buffalo, a large elm tree, whose roots had been undermined, toppled over, pinning a young man named Frank Dorn to the ground and instantly killing him. The village is considered in danger, and all the ground between the woods and village is being ploughed up, as the sod seems to turn like so much charcoal.

San Francisco, Sept. 19.—The fire in Marine county is spreading rapidly. The Throckmorton Ranche of 16,000 acres has been burned over. The flames extended to the summit of Mount Tamalpiais. Men are trying to prevent the fire from going down the seaward side, where there is nothing to stop it till the ocean is reached, fifteen miles away. The town of Sancellito is threatened. So far 40,000 acres have been burned over, a large part of it valuable timber land.

From Mr. John Gillespie, who has just returned from Michigan, we learn that Mr. W. Ronald, well known in South Dumfries, lost his life in the fires near Marlette, in Michigan. It would appear that he had gone over to his son's, Mr. James Ronald, and had undertaken to fire a log heap there, leaving his son cutting peas some distance off. While engaged at the log heap, the smoke and flames from the immense bush fires which were raging suddenly surrounded him, and as no aid could reach him, he was not again seen until his body was found after the flames had subsided. The supposition is that he was first suffocated by smoke. His body, however, was badly burned.—Galt *Reporter*.

On Thursday, 15th inst., between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. John McNamara residing on west half of lot 3 in the 10th con. of Madoc, suffered a heavy loss by fire, in which a barn, containing 104 bushels barley, about 100 bushels rye, 1 threshing machine, 1 fanningmill, between 15 and 16 tons of hay, and all the straw raised on this 100 acres, together with all the rails on the farm were totally destroyed. Loss $2,000. Small insurance on barn and contents. Mr. McNamara informs us that he experienced considerable difficulty in saving his house and barn on the other farm, which, at one time was thought impossible to accomplish, but timely assistance was rendered and nothing was burned, as did likewise several of his neighbors, the fire was raging with perfect fury in that vicinity at that time.

Our Millbridge correspondent, under date of 17th inst, writes:—The bush fires here and around here have been raging very severely for some time past. The fences on Capt. Norman's west lot were partly burned although everything was done to try to save them. The hay in all the marshes is burnt. J. Armstrong, east of Millbridge, had one stack burnt in the field, and F. Newels one also in the field. The road out, travelled by mails is still burning. There are no buildings burnt. A rumor came the day before yesterday that D. Davidson, Jr., was being then burnt out, was afterwards confirmed. Later on I was there and saw the house standing, which it still is. This is reliable so far as this place and vicinity is concerned. I do not speak of Bancroft or elsewhere.

Carthage, N. Y., Sept. 17.—The forest fires which broke out on Thursday a few miles south have been increasing ever since. Yesterday the wind blew a gale, and the fire spread so rapidly that many farmers were unable to remove their crops and stock, which with many buildings were burned. Hundreds of people have been employed for the past twenty-four hours in removing their household goods and farming implements to places of safety. The people of this village responded to calls for help to fight the fire until the streets were deserted. Three men named Kelly, Getman and Blood went into the woods yesterday morning and have not since been heard from. It is said that twenty houses in the Irish settlement were burned since Thursday night. The grass and seed burn like tinder, and the fire spreads with incredible rapidity if the wind blows. The fire is at present approaching the cemetery through a swamp, and the people are preparing to save it if possible. There are no signs of rain.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Cure for Indigestion.—Indigestion, with torpidity of the liver, is the curse of thousands, who spend each day with accumulated sufferings, all of which may be avoided by taking Holloway's Pills, according to their accompanying directions. They strengthen and invigorate every organ subservient to digestion. Their action is purifying, healing, and strengthening. They may be safely taken without interfering with ordinary pursuits, or requiring much restriction in diet. They quickly remove noise and giddiness in the head, and dispel low spirits and nervous fears. These balsamic Pills work the cure without debilitating or exhausting the system; on the contrary, they conserve and support the vital principle by substituting pure for impure blood.

A serious riot occurred at Rathkeale, county Limerick, Monday, owing to a report that the police were about to remove cattle seized for rent. The mob stoned the police, who charged the crowd several times.

SUFFOCATED BY GAS.

A BELLEVILLE MAN FOUND DEAD IN A HOTEL IN TORONTO.

Shortly after six o'clock on Friday morning, Mrs. Tymon, proprietress of a hotel on the corner of Esplanade and Church streets, was startled to find one of her guests dead in his bed. At half past six o'clock she knocked at his room door to arouse him, as he desired to be awakened early. Receiving no answer after efforts, she caused the door to be forced open, and found the occupant lying dead in his bed, with the lower part of his face covered with blood, which had flowed from his mouth. The police were notified, and the body was conveyed to the morgue. It was evident the deceased had been suffocated by gas, but the accident had not occured in the usual way. The room was supplied with a moving gasalier, and it is supposed that the unfortunate man had pulled it down properly to turn off the burners, but in replacing it he had done so roughly, and caused a leak in the pipes. His name was Thomas Howe, and he belonged to Belleville. He was apparently about thirty years of age. Howe's remains were taken to Belleville on Saturday. The funeral of the deceased took place at Belleville on Sunday, and was largely attended. In the *cortege* were a number of the members of the Belleville fire brigade, with which deceased in life was connected.

6 6½ & 7 PER CENT.

We are now offering Money at the above very advantageous rates on farm property.

$80,000

just placed in our hands. No commissions, and no unnecessary delays.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c., "O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.

THE MEDICAL HALL.
DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

C. G. WILSON
Chemist and Druggist

A full stock of Pure Drugs and Chemicals always on hand.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS
AND
Family Receipts
Carefully Compounded.

A full stock of
SCHOOL BOOKS,
AUTHORIZED BY THE
Council of Public Instruction.
At Publishers' prices.

Agent, Montreal Telegraph Co
Madoc, August 16th, 1881.

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that all parties are forbidden cutting grass or timber on lot 16, 3rd concession of Madoc, as I have purchased said lot, and any person found trespassing thereon as above will be prosecuted.
PETER SANDFORD.
Madoc, August 22th, 1881.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF
HOME-MADE WORK
FOR SALE,
OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,
—AT—
MORRICE'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.
All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.
LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS
in all the different styles and sizes.
☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAN WEATHER.
D. MORRICE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS
This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.
These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on
The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,
and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.
For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,
Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,
it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,
GOUT, RHEUMATISM,
And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.
The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at
533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,
And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.
The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.
☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

JAS. WHYTOCK,
Grocer & Provision
DEALER,
Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of
CHOICE GROCERIES
AND
Provisions of all kinds,
Which will be sold at the
LOWEST CASH PRICES.
Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.
DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

We keep constantly on hand a large stock of
Nails,
Glass,
Putty,
Paints and Oils,
White Lead, etc.,
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

We are offering nails at $2.85 per keg.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, April, 28th, 1881.

WRIGHT'S
Grocery, Provision,
WINE & LIQUOR STORE,
(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)
NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,
On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,
WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS
GROCERIES, Confectionery, and BISCUITS
(A SPECIALITY.)
FRUITS IN SEASON.
Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ale and Porters!
of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.
—ALSO—
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,
Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Cash price.
JANE WRIGHT.
Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

GOODS AT COST,
FOR THE
NEXT 60 DAYS
—AT—
JOHN ROBERTSON'S.
Madoc, August 18th, 1881.

MADOC BOOT & SHOE STORE!
FIRST-CLASS
All Wool
Tweed Suits
For $6.50.
Diagonal Suits $9.
JOHN GRANT,
MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK.
Madoc, April, 1881.

R. E. Cornell & Co. Tinsmiths, Stove, Furnace and GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R. E. Cornell & Co. Stove, Furnace and Tinsmiths of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. CHR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum, in advance

VOL. V., No. 234. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, September 29, 1881. POSTAGE PREPAID.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

Allen Settlement Mail Contract.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—As Mr. Thompson, or whoever writes the letters for him, has thought proper to drag me into this business and talk about my salary, I trust you will in common fairness allow me to state that my salary for "forwarding duty" was fixed when the Allen Settlement mail went twice a week, and the Flinton once, and has never been raised though both mails leave now three times a week just doubling the work, so if the Allen mail were taken by what he considers the most direct route, but which nobody else does who understands it, I should have as much work to do for the munificent pay I receive—which Mr. Thompson seems to envy me—as I did originally. I trust this explanation will relieve the gentleman of part of the great load he has on his mind about the expense the country is put to over these mails.

If he is really in earnest about reducing expenses, I can suggest a plan by which it can be done directly, and nobody inconvenienced, but as the boot would be on the other leg Mr. Thompson might not be able to see it.

Yours, &c.,
E. JAMES.

Bridgewater, 24th Sept., 1881.

Daniel Thompson, Esq., on Lost Letter on Post Office Matters.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

I find friend Daniel can nearly fill a column of the REVIEW as well as myself. I shall not follow him through all the matters of his most brilliant letter. I would say what he considers a "purely local matter" is just what I stated it to be, a "public matter," is so from the fact that the whole system is a combination of offices, and letters are liable to be sent from one to the other, and any way else. Thompson may twist it to make it local to suit his purposes it still must be a "public matter."

As to the mail "passing through Bridgewater," it certainly makes the mail no better nor does its "lying over night in Bridgewater" give (his) "mail some taint," but where is the difference if the mail lies over at Madoc or Queensborough or Bridgewater, and is it not the same? Mr. Thompson should give both sides of the question as he must know.

The Post Master at Bridgewater is undoubtedly paid a small sum for not only distributing but forwarding the mails not only to Cooper and Rimmington but to Queensboro'. Is that the reason Mr. Thompson desires the connection broken off between the post offices, probably to secure that small pittance for himself or deputy? Straws generally show which way the wind blows. As to my interest in this matter, I have none, further than to serve the general interests of the public. As to the amount of mail matter between Bridgewater and Queensborough, no doubt it has been cut off to a great extent by the daily mail to Madoc. I shall probably know by and by the extent of the letters that pass daily from Madoc to Mr. Thompson's office, and will then be an average of these for Queensborough or either way.

Mr. Thompson states, "when drawing up a petition for our daily mail, I regarded only our (his) own interest." Not a doubt of it, that is *selfish* if not manly, and is just what I would look for from him. Bridgewater, (he), of course, ignored, as (he) considered that route useless, *selfish* again. In years gone by no doubt Mr. Thompson was pleased to have a mail route from Bridgewater to Madoc via Queensborough, Cooper and Rimmington, but he got new light, and therefore petitioned for a daily mail from Madoc, and "ignored" the Bridgewater route. In this he gives the first reason for severing the connection. He states, "we got our daily mail," and if he thinks his thanks are due to others than myself, I will leave that matter to John White, Esq., who I went with to the P. M. General's office to see about it, nor have I done anything to prevent the "Allen Settlement people" from getting communication with Madoc, further than to prevent the severance of Bridgewater from connection with them, and this I had a right to do.

As to the second charge, I have the story of the "monkey who used the cat's paw to pull the hot chestnuts from the fire." Whether Mr. Thompson was or was not the "monkey," on the occasion of getting all the mail matter sent for Cooper and Remmington via Madoc instead of Bridgewater, it appears evident to me that he must have had a hand in it. Let that pass—the little game soon played out. In the third place, he admits that he wrote the P. O. Inspector in reference to the "$180." He states "the tri-weekly mail between Bridgewater and Allen Settlement is a waste of $180 a year," so there is no denying his statement, but he falls back on your editorial which he says the P.O. Inspector sent him, yet still he made a 'gratuitous' statement, which he need not have done, only his mind being so inclined I suppose he could not help it. Will he say he was asked directly in reference to the cost or "waste?" Mr. Thompson states I am "very angry with him for saying the $180 is a waste of money." He is mistaken, I am not angry, nor have I been, no, not even when he ran against me for the Reeveship of Elzevir and made a dunce of himself by advertising me on the Town Hall door forbidding the people voting for me, nor was I angry when he fished those who went into the Hall to vote for me, nor was I angry when his legal advisers wrote me letters to abdicate in his favor, nor was I angry when he backed down from the suit, no; I never considered Mr. Thompson worth getting angry at, therefore he is safe on that score. Nor will I show any anger by being so foolish as to decline as he has done, to "decline any further correspondence on the matter," or that I "will take no further notice of any letters" Mr. Thompson may write or get parties to write for him. My opinion is that there is a great deal of sound sense outside of his head, wherever or whoever it emanates from. I bear him no malice.

Yours, &c.,
BILLA FLINT.

Belleville, 23rd Sept., 1881.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per brl	$6 50 to	$6 70
Wheat, per bushel	1 25 to	0 00
Rye, "	0 90 to	0 91
Oats, "	0 40 to	0 00
Barley, "	0 90 to	0 92
Peas, "	0 70 to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 75 to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 20 to	0 22
Butter, per lb	0 20 to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 18 to	0 20
Hides, per cwt	7 00 to	8 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat	$1 25 to	$1 35
Barley	0 95 to	0 98
Rye	0 95 to	0 98
Oats	0 38 to	0 40
Peas	0 65 to	0 70
Butter	0 25 to	0 35
Eggs	0 13 to	0 15
Potatoes, per bag	1 00 to	0 90
Flour, per bbl	6 00 to	7 00
Sheepskins	0 00 to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 22 to	0 00
Hides	7 00 to	8 50
Hay	6 50 to	10 00
Calf Skins, per lb	0 10 to	0 00
Deakens	0 00 to	0 00

JUST RECEIVED
A fine lot of
SOLID SILVER
—AND—
COLORED GOLD JEWELRY.

Elegant designs in Sets and Single
Brooches and Earrings,
Also a fine line in
SILVER LOCKETS
—AND—
BRACELETS.

BROOCHES & EARRINGS
In real Whitby Jet, also
Bracelets and Necklets,
And a great variety of
STUDS, GENTS' SUITS, COLLAR BUTTONS, and SCARF PINS,
PLATED & FINE PEARL.
E. L. WEISS.

FARM FOR SALE!

LOT No. 9, 5th concession, township of Madoc, containing about 100 acres, only three miles from the flourishing village of Madoc. There is on the premises a good log house, frame barn, and other out-buildings, and also a number of living springs of good water. Title indisputable. For terms and further particulars, apply to
JOHN ELLIS,
Madoc.
Madoc, August 8th, 1881. 228-tf.

NEW
BOOT AND SHOE
SHOP

THE undersigned begs to announce to the people of Madoc and vicinity that he has opened a New Boot and Shoe Shop in the building formerly occupied by M. Ray, one door east of Mrs. Christie's Photograph Gallery, St. Lawrence street, where he will be prepared to receive and execute all orders entrusted to him, in a first-class manner. Having worked in some of the best shops in the city of Toronto and elsewhere I am confident of being able to give satisfaction as regards fits and the quality of the work done, to all who may favor me with their orders.

For patching on Ladies' and fine work I am using a new cement by the use of which no sewing is necessary and the patches cannot be detected. I am the only one in this village who is using this kind of cement.

TERMS Cash. - Give me a call.
H. COTTRELL.
Madoc, July 7th, 1880.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. BATEMAN, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P.O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAKAKEE LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P.O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
R. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P.O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland,
Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1133, Hazard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month. H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.
THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, Oct. 10th,
At 8 o'clock.
C. S. MITCHELL, Rec. Secretary.

Stoves & Tinware.
If you want good
COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR
STOVES
CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,
Division Street, Reed's Block,
Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of Job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop
22 GEORGE CHOWN.

FLOUR! FLOUR!
THE undersigned keeps on hand large quantities of SUPERIOR EXTRA flour in Bags or Barrels at the North Hastings Warehouse, sold in quantities to suit purchasers and at the lowest possible prices.
He is in receipt within the last few days of
THREE CAR LOADS
OF THE CELEBRATED
"Empress" Brand,
a grade of flour that has given general satisfaction. The best evidence being that he has sold about 1,000 Bbls. since the 1st of Jan. last.
SEED GRAIN.
He keeps on hand Wheat, Peas, Oats and Barley for seed. The Wheat and Oats are from the neighborhood of Lindsay, and of superior quality. A limited quantity of superior Spring Wheat for seed on hand.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, March 2nd, 1881.

Land For Sale.
TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."
Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,
CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, September, 1879. 131

DR. JAMES'
CHILL FEVER OR AGUE ANTIDOTE, in connection with the DISEASED LIVER ANTIDOTE, has done good work in Madoc, and made many cures among those who were thought to be incurable. These, and all his other medicines, will be found to be perfectly reliable, and are for sale at GRAY & MCGREGOR'S store, Madoc. There is no quinine in the Ague or Liver medicine, purely vegetable, and as a preventative should be taken in the Spring and Fall. If this were done thoroughly by the people, Ague, Intermittant and Remittant Fever, in a few years would be unknown in the County of Hastings.
H. JAMES, M. D.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

LOOK! LOOK!
8c. A FACT! 8c.
OUR WONDERFULLY
CHEAP STORE,
Just opened in Reid's Block, for people wishing to secure bargains in such goods as
TINWARE, SOAPS, BRUSHES,
Toys, Novelties, &c.
FRESH ARRIVALS WEEKLY.
GIVE US A CALL. Remember the place,
REID'S BLOCK.
G. BENNETT.
Madoc, Feb. 22nd, 1881. 204.

Money to Loan!
Low Rate of Interest!
To Farmers and Real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to add to your farm?
To build a new house or barn?
To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?
To pay off a mortgage, and get plenty of time at a low rate of interest?
Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
FOR THIS COUNTY.
AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,
with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please
6 Per Cent. INTEREST. 6
The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.
Nov. 1st, 1880.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

R. S. HENDERSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Madoc. Office—over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co. Entrance—Side door.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over the Custom House.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D. &c.,
LICENTIATE of the Royal College of Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Office and residence nearly opposite the Windsor House, Madoc.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel. 58

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. O. W. PETERSON, B.A.

St. FRANCIS HOTEL,
ELDORADO, ONT.
FRANCIS CONLIN - PROPRIETOR.
GOOD accommodation for the traveling public, at reasonable rates.
The Bar stocked with choice Liquors, Cigars, etc. 149

BLAIR & HOUGH,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Offices: No. 4 Ashley Block, over Canadian Bank of Commerce, Front St.
HUGH BLAIR. J. STANLEY HOUGH.
N.B.—Private money to loan at 7 per cent.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
AND
Commission Agency.
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

WINDSOR HOUSE,
MADOC, ONT.
HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.
Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.
Every attention paid to guests.
CONLEY & McNEILL.
Madoc, May 4th, 1880.

PRIVATE FUNDS!
TO LOAN.
$25,000
Have been placed in the hands of the subscribers to loan upon farm or city property at from
7 to 8 per Cent. Interest,
according to the size and quality of loan.
NO DELAY in obtaining the money beyond the time employed in the investigation of the titles.
NO COMMISSION OR CHARGES other than those of drawing up the necessary papers and disbursements of loans.
Straight Loans only.
BLAIR & HOUGH,
Barristers, &c.,
Oct. 25, 1880. Ashley Block, Belleville

Mule of Texas.

Mule of Texas, are we pard,
Tell me why you will not start:
Or is really you must balk,
Your answer my wicked talk.
Now my vow, believe I go,
I'll be even with you, though.

By your long tail unmolested,
By your every passing wind,
By those heels, as weapons swift,
Which can mean of my foes tops lift.
By your stern resolve to whoa,
I'll be even with you, though.

By those ribs I long to haste,
By your show of d. b. taste,
By me instinctively true
That alarms to the miles away,
By your stern resolve to whoa,
I'll be even with you, though.

Mule of Texas, I am gone;
Think of me, sweet, when alone.
For I fly to get a club,
Then your blasted old back I'll drub,
If I cannot make you go,
I'll be even with you, though.

A HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

Arthurs Home Magazine.

"My dear Madam, give your husband good dinners, and he will seldom stay from home. The harmony of married life depends almost entirely upon dinners. It is not the heart so much as the condition of the stomach which makes a man happy."

—

After reading over the above twice, to fully take in the humiliating idea, I threw it like a bombshell into the family circle for discussion.

"It's more than half true, I'm afraid," said Alice, who always takes up the opposite side for the sake of argument.

"True," echoed Grace, who no doubt has an ideal hero whom she is worshipping. "I'll never believe it."

"It may be as far as good, digestible dinners go, for really poorly cooked food is at the root of half the trouble in life, and is surely the father of ill humor."

"Oh, it's all very well to look at it in that light," declared Grace, "but to think of bribing a man into good nature, as you would a child with goodies, is too much; it takes all the poetry out of life."

"Poetry is mostly in books," said Alice, "and every-day life is made up of eating, drinking and working out the needful problem, as far as my observation goes."

"Oh, dear!" laughed Grace, "you are so fearfully practical, you take the poetry out of everything."

"Well, girls, it depends on how we take things, about that," said Louise: "poetry is not good for a steady diet, but we can mingle it with the sober realities of life, and lighten the burden, making duty a pleasure."

"Oh, yes," I added, "moonlight and moonlight, dewdrops and roses, and grace are all very well before marriage, but there must be something back of that to make home attractive when you come to settle down to every-day home-life."

"Yes, it's safe enough to learn the mysteries of the kitchen, girls, though I think with Grace it's a very peculiar road to a man's heart;" "and Louise looked a little sober, as she added: "You see my education was rather neglected in that direction."

"I'm learning as fast as possible," said Grace; "did I tell you about my first batch of griddle cakes?"

"Never a bit," as Bridget says, pray proceed," said Louise, settling down to her embroidery as if expecting a long story.

"Well," began Grace, soberly, "to give it in mamma's own words, to a pint of milk take a handfull of buckwheat and one of corn-meal and flour, a teacup of dry bread, soaked, and a little boiled rice left from dinner, this with one-half teacup of yeast and a pinch of salt. Let it rise over-night, and just before baking add one-fourth teaspoon of soda."

"A little vague as to quantity," remarked Louise, "but like Mrs. Mudlaw, 'you use your judgment' about the handful, I suppose."

"Yes, you must be careful and not get them too thick nor yet too thin," said Grace,

"But it's a good way to use up odds and ends," added Louise.

"Remember 'waste makes want,'" I replied, "and there are more good dishes made from yesterday's fragments than most people ever dream of. If there is a little cold, mashed potato it is thrown out instead of putting it in the bread to make it moist and tender; and even bry bread finds its way into the ash-barrel when there are a dozen ways of using it."

"Yes, even I have learned that," said Louise; "but in warm weather it won't keep."

"Oh, put it in the oven and dry it, then roll fine and it's ready for puddings, omelette, or dressing for chickens, or veal."

"Oh, dear! there is so much in knowing just *how* to do everything," sighed Kate, a young housekeeper from over the way. "I am almost discouraged sometimes."

"We all have to learn, I suppose," said Grace, "but it is easier to take lessons of mamma, than to wait and be taught by experience."

At the tea-table Louise unfolded her napkin, and then spread it out admiringly. It was one of my set decorated with antique figures in etching, and happened to be a bewitching little servingmaid of the olden times, with tray in hand.

"There, I like that ever so much better than embroidery," she declared; "it's just too pretty for anything. Now do tell us ow it's done."

"It's only a pen-and-ink sketch, and I take any picture that will be effective in outlines."

"But it's quite as pretty for handkerchiefs," added Grace, "and not nearly as much work as embroidery. We are planning some for Christmas presents now."

"Perhaps you will excuse a very young housekeeper for asking what this delicious bit of meat is?" said Kate; "it's surely not tongue, and yet—"

"Oh, that's one of mamma's new ideas," laughed Grace, "you know she is always on a voyage of discovery."

"It's well that some one is," said Kate, "and as I am inclined that way myself, please give me the benefit of your experience."

"Well," I replied, "as long as I've been a housekeeper, it's only a short time since I found that beef's heart was eatable; but it must be prepared right; it's best to remove the ventricles and soak awhile in salt and water first, then prepare a dressing as you would for fowl, fill and sew a cloth over the top to keep the filling in place, then put half a pint of water and a little salt in a covered bake-pan—I have not one of the patent pans, so used two deep bread-pans—cover close, and bake two hours or more, according to size."

"And it makes delicious sandwiches," added Alice; "better than tongue, we think."

"It takes a long time to learn everything," sighed Louise; "one needs live one life-time to learn how to live."

"If we could only profit by other people's experience it would help us," said John, "but we are not apt to, *'we gang our ain gait.'*"

"But after all the whole secret of living is to make the best of what you have, and enjoy it," I said. "There are so many people who are all their lives getting ready to be happy; instead of using their money they hoard it up, or if they indulge in the beautiful, it is only put away for—sometime."

"That is true enough," cried Louise; "we have an illustration of that in one of our neighbors. He has money in bank, bonds and farm after farm, but has no good of them except the miserable one of hoarding; his house is poor, with nothing to redeem its ugliness, no furniture but hard chairs and a table or two, no pictures for the children to feast their eyes upon, or books to feed the mind."

"It's just wicked," declared Kate, "and I don't blame children for getting away from such a home as soon as possible."

"Yes," continued Louise, "a man that will sneak around and made all he can out of his poorer neighbors to swell his bank account, and defraud his wife and children in that way deserves—well, perhaps I had better not air my opinions too freely, but he is simply a brute."

"Yes, I agree with you there, Louise," said I; "money is only good for what it brings, and when we make an idol of it it almost invariably brings a curse."

"A man that holds his money with such a tight grip, and doles it out to his wife as if she were a pensioner, or more likely as he would throw a bone to a dog, is a disgrace to civilization," declared John.

"That reminds me," said Grace, "of something that came under my own eyes in a store not long ago. A lady came in with her husband and inquired for ribbon; after finding what she wanted, she turned to her husband for his opinion, and will you believe it, that man honestly stood a full half hour and haggled over the price and quality, until his poor wife looked as if she would sink through the floor, and at last went out without taking it. Oh, dear! such things are enough to frighten one out of matrimony altogether."

"Fortunately, such cases are rare," cried Louise, "and there are, no doubt, extravagant women enough to offset them."

"But it's the man that holds the purse strings," said Grace, "and what could a woman do, go to her husband's pockets and help herself?"

"Well, hardly," laughed Louise; "though it's only taking her own."

"That is what John says," I added; "and when I talk about using his money, he indignantly declares it's not his money at all, but every cent of it *our* money."

"Well," said John, "if a woman that cares for her family as she should, doesn't earn all the money she needs, I don't know who does."

"But the idea of being treated so like a child, is the most exasperating of all," exclaimed Grace.

"The road to matrimony is a little risky," laughed Alice, "and there should be danger signals all along the route. I, for one, shall take warning."

"No you won't," said Kate, as she left the table; "other people's experience never helps us, you know."

"Yes, you will want to see the folly of it, too," cried Grace, over her shoulder, as she led the way to "Arcadia" our out-of-door retreat.

Newly Fortified Paris.

The Official *Militar Wochenblatt*, of Berlin, publishes in its latest number an article about the fortifications of Paris, in which it is stated that, by the completion of this work, Paris has become a most formidable fortress, and that thereby all the disadvantages which had arisen from the advance of the German frontier to the west have been annulled. For Paris will now be able to defend the centre as well as the west and south of France. At all events, it is certain that no future invader will be able to establish his advanced posts in those districts in which the siege of 1870, the German reserve troops were quartered. The commander-in-chief of Paris will then have to defend a territory of more than 220 German square miles, and he will be enabled to make great sorties, by which the besieger may be surprised in such a way as to render it impossible for him to collect the necessary troops for repulsing such a violent attack. The chance of a successful siege of Paris are, therefore, very small and all the more so as in future certainly not more than a corps of line troops will have to defend Paris, as was the case in the war of 1870. It is altogether very doubtful whether it would in future be possible to blockade Paris completely, even with the help of several great armies connected with each other by cavalry divisions. On the other hand, the defence of the French capital will also be a very different task, and the genuis of the strategist of the first rank will be needed for the fulfilment of such an enterprise, which must be planned and executed on a very grand scale.

Steering Ships by Electricity.

London Engineering.

A patent has recently been taken out for a means of steering a ship by electricity. The apparatus is the invention of Mr W. F. King, an Edinburgh electrician, and was recently tried on board a steamer sailing between Glasgow and London. Its object is to dispense with a helmsman and make the compass itself steer the ship. For this purpose the compass card is fitted with an index which is set to the true course, and one degree on either side of the true course two contract pins are adjusted; each pin is connected to a single Daniell cell, and when the ship deviates as much as a degree from her course to one side or the other the index comes into contact with one or the other metal pin. The result is that a positive or negative current flows and actuates a hydraulic apparatus which works the helm.

Minnie Hauk has been positively engaged by Manager Mapleson for the coming operatic season. She is the *Carmen*.

ELECTRICAL CURIOSITIES.

Ploughs, Railways, Toy Boats, and Balloon out the Paris Exhibition.

London Times.

Ever since M. Gramme introduced his beautiful machine for generating the electric current, his principle has been adopted in a host of other inventions. Shortly afterward a new value of the machine was found. I well remember, in 1875, returning from a prolonged absence from England, I had occasion to write to the late Prof. Clerk Maxwell, and incidentally asked him what was the greatest discovery of late years. He replied that, in his opinion, the greatest discovery was "that a Gramme machine could be reversed"—*i. e.*, that when a current was passed through the machine it might be used to drive machinery. The belief of the professor was shared by many others, and hundreds of people have been since then engaged in applying this new means of transmitting power to divers purposes. The electrical exhibition contains a large number of these, many of which can even now be seen in action, but a complete notion of these applications can not be gained until the steam-engines, the source of nearly all the electricity to be used in the exhibition, are in a more advanced state. I will, however, attempt very shortly to give some idea of the most interesting examples in this department.

A great deal of popular curiosity will, doubtless, be excited by two thoroughly French toys on a large scale, both made by M. Trouve. The first is the electrical boat, which is a full-sized boat for three people, having attached to the near end of the rudder a screw driven by a small electro-motor. The screw passes through a void space in the rudder. The motor is fed by three large bichromate cells. The mode of attachment of the screw causes it to assist the rudder in turning the boat, so that M. Trouve has been easily able to float round the artificial pond which surrounds the light-house in the centre of the building, and to pass under the picturesque arches by which it is spanned, at the rate of about a mile an hour.

The other is the electrically-propelled balloon of M. Tissandier. It is an elongated balloon, three metres long and one and a third in diameter. It is filled with hydrogen, and has a screw at the rear, driven by an electro-motor, designed by M. Trouve. It can also carry a couple of the secondary cells of M. Plante. A wire is suspended across the building from one gallery to the other, and the balloon rises above this wire and travels along it when the current passes. A fin placed in front prevents it from swaying. But the motion is very slow, and at present the machine is little more than an electrical toy.

Still more interest will, however, be excited by the tramway car driven by electricity, the invention of Messrs. Siemens. In this tram-car, which runs from a wooden station on the Place de la Concorde into the exhibition, the current is generated by a powerful dynamo-machine within the building. It is then carried by wires mounted on strong posts, from which it is tapped by carriers on the car, whence it descends to beneath the centre of the car. Here the current, passing through a dynamo-machine, sets it in rotation, and by a chain connection this machine is geared to the axles of the wheels. The velocity of rotation is reduced to one-third by this gearing. The chain connections are all on one side in the case of both axles. There is also an arrangement supplied for taking the current directly from the rails; but it must be very rarely that such means could be utilized on an ordinary tramway, and at present it is discarded. The appearance of the car is very handsome, and shows few external signs of the power which may be generated within it. Such a car might be fitted with the secondary batteries of M. Faure, which might be placed under the seats. They would then be self-contained, and there would be no necessity for having either the aerial wires or the conduction through the rails. Such a self-contained car was actually constructed and tried in Paris some months ago, but serious difficulties were then encountered, which, however, I have reason to believe will soon be overcome, and then we shall have an opportunity of seeing a car running on a tramway and carrying its own electrical store of energy.

In the electric brake of M. Achard, applied to railway carriages, there are upon the axle of each pair of wheels two rings of iron, about eight inches in diameter and two inches wide. Besides this, there is a second and independent axle with two rings, one foot diameter, facing the ring on the wheel axle. These rings, however, are the two extremities of a powerful electro-magnet, which can be excited by a coil of wire, the ends of which can be connected with the current generated in the locomotive by means of two pair of copper strings. So long as there is no current passing, the independent axle maintains a fixed position, and the brake is kept away from the wheel by strong spiral strings. So soon, however, as the current is allowed to pass, the rings at the two ends of the independent axle are converted into magnetic poles, which attract the revolving rings on the axle of the wheel, from which they are separated by only one-eighth of an inch. The so-called residual force of the rings produces a rotary force on the poles of the electro-magnet. The independent axle revolves and winds up a chain which is connected by levers with the brake, so that in a short time a powerful force is applied. A simple form of variable resistance is supplied in the locomotive, so that the engine-driver has merely to turn a wheel more or less to increase or diminish the power of the brake.

How to Train the Memory.

Your memory is bad perhaps, but there are two ways of curing the worst memory. One of them is to read a subject when interested; the other is to not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on the page, and not only call them vaguely to mind, but put them in words and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules, and you have the golden keys of knowledge. Besides inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to the memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, items of news, smart remarks, bits of information, political reflections, fashion notes, so that all is a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading hard to break. Another is the reading of trashy novels.

A FRIEND OF THE FELINE.

A Lady Who Kept a Pet Cat for Every Day in the Week.

The possession of an unusual number of cats—say sixteen—by a maiden lady is, says a Dublin letter, an eccentricity, but may not be evidence of madness to the extent of vitiating a testamentary document. But when a maiden lady is in the habit of assembling her crowd of cats in the garden for controversial exercises, the verdict of an intelligent jury is: "Mad, my masters," notwithstanding that the lady was remarkably correct and "close-fisted" as regards money matters—a characteristic which is usually set up against the suggestion of madness. Miss Elizabeth Newport has supplied the latest case in point in this connection. Miss Newport, who died last January near Dublin, was very wealthy; she made a will bequeathing all her property to religious and charitable associations at home and abroad. After her death the question about the cats and the controversial exercises in the garden was raised by relatives of the deceased lady—eleven first cousins—who impeached her will, chiefly on the ground of the cats. The case was tried this week in the probate court, and truly the investigation of the cat question opened up some strange episodes in the domestic life of this lady. If the evidence had stopped short of the cats it would have shown some peculiarities of mind, but peculiar people, it has been held, may make good wills. The lady hated Catholic's with a profoundly pious hatred, and one witness said Miss Newport used to announce when setting out to church that she was going to give God thanks that there was a place in which to burn the Roman Catholics. The greater portion of the province of Ulster share her feelings, more or less, in this respect, so there is nothing exceptionally remarkable in that. But she reserved some of her pious hatred for certain members of her own religion, for whose sudden death and swift damnation she used to publicly pray. It was a favorite consoling reflection of hers that, when she would be high up among the elect in heaven, she would be able to think of her rector, and even her bishop, as deep down below. This was not a Christian thought, to be sure. The eleven first cousins rested their case on the cats. The evidence on this point was very interesting. Miss Newport was mistress of so many cats that she could not with out reference to her memorandum-book tell the exact extent of this peculiar branch of her property. Her ambition was to have a cat for every day in the week, including Sundays. She used to be much distressed because of the scampish conduct of some of her cats, which remained out at nights, and were other wise irregular in their habits. It was her custom to assemble as many of these erratic animals as she could induce to attend in the garden, and there read portions of Scripture to them "to convert them," she said "from their wicked course of life." She started controversial points for their instruction and dismissed them with prayer. She was so thoroughly identified with her cats that it was her delight to go about the room on all fours mewing for milk. Once, when found purring under the piano and remonstrated with, she put up her back and spat at the intruder like a veritable Tabby in a temper. There was evidence to show that, after this, she put off the cat, went out dressed like a lady and overhauled her butcher's bill. But the jury couldn't get over the garden scenes with the cats of irregular habits, and so they found that Miss Newport was mad when she made her will, and the eleven poor reositions have divided her money between them.

Filling Little Pitchers.

Chambers's Journal.

Let us, then, keep in mind our proverb, "Little pitchers have narrow necks," and ask, How are they to be filled? How fast? How far? With what? First of all, how fast? That depends entirely upon the capacity of the vessel—the natural ability of the child's mind; and there are not two of them alike. Very rapid pitcher-filling is, for instance, to be found in the "Life of John Stuart Mill." As a young child he had an amazing aptitude for serious learning, and his father had an equally amazing determination that he should learn. The boy passed direct from babyhood to student life; he seems to have tumbled out of the cradle into the classics. "I have no remembrance," he wrote, "of the time when I began to learn Greek; I have been told that it was when I was three years old." He began Latin in his eighth year, having read by that time a host of Greek authors, some of which he avows it was impossible to understand. As to English reading, at that mature age he had already gone through a whole historical library, including Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, some volumes of Rollin, Burnet, Watson, and Hooke, Millar's Historical View of the English Government; and much more. But was he a child at all? And who could have chatted and played with a 7-year-old wiseacre? Five-year-old scholars of a very different sort are to be found peopling the little ones' gallery in any of the board schools. Compulsory education snatches these pinafored mites from their mud-pies and door-step convocations. There is n kindness even though a hard kindness, in thus gathering them out of the city by-streets, or placing them for the best hours of the day in airy rooms and by warm Winter fires, in exchange for their greater freedom in the foul air of close unhealthy rooms with cheerless hearts in Winter. But how the new regimen and the awful heights of infantile study must stagger the courage of these wee scholars. Think of the whole alphabet rushing upon them all at once; a confusion of hieroglyphics and of disconnected sounds, with the future prospect of being expected to decipher pages where the letters seem to unaccustomed eyes too small and close to be rightly seen. How little children ever learned to read, is one of the greatest mysteries in the word, as the almost natural familiarity of deciphering not letters but the sequence of ideas at a glance, is one of its grandest wonders. Pity the five-year-old scholars, then, in their stupendous difficulties, and don't keep their quicksilver spirits too quiet, or hurry their lessons too fast. Let them sing their tables, and refresh them with the blithe ballad of the Cock-sparrow, before passing on to give them there first lessons in the great art of putting two and two together.

Ristori at fifty-eight has undertaken to learn English in order to play Lady Macbeth

Canada Thistle.—"A Sure Cure."

Another Agreement.

"H. W. E.," Montgomery Co., Pa., writes that he has discovered the Canada Thistle in one of his fields, and asks if we can give a "sure cure" for it. After stating that he does not know where the weeds came from, he concludes by again wishing that we may send him a "sure cure." Our friend's letter, like many others we receive, shows that there is a very general belief that there is some special method for killing weeds, and he will no doubt be disappointed if we tell him that we know of no "sure cure" for Canada Thistle or any other weed. Plants, whether useful or not, are all subject to the same laws of growth, and no application can be made to the soil to stop the growth of an undesirable plant that will not also unfit it for the growth of useful plants. In order to destroy the Canada Thistle, or any other plant, we must consider its manner of growth. Our friend is troubled to know how the plant came upon his land. If he ever saw a patch of this thistle at the time the seeds were ripening, he would have seen that each little one-seeded pot, and practically a seed, was provided with a tuft of down, by means of which it could float upon the air, and be wafted for many miles. He would see seed after seed starting off on its journey, to be dropped sooner or later, where it would in time germinate and establish a plant. This would show him that one method to prevent the spread of this thistle upon his own land would be to prevent any seeds from ripening, and that the sure way to do this would be to prevent any of the plant from flowering, which can easily be done by cutting off the stems before they flower. But the plants already in his ground will spread by "the root," as it is called, but really by underground stems, which the Canada thistle produces in abundance, and pushes them out in all directions from the original plant. Our friend's plants, however careful he may be to prevent them from flowering, will increase in this manner. Each original plant will soon surround itself with a colony of other plants, if allowed to do so. Our friend writes that he discovered them in "several places," by which we infer that they are not generally scattered. He will know that to get a crop of potatoes he must encourage a luxuriant growth of tops, or vines—he also is aware that were he to cut away his potato vines as often as they appear, he would harvest no tubers. It is just so with the Canada Thistle. If the tops are cut off as fast as they appear, it is impossible for the plant's underground growth to increase. Put up a stake as a mark at each place where there is known to be a plant of the thistle; have some keen well ground, and very sharp, and let it be the business of *some one* on the farm to hoe every leaf and shoot cut off as fast as it appears, and the thistle must die. It is only where the thistle has become well established, and has filled the ground, and thus taken possession that this method is not considerable. We have known cases in which a few thistles were only discovered, when they were far enough advanced to bloom, to which salt was applied with benefit. The whole top of the plant was cut with a scythe or of a sharp hoe, and a small handful of salt was applied upon the cut surface. Three ounces of salt will kill all plants, useful or otherwise, is well known, and where the thistles are few, it may be well to apply it. If it be borne in mind that the thistle spreads in two ways only, by seeds and by underground stems, and that seeds may be completely prevented by not allowing the plant to flower, and that underground stems can not grow unless there are above-ground leaves to nourish them, the problem of destroying the Canada Thistle is a simple one. Not only "sure cure" that we can recommend to our friend is a sharp hoe, to be used whenever a thistle is found, to cut away the flower stalks, and every green leaf that shows itself. This "sure cure" applies not only to the Canada Thistle, but to every other perennial weed that annoys the farmer.

Grain Harvests of 1881.

A summary of the reports on the harvests of the world in the annual volume of M. Estienne, just issued, shows that the wheat crop in France is better than last year. This year's barley is not so good as in 1880, but it is fairly good. The maize crop is ordinary. Oats and rye are *fair*. On the whole the crops are not up to those of last year, but wheat is not much below the average. None of the crops will be very bad, but none will be very good. The crops in Great Britain are described as follows: Wheat is ten per cent below the average, and likely to realize only 10,000,000 quarters. Barley is ten per cent above the average, and oats are twenty per cent below the average. The year is one in which farmers are not likely to recoup themselves for losses during the past five years. In Austria and Hungary the crops are good all round. Wheat and barley are both above the average. Rye is very much and oats are slightly under the average. The reports from Italy agree that the crops are of medium quality and much below the abundance of those of 1880. In the Turkish provinces on the Danube the wheat harvest will be medium. Rye is good and abundant. Barley is good as regards quantity, but bad in quality. Oats are very much above the average. All the reports from Russia agree that the barley is the best crop of the year, doubling that of 1880 in quantity, but not so plump and weighty. Rye is abundant. Wheat is good.

Throughout Germany winter and spring sowing are in marked contrast; the former yielding good and the latter very defective crops. Oats are very good. Barley is thin. None of the crops are of the average. In the Prussian States the crops are fair. The Swiss wheat crop is very poor in quantity owing to drought, but in quality it is very fine.

Oats and barley are good in quantity and quality, but there is a small area sown of the latter. Belgian wheat is far below the average. Barley is good; rye and oats are fair. All crops in Spain are bad. All cereals in Holland are in good condition. All reports from the United States agree that the yield will be under the average.

The newly invented printed paper which imitates tapestry very successfully, and some of which gives an effect at times equal to the richest result of the Gobelins, decorates Edison's rooms in the Electrical Exhibition Palace of Industry at Paris.

THE EYE OF SCIENCE.

Wonders of the Photograph—Pictures of What the Human Eye is Not Quick Enough to Detect—Star Pictures Which Require a Two Hours' Gaze.

The fairy tales which charmed our childhood, writes Mr. Richard A. Proctor, told of seven league boots and shoes of swiftness, caps of invisibility, and swords of such sharpness that no substance could resist their trenchant strokes, of strength beyond all human strength, and of other faculties excelling all that is known among men. But it may be doubted whether, if the feats of science had been worked into the tales of fairyland, even the believers in the most marvellous fairy lore would not have rejected, as too wild for acceptance even among fabulous wonders, the real wonders of some of our scientific methods. Suppose, for instance, a fairy tale had told of some being possessing such wonderful powers of eyesight that not only could he see at distances exceeding hundreds of times the range of ordinary vision, not only could he examine the details of near objects utterly invisible to human eyes, but that he could absolutely determine the constitution of bodies millions of millions of miles away, would not such conceptions seem an outrage against the unities of fairy literature?

But how much more would this seem the case if the narrator went on to speak of a being possessing eyes which could see more the shorter time they remained open, or, if the being who used them preferred, could take hours for a single look, seeing more and more minute by minute, until in the course of time details hundreds of times farther than any which even the far-seeing eye of the other fabulous creature could perceive became clearly visible? Yet the telescopic, the microscopic and spectroscopic eyes of science possess the powers of the being first imagined, while the photographic eyes of science possess the powers conceived as belonging to the other. It is of these last I propose now briefly to speak.

Ordinary human eyesight, even when strengthened and extended by optical devices, possesses certain imperfections and is used under certain difficulties. For instance, at least a tenth of a second is required for the eye to take a full look at any object. Even if the eye could see an object in less time the image remains at least this time impressed on the retina. Thus the eye cannot see an object which moves very rapidly, and even when an eye sees an object moving not too rapidly, or moving in a circle so as continually to renew the impression (as where a burning rod is whirled round in a dark room), the object is not seen as it really is, but the successive images, owing to the persistence of luminous impressions, are blurred together into an image utterly unlike the real object. Again, when an object is rapidly changing in shape the eye is often quite unable to see distinctly any one of the shapes which the object assumes. Thus scarcely one of the attitudes of a galloping horse can be seen by the human eye, insomuch that the finest pictures of a charge or a race show not one attitude which a horse really assumes when galloping. Yet again, the eye is often prevented from recognizing the true shape of an object which is itself at rest, by reason of continual fluctuations in the medium through which the object is seen, as for instance when the telescope image of a sun spot is examined through disturbed air, or when smaller details of the solar surface are examined through the air at its very stillest.

In all these cases the real trouble is that the eye requires a certain definite though short time in which to take in, as it were, the visual image, and that during this time the object forming the image is changing in form, either actually or apparently. On the other hand, there are cases of an opposite kind, in which the eye fails to recognize objects or their details because of their exceeding faintness, the eye gaining nothing by the length of time during which it is in action. Thus if we look at a point in the heavens at night where there is a telescopic star the eye fails to see that orb if directed toward it during the tenth of a second (the period necessary for distinct vision under ordinary conditions), nor can the eye see the orb better if directed toward it for a second or for a minute or for an hour. Now science possesses an eye free from these defects, by means of which ordinary vision may be made to see an object as it would be seen if the human eye could take in the image in the thousandth of a second, or even less time, or, on the other hand, as it might be seen, if the human eye could look steadily for an hour or more, gaining distinctness of vision precisely in proportion to the increase of the time during which the eye was used.

For instance, in lecturing on the sun I have been able to tell my hearers that a certain photograph of the sun's surface had been so rapidly taken as to show details which no astronomer had ever actually seen or could see, even though he used the most powerful telescope ever made and gave to the study of the sun with such an instrument every moment of his working life.

On the other hand but a few weeks ago I was looking in Dr. Henry Draper's observatory at a picture of the great nebula in Orion which had been two hours and twenty minutes in forming itself on the retina of the photographic eye of science—in other words the negative had required an exposure of this duration. I say nothing, though I might well say much, on the mechanical skill and ingenuity required to retain the telescope image so long unhanged in position through all the time the diurnal motion of the heavens was carrying Orion round the heavens at the rate (in reality a slightly greater rate) at which the sun moves in the skies, nor do I dwell on the optical or physical difficulties involved in the task which Dr. Draper had thus successfully achieved. The point with chiefly to dwell upon is [illegible] such a photograph is taken science does in reality employ an eye which can give hours to a single look. And let it be noted that we see now but the beginning of the use of the photographic eye, which can see in the five-thousandth part of a second if need be, or if need be can rest its gaze for many hours on the same object, seeing more and more as minute after minute passes on. Yet already the swifter view of the photographic eye, or that eye aided only by the telescope or microscope, could never see, while the steadiest gaze of the photographic eye has revealed what it has been given to no human eye to see by direct vision.

Note, further, that the photographic eye in seeing delineates also, whereas often the eye keenest to see is but little skilled to guide the hand to delineate what is seen, and yet oftener the ordinary eye can obtain but so brief a view of an object that there is no time to draw what is seen without trusting to memory, which in such matters is too often treacherous. The finest picture of the solar rice grains as drawn by any human artist has much less value than have Janssen's instantaneous photographs of the sun's surface. The best picture of the great Orion nebula—which, despite M. Delarue's opinion in favor of the view taken with Lord Rosse's telescope, I consider to be unquestionably Mr. Trouvelot's picture taken with the great Washington telescope—shows no details which are not clearly recognizable in Dr. Draper's beautiful negative, while skillful though Mr. Trouvelot is as an artist, nature has surpassed him in presenting truthfully not only all details but all grades and varieties of shading. And these are but illustrative instances, belonging, too, but to the beginning of the application of photography to science.

Fall House-Cleaning.

Golden Rule.

A subject of engrossing interest to all home-makers at present is that of the autumn house-cleaning. A few practical remarks by one who is herself about to engage in the general warfare against dust and foul air, may be of help to some one whose experience is limited. I overheard two elderly gentlemen talking a few days ago. "Don't you always dread house-cleaning time?" said one. "I scarcely ever know when house-cleaning is going on," was the astonishing reply. It was a fact, too; so quietly and with so little bustle is this stupendous thing got along with in that happy man's household. In the first place it is a wise plan to clean one room at a time, and put it in perfect order before disturbing another room. Have the curtains washed and ironed, if they need it, before cleaning the room. It will rest you to know that there is one room settled and the work there ended. Not to make home hideous and herself unattractive should be the cleaner's aim, and it will be a praiseworthy achievement if in addition to putting the house into good order for a long winter, she has also been able to live and let the family live cheerfully and even comfortably during this period of hard work. Some weary women with aching head, with hands burned, scratched and bruised, may think it is asking a great deal of her to expect that she shall pursue the even tenor of her way, while she is working twice as hard as usual, and is subjected to the many annoyances unavoidable at this time. But it is really asking her simply to hoard her strength. It uses up a great deal of vital force to fret and scold while engaged in any hard undertaking, and if she feels uncomfortable or a little ill-natured, let her express herself through the broom and scrubbing brush. "If I wish to sweep my house and not feel it much I let myself think of the solid South and Chisholm outrage," said a friend of mine, "then the corners are dusted I assure you." Do not try to do anything else on the day set apart to clean closets; it is very fatiguing to take out, deliberate over, and put back, the usual belongings of a closet. Everything should be thoroughly aired. Have just as few things as possible in the closets opening out of sleeping-rooms; old shoes and soiled garments poison the air. When the bedrooms are aired each morning the closet door should be left open that it may have its supply of fresh air. If fresh paper is to be put on and you have any doubts as to the healthfulness of its coloring, take a piece to the chemist; he can at once by a simple test determine if it wholesome, or loaded with arsenic. After washing wood-work always wipe it with a soft cloth; this prevents drops of water being left to dry on and to discolor the paint. A danger which all ambitious but delicate women should avoid is trying to accomplish too much in one day. The temptation to do just one more thing and then another, is so great that much firmness is needed to resist it, and we must not yield. Housework rarely kills, but imprudence frequently does. Running out doors when heated, with sleeves rolled up, and unprotected head and feet are needless exposures, certain to be followed by more or less suffering. Every wife and mother ought to feel that she is of too much consequence in her family to be laid aside even for a day, and she owes it to those who love her, even if they do not say much about it, to take the best possible care of herself."

An Unexpected Bonanza.

There was a pretty well authenticated report on the street last evening that a man living in the northwestern part of the city—up near the big water-tank of the Ophir company—was engaged in repairing and setting back a dilapidated bulkhead in front of his lot, when he struck into a three-foot vein of decomposed material completely filled with pure gold. This is said to be the same kind of rich vein stuff that was encountered near the surface when the first discovery was made at the Ophir in early days. The man had been at work at the Union shaft, but being laid off had concluded to fix up things a little about his house and lot. If all we hear be true, he has made very good wages, as it is said he got out about $15,000 before the Ophir management heard of the matter and requested him to desist from his labors. His wife also participated in the toil of extricating the shining metal from the little home mine, and it is said she has a half-gallon glass jar nearly full of gold that she herself pounded out of gathered lumps. It is hard to keep "ducks out of a dough dish," and we are informed that some workmen found their way back to the vein night before last, and got out about $1,500. The vein is supposed to be a feeder that made out toward that point from the old Ophir vein, and this is doubtless the case. It might never have been discovered but for the tumbling down of the old bulkhead. One old surface tunnel passes through the ground some distance to the northward of the deposit, and another to the southward. Thus the rich pocket was left concealed between. Had the discoverer covered up his find with a new bulkhead, so constructed as to leave a small "coyote hole," by which to pass in and out, he might have worked his vein for months, had he used proper caution in his mining operations.—*Virginia Enterprise.*

THE RUSSIAN CLERGY.

Their Influence on Society in the Czar's Dominions.

Russian Society, skeptical to the core, has unfortunately a parochial clergy utterly incapable of putting itself into relation with the thinking portion of the community—a clergy among whom men of literature and men of the world alike have ceased to look for learning or moral elevation. Neither in their writings nor in their ministrations, still less in social intercourse, are the Russian clergy as a body able, or apparently willing, to enter into the discussion of those problems of life and mind which border upon religion. But the negation of the infinite leads inevitably to nihilism; and philosophical nihilism, in its practical application, ends in the disintegration of the social and moral life of the nation. In fact, the influence of the clergy at this momentous crisis is most unwholesome; it is that of the salt which has lost its savor.

Illiterate themselves, furnished with scanty information picked up in ill-organized seminaries, they fail entirely as pioneers of culture among one of the most backward peasantries of modern Europe.

"God be thanked," a devout Russian layman is reported to have said, "the eastern church has never ruled that religious light and instruction are confined to the clergy!" It is a pity that what light there is is almost entirely confined to the laity, who themselves are only in the possession of refracted light from German and French sources. But an ignorant priesthood will of necessity put impediments in the way of intellectual advance. Thus we find the reading of the Bible not forbidden, indeed, yet at the same time not encouraged. Priest and people kiss the book reverently, yet otherwise neglect it. Cases have come under the notice of the present writer of copies of the Bible having been carefully wrapped up and put by in the houses of peasants, with the remark, "Now, little mother, the good God can not be hard on us when we have such a sacred treasure in the house." Religious ignorance accordingly reigns supreme. An instance, related by an English traveller, of a Russian peasant who, being asked if he could name the three persons of the Trinity, replied without hesitation, "Of course, it is the Saviour, the mother of God, and St. Nicholas, the miracle worker," is by no means a very unusual exhibition of ignorance.

Religion amounts in many cases to mere czar worship. "What kind of obedience do we owe to the czar?" inquires the catechism. Answer: "An entire passive and unbounded obedience in every point of view." The czar, in fact, is the "infallible vicegerent of God Almighty."

The devotions of the people are reduced to mechanical formulæ; there are no service books in which to follow the prayers of the church, and sermons are seldom preached to appeal to their minds and consciences. The sight of a small prayer-book in the hands of a lady at mass causes much concern to an old-fashioned church-goer in one of Tourgenieff's novels; "What is she about?" he exclaims. "God forgive me! She must be a witch—or what?"

In the report on ecclesiastical matters by Count Tolstof, already referred to,—a rather portly volume,—two pages only are occupied with preaching, where it says, however, very properly, that the religious and moral education of the people depends on church schools and preaching in the first instance. Religious acts are regarded more in the light of magic incantations, and religious belief degenerates into debating superstition. Faith in the wonderful power of *icons* and sacred relics is unbounded.

The effect of this on minds of the higher classes, half-cultured themselves, blaze, and morally vitiated, is most pernicious, while students of science and the modern Russian party, with its strong leanings toward realistic views of life, turn away disgusted from the teaching of a clergy whom they consider only as ignorant boors. The nihilist conspirators mostly belong to this advanced section, and it is a notable fact that not one of them, when condemned in former state trials, would have anything to do with the "comforts of religion," but scornfully rejected the offices of the church in the extreme moment.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Doctors and Patients.

Speculative knowledge is, of course, good in itself, but the line between speculation and practice cannot be drawn absolutely. A Pasha who had lost an eye ordered a glass one, and had it fitted in, showing transports of joy; but when after a month's trial he found he could not see with it, he had the "chyrurgeon" bastinadoed and banished. Here there was a lack of "speculation" on the part of the Pasha. But the too-well-known case of the Indian Prince and the seidlitz powders is doubtful. He first took the whole of the 12 blue powders dissolved in a punch-bowl, and then, not feeling much refreshed, took the twelve white ones also at one draught. It is a nice question whether speculation or practice was most wanted here, but it is certain that a portion of both is a good thing. It is notorious that the man who gives himself to the study of pathological books is apt to fancy he has all diseases at once or by turns, so much do "symptoms" resemble each other, or, in other words, so much is practice needed. The most experienced physician, when ill, goes to another physician—that is trite—and the two experts may reasonably "argue" with each other. But the best thing the uninitiated patient can do is to get a good doctor and then mind him. There are illustrious examples in favor of this principle. Mr. Gladstone, whose health and prospects of a vigorous old age were, in the spring of 1874, made the subject of a cheerful article in the *Lancet*, which gently rebuked him for talking of "my age," has more than justified the rebuke of his medical critic. He has shown not only staying power, but buoyancy. He has been betting ten to one, and praising the Burton ales as nectareous, if not nectar. He has been twice very seriously and once at least less seriously laid by, and has more than pulled through. And we have all heard—some of us with surprise, sensible people without any—that he minds what the doctor says, and is a strictly obedient patient. But there is obedience and obedience. Dickens treated unguaranteed prescriptions (of which he used to receive many hundreds) much as Lord Granville does, and he also minded his doctor. But there can be no doubt that he was a fractious patient, whose obedience was often but formal.—*The Spectator.*

VENTRILOQUISM.

Some of the Pranks Which Ventriloquists Have Played on Their Fellow-Men.

"Who were the greatest ventriloquists?"

"Well, there was an old Athenian named Eurykles, who is spoken of in his history as master of the art. Then there were Prof. Alexandre and Louis Brabout, of modern times. They were both Frenchmen. Brabout lived in the fourteenth century, I believe, and was said to be the best ventriloquist the world ever knew. Alexandre lived at an earlier period, and was noted more for his mimetic representations than for his ventriloquial powers. Prof. Love, of England, was celebrated in the art, and was rivaled by Prof. Harrington, who died the other day in Revere, Mass. Of those living to-day, Frederick McCabe, and E. D. Levies were the greatest. Levies is now retired in Australia, and McCabe has recently signed a contract to go there the present season. Davies was the first ventriloquist to introduce 'figures,' as an assistant to the art in America.

"McCabe was a great practical joker. Several years ago he was on board of a Mississippi river steamboat, and, forming an acquaintance with the engineer, was allowed the freedom of the engine room. He took a seat in a corner, and, pulling his hat down over his eyes, appeared to be lost in reverie. Presently a certain part of the machinery began to squeak. The engineer oiled it and went about his usual duties. In the course of a few minutes the squeaking was heard again, and the engineer rushed over, oil-can in hand, to lubricate the same spindle. Again he returned to his post, but it was only a few minutes until the same old spindle was squeaking louder than ever. 'Great Jupiter!' he yelled, 'the thing's bewitched.' More oil was administered, but the engineer began to smell a rat. Pretty soon the spindle squeaked again, and slipping up behind McCabe, the engineer squirted a half pint of down the joker's back. 'There,' said he, 'I guess that spindle won't squeak any more!' The joke was so good that McCabe, could not keep it, and he often tells it with as much relish as his auditors receive it.

"At another time McCabe was confronted by a highwayman on one of the lonely streets of Cincinnati as he was returning to his hotel from a moonlight picnic. The robber presented a cocked revolver at the ventriloquist's head, demanding his money or his life. McCabe's quick wit saved him. He threw his voice behind the stranger, exclaiming: 'Hold, villain, you are my prisoner!' The frightened scamp turned his head, and McCabe dealt him a blow that felled him to the ground. He then secured the revolver, and marched the scoundrel to a police station.

"Louis Brabout, the great ventriloquist, was also a great joker. The story is told of him that he fell in love with a beautiful young novitiate, who was soon to take the veil. The sentiment was returned, and Brabeut arranged for an elopement. His inamorata succeeded in getting outside the convent walls, and the two hurried away to the house of a neighboring priest. The holy mass was awakened and requested to perform the marriage ceremony. His refusal was a thing to be expected, but Brabout was too cunning for the old man. When he said 'No,' most emphatically, and was about to raise a commotion and have the novitiate returned to the cloister, a deep, sepulchral voice was heard coming from the bowels of the earth. It said:

"'I am thy father and am still in torment. Marry this couple to each other, and my probation in purgatory will be over.'

"The frightened priest called upon all the saints to protect him, and proceeded to perform that ceremony with greater alacrity than he had ever shown on similar occasions."

"Do you ever play jokes?"

"Not often. I am not given to such sports as a general thing, but occasionally amuse myself at the expense of others. Last year I was travelling with a musical combination. One day while riding in the cars I threw my voice into a covered basket and set up a furious barking like a dog. The lady beside whom the basket was sitting gave a scream and bounded out of the seat. Then I made a cat join in the row, and a brakeman came running pell-mell to quiet the disturbance. He jerked the lid off the basket and found nothing but a lot of delicious peaches the lady was taking home. The crowd was considerably mystified. Then I set a bumble-bee buzzing about the brakeman's ears, and he retreated. A gentleman who was standing near heard a wolf growl so ferociously behind him that he jumped about two feet high. Then the lady was led to believe that a mouse's nest had found lodgment in her pocket, and the circus was complete. But I don't believe much in such capers, and generally forego the fun I might have if I felt disposed."

How to Remove Corns.

Saturate a small piece of cotton with alcohol, apply it to the corn for a minute, then with a sharp scalpel or knife carefully separate the corn from the healthy tissues, which is easily done by a careful handling of the knife and gentle pulling with forceps while the parts are being immersed with alcohol. If the alcohol dries away while operating, apply the saturated cotton again, and I frequently find it necessary to apply this several times before the operation is completed. The alcohol not only lessens the sensibility of the parts, but it facilitates the separation of the hard corn from the soft and tender tissues. *This cures*, and that without drawing a drop of blood, or producing any pain, except what results from pulling on the corn with the forceps. After raising one edge, it is about like removing a piece of adhesive plaster.—*Am. Med. Journal.*

"Pretty nice thing in your paper this morning," said Fogg to the editor of the *Matutinal Marauder*. "Yes," said the editor inquiringly, his face lighting up with a glow of pleasure. "I suppose you refer to my leader on the situation?" Fogg shook his head. "Or perhaps it was that neat paragraph about the Bungtown railroad?" "No," said Fogg, "it was a pound of beefsteak that I took home for breakfast. Nicest thing I ever saw in the *Marauder*, pon honor."

A CLEVER DUKE.

His Grace of Somerset, His Sacrifices, and His Good Sense.

His grace the duke of Somerset is, on the whole the cleverest of the dukes—that is, of English dukes. Only two—Argyll and Devonshire—can at all be compared to him in intellect, and in spite of their varied accomplishments, it may be doubted whether either of these peers has shown the same grasp of the most difficult problems in religion and politics as their brother of Somerset. The duke of Devonshire, indeed, has been content to play the part of a Maecenas through life, and the duke of Argyll is a little too straitly hedged in with the tenets of Scotch puritanism for his mind to have the freest play. His recent attitude on the question of opening museums on Sunday was a real disappointment to many of his admirers. Edward St. Maur is twelfth duke of Somerset and second temporal peer of the realm after the princes of the blood. Excessive pride is a family failing of the Seymours. The present duke is almost, if not altogether, exempt from the hereditary taint. He was not, however, strong-minded enough to refuse the Garter, as in his own interest he should have done, being painfully commonplace in appearance. He looks like an Islington grocer in his Sunday best, and, to see him girt with his ribbon, you would fancy that he was also a light among the Foresters or Odd-Fellows, or a leader of the Band of Hope about to take part in the procession, and painfully conscious that his trappings sat awkardly on him. I am afraid, too, that it was a weakness for honorary distinction that made him accept the lord-lieutenancy of Devonshire, the duties of which are known to bore him greatly, and would be much better discharged by many a county magnate of the requisite inferiority of intelligence.

Then the duke got himself created an earl by Lord Palmerston, which seemed curious enough to the outside world, and was certainly a most unremunerative expenditure of hundreds of pounds for a poor nobleman—poor, at least, for his high rank. The reason for the application to the then prime minister was twofold. The eldest sons of all the other dukes, save one, were marquises or earls by courtesy. The duke of Manchester's second title is Viscount Mandeville, but he of Somerset had only one title beside the ducal one—namely, that of Baron Seymour. For himself he had been content to be called Lord Seymour before he became "his own father;" but for his son he desired a higher style. Then there was a second reason, whereby hung a weighty question, of the gravest interest to antiquaries, and not to be scoffed at by any who take pride in their own birth.

The members of the duke's family have experienced many searchings of heart on the vital subject as to whether their names should be written Seymour or St. Maur. Lord Hertford, who descended from a common ancestor with the duke, and the Hertford branch generally, have clung to the spelling of Seymour. But for the Somerset line, the fiat has gone forth from headquarters that its members must put St. Maur on their cards. To emphasize his determination, the duke chose in 1863 the title of Earl St. Maur. Curiously enough, his son bore both titles, having been called to the upper house in the barony of Seymour. *Vanitas vanitatum.* The duke's two sons are plead. Lord Edward St. Maur, a young man of great promise—a contributor to *The Fortnightly Review* in its best days—was killed in a tiger hunt; and the Earl St. Maur was carried of by illness about a decade ago. The brothers were both unmarried. The earl was attended on his deathbed by an eminent physician, who, doubtless, did all for the noble patient that art could suggest. But the parents, wild with grief, fancied that the blame of their son's death lay with the doctor, and hastened to state their opinion to society in a pamphlet. Dr. W——lost no time in bringing an action for libel, and the result was illustrative of English manners and customs. The duke tendered a sort of half apology—held out the tips of his little fingers for the doctor to shake—and with this faint expression of an admission on the part of his grace that he might possibly have been somewhat hasty, Dr. W——had to be satisfied.

The Man With the Umbrella.

Why it is that the public do not look kindly upon a man carrying an umbrella in a hot day is a mystery yet to be solved, but the fact is they do not, and not one man in a hundred has the moral courage to carry one. Yesterday when an eminent and dignified citizen coming back from his dinner turned into Griswold street with an umbrella over his head he was accosted with:

"Been raining down your way?"

"No, sir!"

"Going to?"

"No, sir!"

"Then you carry the umbrella to keep the flies off?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's a good plan, and all soft men ought to practice it."

The next man had a grin on his face as he called out:

"What's that for?"

"To keep the sun off."

"What do you want to keep the sun off for?"

"Might get sunstruck."

"Suppose you did?"

"Suppose you mind your business, sir!"

The next one presumed upon his long friendship to halt the man with the umbrella and whisper:

"Pretty sharp in you, old fellow—keep the bulge towards their creditors and they can't see you!"

Other men told him that wearing a poultice on the head would dispence with the umbrella, and others said if he was afraid of his ears being tanned he should fasten a fan on each side of his hat. Not one single man took him by the hand and encouraged him, and when he reached the postoffice he was so discouraged that he lowered his shade and us[illegible] ribs of a boy who had be[illegible]

"He's a flat—he's a feller,
And he lugs an old umbrella."

SOLOMON'S temple at Jerusalem cost over $77,000,000,000, complete. There were evidently government contractors in those days.

A learned writer says that "heaven keeps our light burning while we sleep." Well, it does look that way when the figures on a gas-bill stare the average citizen in the face.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 29, 1881.

GRAIN MARKET.

Since our last issue grain of all kinds mostly have advanced, Rye being now steady at 90 cts., Wheat, $1.25, Peas, 70 cts., Oats, 40 cts. Barley, as usual, is a very fickle grain to handle, large quantities are coming in, but is generally stored. Prices during the week have run up as high as 92 cts. for bright, but this was owing to an excited state of the outside market. The price is now 85 cts. for 48 lbs., 83 cts. for 47 lbs., 80 cts. for 46 lbs. Buyers are feeling anxious. We can give but uncertain advice. The general impression among buyers is that present prices will not be much if any improved; among farmers that they will yet go up higher, many of whom are holding back for this reason. According to outside advices it is expected that during the next week or two, when the bulk of the western grain has had a chance to move, the market will witness a material change. Both warehouses here are doing a rushing business, and it is expected that fully double as much grain as last year will be sold in Madoc this season.

ANOTHER COMET.

IT APPEARS DURING THE PRESIDENT'S LAST AGONY—FOUR COMETS VISIBLE SYMULTANEOUSLY.

Rochester, Sept. 21.—Edward E. Barnard, of Nashville, announces the discovery on the night of the 19th of a new telescopic comet, three degrees north of Zeta Virginis. Its daily motion is three degrees north-east, right accension, 13.29; declination, 3.48. Mr. Barnard claims the Wanzer prize. Five comets have been discovered this year, four being first seen in the north-east. Director Swift says the new comet discovered at Nashville is not the comet of 1812. No tail is yet apparent, but the cube seems bright. It is a somewhat singular coincidence that this comet appeared at the very hour when the President was passing away. On the morning of the 20th, at 1 o'clock, Prof. Swift caught a view of the long-expected Encke's comet near Beta Auriga, and noticed its condensation opposite the sun. It is tailless, as usual, and can be seen, as can also comets "B," "C" and "D," by the aid of a good telescope. Four comets visible in the sky symultaneously is certainly unusual, if not portentious. Another remarkable fact in cometary history is that four out of the five comets appeared in the Constellation Auriga. The Barnard comet has been cabled to Europe, and as it cannot be expected to be the comet of 1812, it will be the fourth one since May 1st, to draw on the Wanzer prize fund. The discovery on the 19th was verified on the 20th.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

Warned by the dense volumes of smoke which obscured the sky for several days, the inhabitants of this section have been very careful not to start any fires; we, however, had two which created some alarm, one in Kavanagh settlement, which the settlers had to fight for two days, and another at the south end of Dungannon, which burnt up six crossways. Both of these appear to be extinguished, and we are safe. But it is hard to say how long this will continue, as for the last few nights the sky has been lighted up to the south and east with large bush fires, and the air, which has been bright and clear for some time, is again darkened with heavy clouds of smoke, which quite obscure the sun. Several miles to the west of this, it is said that Rathbun & Co.'s, Gilmour's, and other limits have been swept over by heavy fires, but up to date all timber limits in this municipality have escaped.

Sept. 13th the L'Amable cricket club went down to Thanet, and played the return match with that club. A very enjoyable day was passed, and the Thanet boys entertained ours in the most hospitable manner, in fact, the relations of the two clubs throughout these matches have been of the most pleasant description. The score was as follows:—

Thanet, 1st innings, 19, 2nd, 51, total, 70. L'Amable, 1st innings, 89. L'Amable thus winning by 19 in one innings.

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, Sept 22nd, 1881.

The current rate of taxation in Belleville is 11 mills on the dollar.

A case of small-pox has been brought to light in the city of Kingston. Great precaution is taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

The Government will in a few days send a dredge to Belleville to dredge the harbor.

The boy Crittenden, who was missing from the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Belleville, has been found at Gananoque, and returned safely.

At Belleville the other day two young men, witnesses in a liquor case, who refused to tell the police magistrate where they got their liquor, were committed to goal for ten days.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A Steam Thresher blown into pieces, and four Persons instantly killed.

One of the most terrible and fatal accidents that ever occurred in this vicinity took place Friday afternoon last between six and seven o'clock, at the farm of Mr. Geo. Caldwell, 8th concession of Thurlow, and about one and a half miles east of Zion's Hill. Mr. Owen Reid's steam thresher had been engaged during the day by Mr. Caldwell, and through some defect of the guage, or carelessness on the part of the engineer, the head of steam carried was not fully known. The consequence was that the boiler of the thresher exploded with terrific force, tearing everything into pieces and scattering death and destruction on all sides. Anson Thrasher, who was engaged near the cylinder at the time the explosion occurred, was struck by pieces of the shattered engine and his skull was severely crushed. He died almost instantly. Andrew Lloyd, who was also near by, was blown fully 25 yards from the engine, and his abdomen was torn open so that his bowels protruded. Death was almost instantaneous in his case also. Wm. Malcolm, son of Mr. Wm. Malcolm, who lives near Mr. Horace Yeomans, and who was formerly foreman of the Gas House here, was instantly killed. He was employed on the machine, and was a promising young man of about 20 years. Miss Viola Caldwell, aged 11 years, who was sitting near the machine watching the operations, was struck by a piece of the engine and had her neck broken. She, too, died in a few moments. But these casualities, horrible as they are, did not complete the injuries inflicted upon life and limb. Mr. Caldwell himself was seriously, but it is thought not fatally wounded. Henry Garvin was dangerously injured and may die. Chas. Gerkin was also painfully wounded. This is a terrible list for one such accident and at one place.

The engine was shattered into a hundred pieces, and part of it was driven into the barn setting fire to the straw. By great efforts the flames were extinguished before they had done much damage.

The scene at the barn after the accident baffles description. The writer got his information from an eye-witness, who describes the anguish of the bereaved friends as heart-rending in the extreme. While some cared for the wounded others gathered about the mutilated forms of the killed and rent the air with their cries. Strong, active men, who a few moments before were exchanging greetings and anticipating naught but happiness, lay upon the ground, bleeding and dead. The little girl Viola was not mutilated, and her death was so sudden the countenance retained a natural expression. All around were broken and splintered parts of the engine, and the shades of night closed over one of the saddest and most crushing scenes ever witnessed in this part of Canada.

Mr. Geo. Caldwell, who suffers such a terrible loss by this accident, is a brother of Dr. Caldwell, dentist, of this city, and is a widower of about 48 years. He owns a farm of 200 acres, and is a prosperous farmer. His mother resides with him.

There must be something radically wrong in the management of these steam threshers, as accidents of this kind are too numerous throughout the country. It is not improbable that those who take charge of the engine are, in many instances, quite ignorant of the duties they assume. A man should thoroughly understand his business before undertaking a task fraught with so much danger. But in the face of this great sorrow we censure no one.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Mr. Anson Thrasher, who was killed, lived on the 7th Concession of Thurlow, and was employed by Mr. Reid to manage the engine. He was a married man about 33 years of age, and leaves a wife and family of four children, the eldest child being about 12 years of age. At the time of the accident he was working on the cylinder of the "cleaner," in front of the machine. His skull was not fractured as stated by our first informant. His left eye was driven from the socket, and his breast received two wounds as if struck by spikes or pieces of iron. He was quite dead when reached.

Andrew Lloyd was an orphan, about 26 years of age. One sister and two brothers are living at Plainfield. He was employed by Reid to feed the "cleaner," and had been with the machine all the season. He was standing immediately in front of the boiler, and his body was blown fully 300 feet. His injuries were terrible, the abdomen being ripped open and nearly every bone in his body broken. When picked up life was extinct. So great was the force of the explosion, his body rolled 50 feet after striking the ground.

Wm. Malcolm was standing about 5 feet from the boiler on the right hand side and was blown about 100 feet by the explosion. He was terribly injured, his neck being broken, the left leg broken at the knee, and the right thigh broken. The body was otherwise bruised and injured. He was blown in a horizontal direction along the ground. When picked up he was dead and the body almost nude, all the clothing except his boots and socks having been torn off.

The little girl Viola Caldwell was a daughter of David Caldwell, a brother of George, who was assisting at the threshing and escaped uninjured. Two other small girls, daughters of George Caldwell, and aged about 10 and 13 yrs. were sitting with Viola on a board, between the engine and barn. The younger of these was severely scalded from her knees to her head by the escaping steam.

Henry Garvin was employed by Ried and was standing in rear of the "cleaner." When found he was lying insensible beneath some boards that had fallen on to him. During the excitement that followed the explosion several men jumped from the mow on these boards, but they did not probably increase the injuries to Garvin. He did not recover consciousness during the night, and at 6 this morning was still in the same state. The doctors have little hopes of his recovery. He is a married man, living at Plainfield, and has one child.

Chas. Gerkin was only slightly wounded on the head.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Strayed or Stolen.

FROM the premises of the undersigned, lot No. 9, 6th concession, Madoc, on Thursday, 22nd September, a Grey Horse, blind of the right eye. Any person giving such information as will lead to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.

HUGH CAMERON.

Madoc, Sept. 28th, 1881.

MAIL CONTRACT.

TENDERS, addressed to the Post Master General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 4th November, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, one time per week each way, between

FARADAY AND UMFRAVILLE,

from the 1st January next.

Conveyance to be made on horseback or in a vehicle.

The Mails to leave Faraday every Saturday at 7 A.M. and arrive at Umfraville at 9:30 A.M.

To leave Umfraville at 10 A.M., or as soon as possible after arrival of Mails from Thanet, and to arrive at Faraday within two and a half hours afterwards.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Faraday and Umfraville, and at this office.

GILBERT GRIFFIN,
Post Office Inspector.

POST OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE,
Kingston, 23rd September, 1881.

NOTICE!

ALL parties having purchased my pumps are hereby cautioned not to pay the same except to my authorized Agent, as Mr. W. E. Murphy has left my employ and is no longer an Agent for me.

D. ASHEY.

Norwood, 14th Sept., 1881. 233-4w.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

UNDER and by virtue of a Power of Attorney, dated the nineteenth day of October, A.D., 1881, granted by Mary E. Embury, of the Township of Madoc, administratrix of the estate of the late Wesley Embury, deceased, I hereby give notice to all Creditors of the said estate to present their claims to me, within one month from the date hereof.

HENRY ROBINSON.

Madoc, Sept. 21st, 1881.

N. B.—All persons indebted to the above estate are requested to make immediate settlement. 233-4w.

OYSTERS!

I HAVE made arrangements for a supply of Oysters DIRECT FROM THE PACKERS, and will be enabled to retail them as near Belleville prices, as a small additional charge to cover passing them through the Customs and extra freight will permit. I shall deal in none but

Well Known and Reliable Brands,

and expect to be in receipt of the first lot by

1st October First,

probably sooner.

We have largely increased our facilities for

SERVING LUNCHEONS,

and we trust to the steady increase in the past as encouragement for the future.

A full supply of

CANDIES, NUTS, FRUITS, &C.,

always on hand.

S. A. DAVIS.

Madoc, September 21st, 1881.

GRAND

Credit Sale

OF

FARM STOCK, HORSES, CATTLE, &C., &C.,

To be sold on the Exhibition Grounds Belleville, on

Wed'y and Thurs. Oct. 5th, 6th.

We have received instructions from Mr. Wm. Donnelly, Milk Dealer, Sidney, to sell out his Farm Stock; it consists of some of the Best Bred Horses in this part of the country, viz:—

Two Thoroughbred "Viley" Colts, 4 years old; 1 Horse, "Slap Bang," 5 years old, 16 hands high; 1 Fine Young Hunter, 6 years old; 1 Chestnut Mare and Colt, got by Leamington; 1 very fine 5 year old Mare, for breeding purposes, thoroughbred; 1 Roan Horse, suitable for farm purposes; 1 Gelding, aged. 12 Cows, all coming in with calf. 1 Spring Sulky. 1 Double Sleigh. 8 Covered Top Buggies. Beech Wagon. Phaeton, cost $225. Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators and Wagons.

Any Parties wishing to offer their Stock for Sale at the Exhibition, can do so by applying to W. & D. Paterson, at the "Syndicate Store."

Terms made known at time of Sale. SALE AT ONE O'CLOCK EACH DAY.

W. & D. PATERSON,

September 24th, 1881. Trade Auctioneers, Syndicate Store, Harrison's Block, Belleville.

RIFLES & REVOLVERS. TINWARE. GUNS, FROM $4 TO $30.

SIGN OF THE CIRCULAR SAW.

Grain! Grain!

H. CORBY, JR.,

IS prepared to pay the highest Cash Prices for all kinds of Grain either at Madoc or Belleville. Grain to be delivered in Madoc at the Farmers' Warehouse. 232

NORTH HASTINGS Warehouse.

THIS Warehouse is again open for Storing and Shipping Grain. To Buyers every facility will be given and reasonable rates charged. To Farmers grain received in store and no charge made if held for the purpose of selling. All such grain covered by Insurance and no charge made to the Farmer. The undersigned will pay the highest prices for all kinds of grains and Clover and Timothy Seed.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 12th, 1881.

Spring Wheat for Seed.

I AM instructed to purchase a few hundred Bushels of LOST NATION Spring Wheat for seed, for which extra prices will be paid. It must be entirely clean and free from other grain or seeds.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, September 12th, 1881.

TELEGRAPH POLES!

THE undersigned wishes to purchase from one thousand to three thousand Telegraph Poles for which extra prices will be paid if delivered within the next six weeks.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 14th, 1881.

TIES! TIES!! TIES!!!

50,000 TIES WANTED!

I WILL make contracts for Cedar, Oak, Rock-elm, Tamarac or Hemlock Ties, to be delivered during the coming winter, on the River or along the Railway.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, September 14th, 1881.

FARM FOR SALE!

A Farm containing 175 acres, in the Township of Sidney, County of Hastings. It is conveniently situated on a Gravel Road close by a School and Cheese Factory, two miles from Frankford and ten miles from Trenton. 100 acres cleared. About 35 Apple Trees., Frame House 18x24 and Kitchen 14x18. Frame Barn 18x24, Stone Stable under it. Well watered. Well adapted for fruit. Terms easy. A certain sum required, balance on any reasonable time required by purchaser.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 16th, 1881.

H. JAMES, M. D.,

OF BELLEVILLE, will visit Madoc professionally every Friday and Saturday of each week, when he will be prepared to meet patients or make calls upon the afflicted of this village or surrounding country. Office in Moon's Hotel, where orders may be left.

Belleville, March 14, 1881.

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

FOR SALE.

IN the Village of Madoc, that commodious and valuable property, situate on the east side of Russell Street in said village, and owned by the heirs of the late James O'Brien. The property is well and favorably situated for a Cooper's establishment, as that was the business which was successfully conducted by the late owner, on the said premises for several years. Hard and soft water on the premises. This is a good investment for a good Cooper, as there is no business of the kind at present carried on in the village or vicinity. A good title can be given. Application may be made to Mr. Samuel Driscoll, Madoc village, or to Catherine O'Brien, relict of the late James O'Brien, Trenton.

CATHERINE O'BRIEN,
Executrix.

Trenton, June 22nd, 1881.

Furniture! Furniture! Furniture!

At and Under Belleville Prices.

Encourage those who knock high prices and ways, and don't go to those who have charged you EXTORTIONATE PRICES for years, and who only come down when forced and who would go up again the first opportunity. Parlour Suits, Side boards, Centre and Leaf Tables, enclosed Wash Stands, a variety of Rocking and other Chairs, Bureaus, Bed Steads from $1.50 up, Looking Glasses, Pictures and frames about half price, best quality Milk Pans, at $1.25 per dozen.

Call and see quality and prices

AT SCOTT'S,

next to Whytock's, and adjoining the bridge.

Auction Sales attended to throughout the County by

THOMAS SCOTT, Auctioneer.

Highest cash price paid for Deakins, Hides, Furs, &c.

Living but yet Dead!
Full of Imagination, Life, Character and Position, yet it is only a Photograph made by BROCK & CO., Photographers.

The Facts are
Our customers admire our Instantaneous Process. Think of only being 4 to sit three or four seconds. What a blessing this warm weather.

New Goods at Foster & Reid's!

WE HAVE OUR

Fall and Winter Stock

about complete in CHOICE DRESS GOODS, of which we show a large line, and TRIMMINGS to match.

OUR BLACK CASHMERES ARE THE

BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED IN MADOC.

See them before purchasing. We have a large stock of

JACKETS AND SHAWLS, AND ARE OFFERING THEM CHEAP.

See the full lines of

Velveteens, Winceys, Kid Gloves, Ladies' and Childrens' Hosiery, Corsets, &c., Ready-made Clothing, Tweeds, Shirtings, Flannels, Overalls, Bags, Cotton Yarn, etc.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT will be complete in a few days with all the fashionable goods of the season.

Madoc, September 27th, 1881. [HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS.] FOSTER & REID.

D. A. JOHNSTON, M. D., C. M.
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

Local Lines.

—Grain is moving so freely over the Grand Junction that there is a difficulty in procuring a sufficiency of cars.

—A letter from Remmington, on the "Cooper and Remmington Mail Service" is unavoidably crowded out of this issue. It will appear next week.

—The sale of lots on the Russel Estate, which is to take place on Saturday, will commence at 10 o'clock, A.M., instead of 1 o'clock as advertised. There will doubtless be a large sale.

—The five ancient orders of architecture are the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite. The five leading pens of Esterbrook's make are the Falcon, Bank, Engrossing, Extra Fine and School.

—Mrs. Wright, a few days ago, received another large stock of those delicious grapes which sold so rapidly a few weeks ago. This will probably be the last received this season, so make sure and get some of them.

Personal.

Mr. James Laflin, after the absence of 8 years, arrived here on Monday last from Evart, Mich., which place he has been making his home during this period. He is visiting relations and friends in this township, the place of his nativity, and former residence. He gives a sad account of the horrible conflagration in Michigan.

Sad Drowning Case.

Our Millbridge correspondent writes:—"A young man named William Hinchliffe, a resident of the township of Cashel, and who used to keep a grocery, drowned himself in Wardsworth Lake on the 22nd inst. It is said he left a letter for his mother. It is also said that Mr. Déremo saw him drown himself. No cause is assigned for the sad act."

Fine Wheat.

The *Rural New Yorker*, last season, offered to its subscribers, several prizes for Wheat. Several hundred persons sent samples. Mr. S. P. Miller, son of Rev. H.T. Miller, of The Ridge, sent five heads of White Russian Spring Wheat. We are gratified to learn that in this variety of wheat, he was beaten by none, and only equalled by one competitor. Considering that the competition was open to all the States and Canada, this speaks well for North Hastings.

A Market Place.

On Monday a numerously signed requisition, which was fathered by Mr. Henry Dingman, was presented to the Reeve, asking that a public meeting be called to discuss the advisability of purchasing enough real estate for a market place for this village, and also for selecting a site for a Court House and Jail. The Reeve appointed Wednesday evening as the time for the meeting, in the Town Hall, but owing to the very small attendance of the business men who should be interested in the scheme, it was deemed advisable by the Reeve to defer taking any action on the matter until some future time.

Second Class Examination, 1882.

The following have been named for this examination:—

ENGLISH LITERATURE—Cowper's Task, Book III; Goldsmith's Deserted Village; Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley.

LATIN—The Accidence and the principal rules of Syntax and Prosody.

EXERCISES—Cæsar Bellum Brittanium, (B.G. Book IV. cc. 20—36; Book V. cc. 8—23,) Cicero pro Archia, and Virgil, Eneid, Book II. 1—317; Learning by heart selected portions of Virgil; Re-translation in Latin of easy passages from Cicero.

Other subjects same as for 1881.

CHEESE MARKET.

INGERSOLL, Sept. 27.—Fourteen factories offered 5,400 boxes August make. One factory offered September and October make at 12½c. 12½c for August, and 13c for balance of season was offered without sales. Factorymen, in view of a very light fall make, are firm. One factory making 560 last September, reports 430 this month. Another factory making 22 a day this time last year, is now making 14 a day.

UTICA, N. Y., Sept. 27.—2,300 boxes of cheese moved at 12½ for August make, and 13½ for September.

THE LATE PRESIDENT.

Madoc sympathizes with the sorrowing Nation.

In response to a call made by the Reeve, quite a number of our citizens assembled in the Town Hall on Monday last, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock, the time set for the funeral of President Garfield at Cleveland, Ohio. The meeting was organized by appointing E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Reeve, Chairman, and Chas. Gream, Esq., Secretary. The Chairman feelingly alluded to the sorrow of the American people at that hour, and said it was only right and proper that the people of Canada, and even the people of Madoc should publicly lend their sympathy at such a time.

A. F. Wood, Esq., in a touching and eloquent manner then moved the following resolution, which was ably seconded by John White, Esq., M.P.:

Resolved, that in the death of the late President of the United States, we recognize not only the loss to the great nation over which he was called to preside, but also the almost irreparable loss to the people of all nations who value earnestness of purpose, purity of life, and integrity of character, based upon Christian principles.

The resolution was carried unanimously by a standing vote. Messrs. Wareham Tuller and Henry Dingman also made short addresses bearing testimony to the high character and worth of the murdered man.

The following resolution was then moved by Major Rawe, seconded by Dr. Loomis, both of whom delivered short but appropriate addresses:

Resolved, that our most hearty expression of sympathy is tendered to the family of the deceased President, who, aside from the National calamity have lost a loving Son, Husband and Father.

This was carried same as before. The meeting then adjourned, after a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

During the above hour, from 2 to 3 o'clock, all the merchants in the village closed their shops, and business generally was suspended as a mark of respect to the honored dead.

As a Family Medicine Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters are rapidly taking the place of pills, they are equally effectual, do not gripe, weaken, or produce nausea and are purely vegetable. In large 8 oz. bottles at 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

New Bell.

A fine new bell, costing nearly $300 we understand, has been purchased by Mr. H. Dingman, for the new M. E. Church in this village. It is a magnificent gift.

More Fast Binding.

Messrs. John O'Hara and Levi Empey, bound on the farm of Mr. Levi Empey, Sen., about nine miles north of this place, 964 sheaves of fall wheat in two hours and a half. Next.

Cheap Reading.

The NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW and the Toronto *Daily World* will be furnished to subscribers at the rate of $3.50 per annum, payable in advance. See advertisement of the *World* in another column.

Those who are subject to Billiousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion or any Kidney Affections, should take the advice of an able physician and use Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. In large bottles at 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

A Serious Accident.

On Friday, 16th inst., Mr. Richard Farrell of this township, lost a valuable horse by the limb of a falling tree striking it across the back breaking it. Mr. Farrell's two boys, it appears, were in a field near a burning woods dragging, and on coming to the end nearest the woods a burning tree fell, the older of the two boys perceiving the danger ran and took the horses by the heads thinking to turn them out of the way, and in doing so miraculously escaped being intansly killed himself, as a limb also struck him knocking him down. The horse had to be shot, but no further damage was done.

Dr. Carson never claimed for his Stomach and Constipation Bitters any MIRACULOUS POWER OF HEALING, but with the quiet consciousness of their medicinal virtues he prescribes them to all those who suffer from any derangement of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys. In large 8 oz. bottles at 50c Sold by all Druggists.

Another Fatal Accident.

On Thursday evening last Samuel Reynolds, employed as brakeman, met his death by being cut in two on the main line of the Midland Railway, near Coldwater. Like young Huston's death, no person knows exactly how it occurred. The deceased was about twenty-two years old, and had been in the employ of the company only a few weeks. He had the reputation of being a quiet, industrious young man, but was said by old trainmen to be too venturesome, like the majority of green hands. There were several curious facts that are very generally commented on in connection with the deaths of Huston and Reynolds. Both were fast friends, both worked for some time in Hall and Ostrom's biscuit works, both left about the same time, both commenced work as brakemen at the same time and both were mysteriously killed within four days of each other. Reynolds, it appears, was at Huston's funeral, and was told at that time by a railwayman that unless he was a little more careful he would meet with the same fate, and unfortunately, in a few days the prediction was verified. As no person saw him fall, the exact manner in which he met his death will probably remain a mystery.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST FOR OCTOBER 1ST, contains a choice selection of articles on a wide range of subjects; among the leading contributors are: Peter Henderson—"Celery Planting in Dry Weather"; S. B. Parsons, Jr.—"Right and Wrong in Rock Work"; Prof. G. C. Caldwell (Cornell University)—"Manure Made Under Cover"; Tim Bunker—"Again Changing Base"; Dr. J. B. Lawes (Rothamsted, England)—"Nitrogen as Nitric Acid"; Prof. A. Liautard (Am. Vet. College)—"Anthrax or Charbon"; Col. F. D. Curtis—"Swine Raising"; Hon. X. A. Willard—"American Cheese and Its Exports"; Mason C. Weld—"Unbiased Judging at Fairs"; Prof. N. S. Townshend (Ohio University)—"Wheat: Soil, Tillage, Varieties and Harvesting"; Dr. Manly Miles—"System in Farming"; Prof. Cyrus Thomas (Entomological Commission)—"Counteracting Injurious Insects"; Hon. R. W. Furnas—"Nebraska's Agricultural Outlook"; Mrs. E. H. Leland—"Rearing and Training of Children." There are many other valuable illustrated articles, including Notes for Farm and Garden Work; Skunks; Ferrets; Plan of Small Barn; Flood Fence; Smut on Wheat, Oats, and Barley; Sulky Plows; New and Old Flowers; Notes from the Pines. A full supply of Household Reading; the Boys' and Girls' Columns can but please and instruct the young. Terms, $1.50 a year, 15 cts. a copy. Orange Judd Co., Publishers, New York.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—In general debility, mental depression, and nervous irritability there is no medicine which operates so like a charm as these famous Pills. They purify the blood, soothe and strengthen the nerves and system, give tone to the stomach, elevate the spirits, and, in fact, make the patient sensible of a total and most delightful revolution in his whole system. They may be commended most unreservedly as the very best family medicine in existence. Though so powerfully efficacious, they are singularly mild in their operation, and might be given with perfect confidence to delicate women and young children. They contain not a grain of mercury, or any other noxious substance, and cannot do harm. Delicate females and all persons of sedentary habits will find these Pills a blessing.

"Makes Countless Thousands Mourn."

SCOTT, vs. COE.

No doubt the sensible portion of the community, to whom Coe aristocratically is very particular to address, no doubt, I say, you have been looking for a reply to Coe's last TIRADE, but I don't want to carry on this (like Coe) behind his back. How is it that his only comes out 7 weeks after my issue, (nay worse), not until he is 5000 miles out of reach and sound? Why, sensible portion of the community, do you see anything in it. I deem it best in this not to give any general explanation, as justice in part might be defeated. As I am about to bring the case before a Court, I will give Coe's (selected) a chance of seeing who is the LIAR, so await the trial, you shall have the whole history in full, as I won't spare him to the end of my time, UNLESS he acts *as agreed to* in confidence by him to me. I might say now, that if I had known Coe at the time, as I know him now, unfortunately, it would have been just as easy for me to have have secured the Dufferin Mine, and realised not less than $20,000, just as easy as penning these lines, and Coe known no more about it, until after, than you reader. To this I sware too before Heaven, or with my last breath to eternity. But, oh, that misplaced confidence.

THOMAS SCOTT.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

Just received one Case of

CROMPTON'S CORSETS.

D. C. CLARKE.

CLOTHING.

We are now receiving one of the largest stocks of Ready Made Clothing ever shown in Madoc, all of which will be sold at prices far below its value.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, July 6th, 1881.

STIRLING AND MADOC

PUMP FACTORY!

THE undersigned has leased the shop previously occupied by R. SIMMONS as a Pump Factory, and is now prepared to furnish

Pumps of the Latest Styles on the shortest notice

All Pumps not bearing my name and recommended as my make are an imposition.

A CALL SOLICITED.

A. L. SAYLOR,

Madoc, June 16th, 1880. Madoc and Stirling.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

Mother's Boys.

Yes, I know there are stains in the carpet,
Traces of small muddy boots,
And I see your hip tapestry glowing,
All specimens with blossoms and fruit!

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Undisturbed by the presence of boys!

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in yours unmolested
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night;
While you go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman,
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings;
Yet would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise:
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys!

A GUILTLESS PRODIGAL.

By the Author of "HONORS DIVIDED," "A CAPTIVE'S CAPTIVE," *&c.*

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

I become tired at last of such a one-sided contest, and coolly ignore my husband. The greater part of the day-time he spends in visiting the poor, and his evenings are now inevitably passed in his study; so I am not troubled with much of his company—that is to say, when I chance to be at home, which is seldom. Leo and I are suddenly plunged into the vortex of gaiety for which we had longed and sighed in vain. But one of us, at least, is already awaking to the fact that this boon we childishly craved is, after all, but Dead-Sea fruit. Certain it is that my pleasures of anticipation have far exceeded those of realisation; and I hail the prospect of a long, lazy day at home with a sense of thankful relief.

"Leo, isn't it a comfort we have nowhere to go to-day?" I remark, comfortably setting myself in an arm-chair by the fire with Blake's last instalment in my hand and a box of my favourite *dragees* in my lap, as a very child in my love of sweetmeats.

"I don't know. I think it promises to be rather flat," she answers drearily; and she exits her post by the window and takes the chair opposite to mine.

"Will you have a book?" I suggest. "There are plenty of interesting ones in that case."

But Leo is not in the humour for reading. She lies back in her chair with closed eyes, her hands loosely clasped behind her head; and presently I hear by her regular breathing that she has fallen asleep. I do not disturb her, not even when, to my vexation, a prolonged, peculiar agitation of the knocker announces the advent of Wilfrid Yorke; she looks so childishly happy and content, lost in the embraces of "Death's beautiful sister."

The room door is open, and, as usual, Wilfrid Yorke walks in unannounced.

"Hush!" I say softly, rising and laying [illegible] "Don't make her just yet. [illegible] glad you here! [illegible] he answers, with well-feigned indifference, [illegible] to resume my seat, he comes [illegible] leaning against the mantelpiece, with one hand carelessly thrust in his pocket.

"Grisel," he says, bending down and speaking in a whisper, "I have heard of a capital place for skating. It is only a short distance down the line. We take the train to Warstone—do you know where that is?"

"Oh, yes! It's only half an hour's ride from here. I know the piece of water you mean. It's a private lake belonging to Sir Joseph Gifford, the other side of Warstone Flats. But it's a very long walk from the station, quite a mile and a half by the flats, and double that by the road," I whisper back.

"A walk will do you good, little lazybones; it will bring the rose back," he answers softly, touching my pale cheek—a piece of cousinly freedom of which I do not exactly approve.

"Yes, Wilfred, I love you. You know I do, darling. How could I help it?"

With terrible distilness the words fall from Leo's unconscious lips, and, suddenly opening her eyes, the first object they rest upon is the man for whom she has all unwittingly confessed her love.

"Grisel, how could you let me fall asleep?" she says, crimsoning furiously under the earnest penetrating gaze with which Wilfrid Yorke is regarding her.

But Leo's cheeks are pale compared with mine, as I stammer out something about being "very sorry," for the moment utterly unpleased in my uncomfortable *role* of third person. Oh, if I could only invent some excuse for leaving the room! My fertile brain is not long at a loss for a pretext.

"Then did you think of going down to Warstone this afternoon, Mr. Yorke?"

"Well, I'm afraid if we don't go to-day we may not have another chance. The ice is in splendid condition just now; but there is a rapid thaw predicted, and, you know, we should 'never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day,'" he answers, laughing unsteadily. "You are not too tired, are you?"

"Oh, no; the fresh air will revive us! I'll go at once and see about ordering something substantial for luncheon. We must start early," I say, hurriedly moving towards the door.

Half an hour later, and I return. I find my sister and her companion just as I left them, Leo lying back in her chair, her pretty hands idly folded in her lap, her beautiful eyes shyly veiled under her snowy lids, and Wilfrid Yorke still lounging in his favourite attitude. If any tender passages have taken place between these two during my absence, they are certainly clever actors.

"Leo, am I to congratulate you?" I inquire, when, after luncheon, we go up-stairs to don our walking apparel.

"I don't understand you, Grisel," she answers coldly.

I laugh, and run away into my own room, there to envelop myself in a big sealskin dolman, my husband's wedding-gift, and the most coquettish of fur caps. I am becoming too much accustomed to my fine feathers to spend much time in admiring them, and am ready to go down before Leo is half through her toilet. I offer to assist her, but she declines frigidly.

"By Jove! You ought to have your portrait taken in that rig out, Grisel. It's awfully becoming! What do you say to coming up to Elliott and Fry's to-morrow morning and having it done? You know you promised me one—don't you?"

I wonder if Wilfred Yorke would flirt with his grandmother, if there was no other woman in the way?

"What do you want with the portrait of a staid old matron like me?" I laugh, struggling with a refractory glove-button and not looking at him as I speak.

"Let me do that for you. I am a capital hand at buttoning ladies' gloves. I keep a button-hook on purpose," he says, producing that article from his waistcoat pocket and taking possession of my wrist. "How many are there? Only four!"—with affected disappointment. "I hoped there were a dozen at least."

"I am very glad there are not. Four are three too many at the rate you button them," is my matter-of-fact response.

"Never mind that one; I can do it."

"Impatient little girl!" he says, still retaining the hand he so tenderly holds—Wilfrid Yorke's slightest touch is a caress—and bending his dark smooth head so low over his task that any one suddenly entering the room might easily misconstrue the situation.

Some one does enter, the room—some one whose ashen face almost frightens me—some one at whose appearance Wilfrid Yorke drops my hand as though it were a live coal.

"Oh, you are home! When did you come in? I did not hear you;" and I redden guiltily under the eyes that condemn me without a hearing.

"I came in about ten minutes ago. Grisel, where are you going?"

Never has my husband addressed me with such authoritativeness. How dare he speak so to me, especially before a third person! Treating me as though I were a child!

"Skating," I answer, looking straight into his rigid face with defiant bravado.

"I forbid it."

Wilfrid Yorke mutters something in an undertone and impatiently shifts his position.

"I suppose you consider that conclusive?"

I rather gasp the words than speak them.

"Most certainly I do."

"Then I do not," I answer, laying great stress on the last word.

* * * * *

Not one word do I utter from the time we leave Chester Square until we reach Sir Joseph Gifford's large frozen lake; and, with his ready tact, Wilfrid Yorke addresses himself exclusively to Leo. Twice during the long dreary walk across the barren flats he presses the hand resting upon his arm more closely to him, a mark of sympathy which forces two scalding tears from my miserable eyes.

It is a gloomy, cheerless day; not frosty, but rawly, searchingly cold, a cold which pierces one to the very heart. When we arrive at the scene of action, the lake is thronged with busy skaters. But, ardent lover as I am of the pastime, I feel in no humour for it to-day, and for a long time will not consent to having my skates put on.

Wretched and forlorn, I stand shivering on the brink of the lake watching Leo's timid evolutions. She is not a good skater, and Wilfrid Yorke sees this at a glance, for, directly he has risen to his feet, he takes her under his protection and does not attempt to leave her until she is accosted by a chance acquaintance, to whose tender mercies he consigns her with apparently little reluctance. Then he comes skimming across the ice to me.

"Come, Grisel, let me put on your skates! You will catch your death of cold standing about here. Just to please me!" And those dark eyes could scarcely plead in vain.

Once on the ice, I speedily forget all my troubles. Together Wilfrid Yorke and I skim over the frozen waters with aerial swiftness. Every eye follows our flying forms. We make three circuits of the lake ere we encounter Leo and her attendant cavalier, and I nod gaily at them as we flit by. Poor Leo! I am afraid she is not enjoying herself very much. She looks tired, cold, and cross. But it is no fault of mine that Wilfrid Yorke attaches himself to me for the remainder of the rapidly waning afternoon; I would far rather he devoted himself to her. I cannot understand his reason for not doing so, unless he is jealous of her companion. If that is the case, I will soon set his mind at rest.

"Suppose we sit down a little while?" I suggest, curving round at a fallen tree-trunk.

He assents readily, and, when I am seated, throws himself upon the hard dry ground at my feet. It is almost dark now, or I should suggest a more conventional attitude.

"We shall soon have to think about getting home," I say, looking anxiously up at the starless sky. "It is such a dark walk across those flats!"

"The moon will be up directly," he answers carelessly. "Grisel, do you mind my smoking? A cigar will put me in a good temper."

"Are you in a bad one?" I ask, laughing.

"Can't you see that I am? I'm possessed with an evil spirit. In fact it requires very little provocation to make me dangerous," he says, pushing his hat back and passing his hand across his b[illegible]old are you?"

"How old am I?" I echo, too surprised by the suddenness and irrelevancy of the query to at once reply. "I am nineteen next month. Why do you ask?"

In the rapidly-gathering darkness I look down at his upturned face with perplexed face with perplexed inquiry. His face puzzles me still more than his words; all its insouciance has gone, and it is grave and troubled. I never thought that Wilfrid Yorke could be so much in earnest.

"What a child to be married!" he exclaims, disregarding my question and speaking with low intensity.

"Yes, I am young—too young!" I say sadly, thinking with bitter remorse how totally I am disqualified for the position I so heedlessly undertook to fill.

"Then why on earth did you marry so soon? Why did you marry at all?" he demands with angry impatience. "Surely you could have waited! There were plenty more men in the world than one."

"But there were not plenty so noble, so good, so kind!" I cry warmly. It is a point of honour amongst us Churchills to defend the absent.

He shrugs his shoulders.

"At least there were plenty who would have made you happier than he has done. I defy you to say that, with all his nobility, goodness, and kindness, he succeeded in making you happy."

"It is my own fault if I am not!" I cry passionately. "And I was happy, very happy, when we were first married! It was only my wicked, hateful temper and ——"

"And what?"

In the gathering gloom he raises a pale passion-lit face to mine, and his voice is shaken with emotion.

I am frightened of Wilfrid Yorke in this strange mood; and, without answering him, I stoop down and commence taking off my skates. But he lays a firm detaining hand on mine and holds it in a vice-like grip.

"Answer me, Grisel!"

"Mr. Yorke, you forgot yourself!" I exclaim angrily. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

With a discordant laugh, he rises to his feet.

"Come Grisel, it is time we left here. Let me take those off. No? Ah, well, such is life! I wonder where your sister is. If you won't run away, I'll go and look after her. Promise me you'll stay here."

"Yes, yes; be quick!" I return impatiently. "Don't you see how foggy it's getting? We shall never find our way across the flats."

"Then we'd better take the road," he says with irritating coolness.

"You and Leo may take it if you like; I am going by the flats."

"Fair cousin, since it pleases you, it pleases me likewise."

The next moment he is lost in the pale vaporous mist. Fully ten minutes elapse before he returns; and, when does, it is alone.

"Can't you find her?" I ask anxiously.

"No; she must have started. She knew I wanted to catch the 7.15 train; so, I suppose, not seeing us, she concluded we had gone on. We are sure to find her and your friend at the station if we don't meet them on the way," he avers, with provoking *sang-froid*.

"Leo ought to know better than to go off like that!" I say crossly. We had better not waste any more time, or we shall lose the train; and I am anxious to get home. I ought never to have come. It serves me right!"

"I really think we had better run the risk of losing the train than losing ourselves."

We are outside the park-gates, and Wilfrid Yorke is gazing apprehensively at the mist-wreathed flats, which no sane person would attempt to cross on a night like this. I know it is madness; but my anxiety to reach home conquers all prudence. How would it look if Leo got back before me?

"Please yourself, and I shall please myself," is my impolite retort; and I set off walking at a rapid pace through the "formless gray confusion" which is fast covering all.

"Take my arm, Grisel."

"No, thank you; I am perfectly acquainted with the way. I have been here dozens of times."

In silence Wilfrid Yorke strides on beside me. I cannot see his face, so dense is the fog growing, but I hear his breath coming in short quick gasps. I know that our road is a straight one, and I endeavour to walk in an undeviating line. But, although I will not confess it, I am growing terribly frightened, for "the huge dusk gradually swallows up the plain," and I feel almost stifled, so oppressive is the air. It is like some hideous nightmare. Ah, when and where shall I awake?

"Grisel, I wish to Heaven we had taken the road!"

"Keep—straight—on!" I pant, my knees trembling so that at length, with a despairing sob, I totter and fall.

In an instant strong arms are round me, and I am lifted from the ground like an infant and pressed close to their owner's breast.

"Lie still, and I will carry you," whispers Wilfrid Yorke in a hoarse strained voice.

"You can't; I am too heavy. Put me down!" And, with the little strength that is left me, I make a feeble effort to release myself from the firm close clasp of his encircling arms.

"Lie still, I tell you!"

In my excited state the fierce passion of the man's tones so frightens me that I burst into a flood of childish tears. The arms that hold me twitch with sudden convulsion; I feel a hot breath on my tear-drowned cheek and then the contact of warm lips. With almost superhuman strength, I wrench myself from that iron grasp and struggle to my feet.

"Wilfrid Yorke, how dare you?"

"How dare I? Because I love you, because I would give my life but to touch your lips; because but for the accursed fate, you would, you must have been mine! You do not love your husband; your every action shows that. Why you married him Heaven knows! It was not for love. It was not—say it was not, darling?"—his passion suddenly merging into unutterable tenderness. "Were it not for those false miserable vows, you would have let me woo and win you; wouldn't you, sweet? Say 'Yes,' Grisel—little brown-haired Grisel, the only woman I ever loved. Where are you, darling? Confound this wretched darkness!"

His hand is on my sleeve, when, with one supreme effort, I break from him and run blindly, whither I know or care not, my only thought to escape from hearing words which shame my wifehood.

"Grisel—Grisel!" is borne faintly to me through the stagnant vapors; but, heedless, I stumble on, my feet sinking more deeply at every step into the now sodden soil. On, on I go, till my brain begins to reel—till my feet begin to fail me—till my breath is almost spent—till with one wild cry I fall prostrate to the earth, and Heaven grants unconsciousness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NOTABLE FOLKS.

ALFRED TENNYSON is 72. Not many of his readers have lived so long.

THE most powerful man, physically, in England is said to be Lord Hartington.

THE young lady who is said to be betrothed to King Louis of Bavaria is but thirteen, while he is thirty-six.

STANLEY, the explorer, is sick half way between Stanley Pool and the mouth of the Congo, and has made his will.

A black suit is the only wear for the streets in London, but Mr. Gladstone is to be seen in the House of Commons in a gray suit.

THE Rev. W. K. Hobart, of Londonderry, Ireland, thinks that the book of Acts was written by the good physician who also wrote Luke.

MUSTAPHA BEY, the ruler of Tunis, spent in his stay in Paris the trifle of $140,000. He carried home 200 gold watches and 10,000 pocket knives.

A part of the annual tribute paid by the Maharajah of Cashmere in acknowledgment of the suzerainty of the Empress of India are the Cashmere shawls which have for so long served the Queen a handy turn for wedding gifts.

THE mother of Lord Rosebery, Miss Hannah de Rothschild's husband, is the wife of the Duke of Cleveland, who bought the famous Battle Abbey, in England, from which Lady Holland eloped to marry Lord Holland.

PRINCE PRISDANG will arrive in England shortly, accompanied by a number of Siamese noblemen and one of the royal princesses, who will be intrusted to the charge of Mr. D. K. Mason, the Siamese Consul-General in London, to be educated.

THE Duke of Argyle passed his hon eymoo at his father-in-law's, the Bishop of Rochester's palace. Only one of his sons appears to have attended the marriage. The new Duchess will find a large ready-made family, by all accounts not too delighted to see her. The Princess Louise was not at the marriage.

KING OSCAR of Sweden has produced a drama, to which he has given the title of "The Castle of Kronborg." It has been translated into German, the translator working under the supervision and control of the royal author, who is evidently unwilling to have his labors botched in the conversion into other languages.

A spare, handsome man of sixty-four, with fine nose and tense upper lip, is the Rev. Newman Hall. His work *Come to Jesus*, has been translated into twenty languages, and has reached a circulation of three millions. His church is flanked by the Lincoln Memorial Tower, commemorating the abolition of slavery.

THE Pope's nephew lately applied to him for assistance to marry. The Pope borrowed $5,000 and gave it to him, saying that he should never be able to do more for him. Soon after, he made over to his family some $15,000, the whole of his small patrimony. What a contrast to Papal nepotism in other days.

THE King of the Hellenes has appointed Col. Karaiskaki to command a corps entrusted with the suppression of brigands in Thessaly. The number of robbers, especially in the neighborhood of Larissa, has so increased that the white population is terrorized, and travelling and commerce is almost entirely suspended. Col. Karaiskoki has already practically rooted out brigandage in Greece.

THE latest scandal about the Prince of Wales, and one that has caused no end of eye-rolling and head-wagging in evangelical circles, was recently set afloat by *The Record*, an English religious journal. It is to the effect that the prince had been guilty of playing lawn-tennis on Sunday at Lord Rosebery's seat at Epsom. The story has no foundation in fact.

DEAN STANLEY is reported as saying that he could find no pleasure in Dickens or appreciate his jokes. When he visited Boston, and was asked whether he wished to see people, institutions, or every-day life, "I want to see history," he replied. "Show me the old elm of the Common. I know it is blown down but I want to see where it was." It is said that he has left a diary.

THE name of Beaconsfield's heir—Coningsby—is the name of an extinct Herefordshire family. An adherent of William III., bearing the name, received the retort courteous from Attlebury on one occasion in the House of Lords. "The noble lord," said the prelate, "has compared me to Balaam, who, he reminds me, was reproved by an ass. Well, I have been reproved by none except his lordship."

THE Sultan of Turkey wants to get up a revival of Mahometanism. The Grand Scherif of Mecca backs him up by urging all the chiefs of the Mahometan priesthood to use their utmost exertions in increasing the number of pilgrims this year. The object is to work upon the religious feelings of the pilgrims and through them upon their friends and fellow-believers throughout all the Mahometan communities. It is believed that the Grand Scherif will this year address solemn exhortations to the pilgrims when they are assembled at the tomb of the Prophet, and will endeavor to impress on them the doctrine that all true believers, including those governed by independent Mahometan Princes, recognize the Sultan of Constantinople as the spiritual head of the entire Musulman world. This doctrine the pilgrims will be exhorted to impress upon their fellow-believers, in whatever part of Africa or Asia they may dwell. It is another proof of the growth of Pan-Islamite ideas that the Grand Scherif has ordered that, in all the mosques within his territory, the Turkish Sultan's name shall always be mentioned before his own in the chutba or prayer for the sovereign.

Jennie Lee has played *Jo* over one thousand times in five years. Her first appearance in the character was in San Francisco.

A semi-yearly paper published in Kansas advises advertisers to hand in their copy early and thus avoid the rush.

Farming on Shares.

Gabe Snodgrass owns a farm near Austin, and Jim Webster asked Gabe the other day what he was doing with his farm this year. "I has rented it on sheers to Sam Johnsing. He gets half a dollar outer ebery dollar he makes outen de farm." "But how does yer know he gibs yer de kerrect amount ob what he makes? He kin keep back some and you will neber know it." "Dar ain't no danger ob dat. Don't you see de more dollars he brings in ter me de more haf dollars he gets? You bet he ain't gwine ter keep back none. He ain't no fool. He wouldn't set no haf dollars outen de dollars he would keep back."

A southern negro, an ex-slave, hired a field from his old master to cultivate, he to receive one-third and the master two-thirds of the crop. The old negro was honest, but not up in arithmetic. The field yielded two loads, both of which he put in his master's crib, and reported to the astonished landlord, "Dar is no third, sah; de land am too poor to produce de third, sah."

Why the Alligator Swore off.

A pet alligator at Camden, N. J., which was addicted to intemperance, was reformed by putting Jamaica ginger in its whisky. The bibulous education of the alligator was begun by giving it a drink of port wine, and from this it was but a step to whisky and brandy, until the experiment became an expensive one. The story of the saurian's reformation is thus told by the owner:

"It was like pouring water down a rat hole, and we had to let up after the first day. The alligator got so full that he couldn't eat his breakfast the next day, and put up one paw as though he had a headache. The fun was kept up for some time, until a very funny gentleman happened in the saloon one day and filled the alligator's whisky full of Jamaica ginger. That, continued Mr. Brooker, looking fondly at his pet, who blinked stupidly, 'set the poor fellow against whisky. He reformed as suddenly as he took to drink. We poured the liquor as usual down the funnel, but before half the tumbler had been emptied the alligator was standing on the floor hissing like a snake. I started the funny man out of the house with a bung-driver, and the alligator cried large tears for nearly two minutes. Since then the little fellow has been a little temperance society all by himself, and drinks nothing but blood,' and as if to prove the truth of the story, the alligator slashed his tail about and grinned wider than ever."

The Best Farm Horse.

Years ago, when a faster horse than then existed was desirable, there was reason in the attempts to improve the speed of the animal, but there is hardly a doubt that the good of the farmer has been nearly altogether lost sight of in the desire to get horses of great speed. The best farm horse is the strong horse, and one that can step out lively, and has endurance to get through a day's work without great fatigue. The business of raising fast horses is altogether distinct from the business of the farmer. It is a source of excitement to see a horse race, but when a farmer thinks the horse he sees racing is the one he ought to have on his farm he makes a mistake. The heavy Norman horse would be more profitable than the one that was simply a racer.

ALIVE IN THEIR GRAVES.

Two Brothers, Being Fast in a Caved Well, Make Verbal Wills.

Mr. G. Wiard, who has just returned from O'Neil City, informs us that the two Biglow brothers, who resided in town for a while this spring before going to their homesteads near Atkinson, Holt Co., were buried in a well at that place on the 28th ult. by the caving in of the quicksand through which the well had been sunk, the curbing not being of sufficient strength to resist the pressure. Although one was severely injured by the timbers, he survived until the Saturday morning following, and the other, who was not injured, lived until that evening, when their strength was exhausted and death released them from misery. Although twenty-eight feet from the surface of the ground they could make themselves heard, and gave directions regarding the disposal of their property, advising their wives, who were sisters, to go back to their old home East, where they would be happier and more comfortable. There were more rescuers than could work at one time, and frequent changes of hands made, all being done that mortal could do, but of no avail, the brothers being fully aware that help could not reach them in time. They died calmly and manfully, taking their fate as true men do. They were exhumed Sunday and buried the same day.

Health Capital.

The merchant's economy is a coarse symbol of the soul's economy. It is, to spend for power and not for pleasure. It is to invest in course; that is to say, to take up particulars into integral ends,—literally, emotive, practical, of its life, and still to ascend in its investment. The merchant has but one rule, *absorb and invest*; he *is* to be capitalist; the scraps and filings must be gathered back into the crucible; the gas and smoke must be burned, and earnings must not go to increase expense, but to capital again. Well, the man must be capitalist. Will he spend his income, or will he invest? His body and every organ is under the same law. His body is a jar in which the liquor of life is stored. Will he spend for pleasure? The way to ruin is short and facile. Will he not spend, but hoard for power? It passes through the sacred fermentations by that law of nature whereby everything climbs to higher platforms, and bodily vigor becomes mental and moral vigor. The bread he eats is first strength and animal spirits; it becomes, in higher laboratories, imagery and thought, and in still higher results, courage and endurance. This is the right compound interest; this is capital doubled, quadrupled, centupled—man raised to his highest power.—*Emerson.*

Ardita, the famous composer of *Il Bacio*, *L'Ardito*, &c., has sailed for the United States.

ONE of the leading ministers of Boston plays the violin. A sort of fiddle D. D., so to speak.

HORSE-SHOEING.

BY D. D. SLADE, M.D., PROFESSOR OF AGRICULTURAL ZOOLOGY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Horse-shoeing, in the estimation of many intelligent people, is invested by certain mysterious principles, a knowledge of which they have neither the courage nor the disposition to acquire. They are bewildered by the numerous theories and arguments which are advanced for this or that mode of procedure, until they give over the subject in despair, and leave it in the hands of those who know even less than themselves. This obscurity, however, vanishes, if, laying aside all theories, the matter is presented in a simple and intelligent manner based as it should be, upon Anatomy and Physiology.

Let us consider, in the first place, whether shoeing is necessary in all cases, and if necessary, how it shall be done. In the unDomesticated condition of the horse, the equilibrium between the growth and wear of the hoof, which is but a horny appendage to the skin, is exactly maintained, but when subjected to labor upon hard and stony roads, this balance is destroyed, and the wear exceeds the growth. Hence arose the necessity of providing a defence against this excessive wear, resulting in the application of a metallic rim to the edges of the ground surface of the hoof. Such was the origin of the art of the Farrier. Under certain circumstances, however, as in strictly rural districts, upon soft and sandy roads, this excess of wear does not occur, and I am persuaded that in many cases shoeing might be entirely dispensed with, much to the relief of man and beast. Especially in the case of a young animal that has never been brought to the forge, the feet are eminently fitted by nature to a certain amount of hard usage and we but blindly follow a custom when we subject him to the constant wearing of shoes. Even during the winter months, and upon slippery roads, the unshod horse, will in most cases do his full share of labor, as any one can testify who has had experience.

The preparation of the hoof for the shoe where this last is actually required, is of vastly more importance than the particular kind of shoe, and necessitates, first and above all things, the proper levelling of the hoof. When the unshod foot comes to the ground every portion of its surface sustains some share of the weight, and also undergoes an amount of wear. The moment, however, that a shoe is applied, the weight is unequally distributed, especially when armed with high calkins, and the growth of the horn exceeds its wear, obliging the removal of the shoe at stated intervals, and the reduction of the foot to its normal condition.

In the young animal, shod for the first time, we have the appearances presented by a perfectly normal foot, which requires no preparation whatever for the proper application of the shoe, beyond slightly levelling with the rasp the ground surface of the outer crust. In the case of the horse that has previously been shod, it will be found that in the great majority of cases, the excess of horn which is to be removed exists at the toe. The wear at this point is prevented by the firm nailing of the shoe, and the consequent absence of all attrition, while at the heels, constant friction goes on between the two opposing surfaces owing to the non-use of nails, and modifies the growth. The amount of this fiction may readily be seen by examining the foot surface of any iron shoe that has been worn for the usual length of time. In so important a matter as bringing the foot to a proper level we must be governed by certain rules. Any excess of growth at the toe renders the pasterns more oblique, and consequently throws greater weight upon tendons and ligaments at the posterior portion of the limb, whereas too great height of heels throws undue violence upon the bones and joints of the extremities. Both of these conditions must be guarded against. Sufficient accuracy of level may be attained by the experienced eye, either in looking across the upturned foot, or by viewing it on the ground either from the front or at the side of the animal. In this last position the ground surface of the foot should present a level parallel to a line drawn transversely to the direction of the pasterns, or what, perhaps, may constitute a more practical rule to the majority of readers, the surface of the outer rim or crust of horn should be brought to a level with the firm, unpared sole. The sole requires no reduction whatever, and should be left untouched. Nature provides, by a process of exfoliation, for any excess of growth, and it needs no argument to convince the unprejudiced that we cannot improve upon her plans. Those who advocate the removal and paring out of the sole for the purpose of giving a supposed elasticity to this part, forget that, by so doing, they take away the natural defence against injury and disease, for which no substitute can be employed.

The frog is also to be retained in its full integrity, requiring neither paring nor cutting, however great the temptation to do these may be. The almost universal custom of destroying the natural buttresses which exist at the posterior portions of the foot by cutting deep notches in them is as irrational as it is barbarous. No process could be devised which would lead more speedily or surely to the contraction and consequent destruction of all the tissues of this region, than this "opening up the heels." I have never yet met with the man who could offer a satisfactory reason for this mutilation of the foot.

Rasping the crust of the hoof should never be allowed. The removal of the external horny fibres exposes those beneath to atmospherical influences when they are not fitted for such exposure, whereby the crust is weakened, rendered brittle, and liable to crack. Moreover this process of rasping removes the natural external polish which gives such a beautiful surface to the healthy foot, and which no substitute in the form of oil or blacking can supply. The very existence of such a polish or varnish is ignored by many farriers, who mercilessly rasp the entire wall, and think to conceal their ignorance by giving it a coat of some vile compound.

Thus it is seen to what a simple and perfectly plain operation the preparation of the foot for the shoe is reduced, and it is this preparation which, after all, constitutes the important part of the science of shoeing. If no mutilation of the foot is practised, either before or after the application of the shoe, it cannot be doubted that the organ is in a condition best fitted to withstand the amount of labor and strength required in it. The form and kind of shoe, the fitting, the treatment of limbs, etc., are all important, but secondary.

Plowing and Pulverizing.

American Agriculturist for September.

Our first plowing, some fifty years ago, was done with a wooden mould-board. Then came in wrought iron mould-board, hammered out by the blacksmith. About forty years ago the introduction of the cast iron mould-board, with replaceable points, caused no little excitement among farmers, as these could be produced so much more cheaply than wrought-iron, and being harder they wore longer. But on our stony farm the gain was partly countered-balanced by the breaking of the "points," and often of the "land-side" and even mould-board itself.—A few years later the steel mould-board and points came into use, and subsequently the chilled iron plows. But during these fifty years of improvement, and from time immemorial before that, the chief ends aimed at have been the perfecting of the old instrument, in form, in material, in the frame, in coulters, guiding wheels, etc. The principle has been the same, viz., the cutting off of a furrow slice and inverting it more or less perfectly.

But there has all the while been the feeling that Jethro Tulll was right in claiming that through *pulverising* the soil was *the* great revuisite or cultivation. And to secure this we had a succession of implements devised, as cultivators, rotary diggers, rotary harrows, etc. Most of them have been valuable so far as they have helped towards dividing the soil, so as to provide a finer seed bed. But we are incline to believe that Charles E. Sackett has now made such modifications and additions to the common plow, as to amount to a radical and most valuable change in its mode of operation and in the desirable results produced. Here is a general idea of it: First a surface plow which is readily and quickly adjusted to cut off two, three, or four inches in depth of the soil, and turn it well over into the bottom of the previous furrow. Following this, upon the same bearer or frame, is another plow adjustable to take up a sub-furrow of any desired depth. But this second, or sub slice, is not merely turned over in a mass upon the top of the first one with only such breaking as the lifting and the turning over will secure. Quite different. Upon the frame is an open-work wrought iron wheel or cylinder, say 40 inches in diameter, which follows upon and smoothes down in part the first turned slice of land, with its grass, stubble, weeds, etc. The second furrow is thrown *into* the revolving wheel, and carried round and round on its inside, among its teeth, and against its open-work bars on the rim and outer side, and it is so broken and pulverized quite as much as it could be done with roller any harrow, and without any trampling or packing by teams; it is left light and fine and in excellent condition for receiving seed. There is also provision for attaching both seed drill and fertilizer distributor. In brief, at one operation the soil is plowed, finely divided; sod, stubble, etc., buried, and seed sown. There are several simple, ingenious devices for raising and lowering the plows and wheels, for various depths, for turning at the side of the field, for self-transporting, etc.; etc., that would need engravings and lengthy descriptions to explain the fully.

Sunlight.

From Home.

The sun, if you will only open your house to him, is a faithful physician, who will be pretty constant in attendance, and who will send in no bills. Many years ago glass was something of a luxury, but now we can all have good-sized windows, and plenty of them, at moderate cost, and there is no excuse for making mere loop-holes, through which the sun can cast but half an eye, and from which one can gain only narrow glimpses of the beautiful outer world.

Bay-windows are a good thing. Their effect is very much like letting heaven into one's house, at least it ought to be like that, for it is nothing but absurdity and wickedness to darken such windows with shutters or heavy curtains until only a struggling ray of sunlight can be seen.

If bay-windows are too expensive, a very desirable substitute can be had by placing two ordinary sized windows side by side, with a wide capacious ledge at the bottom for seats or for plants.

A room with a window like this cannot fail to be cheery, and its effect in a simple cottage house is quite sumptuous. There is likewise in its favor the fact that it is less exposed than the deep bay-window to outer heat and cold.

"To sleep in unsunned chambers, and to work day after day in unsunned rooms, is the unrepented sin of half the nation," vigorously affirms a prominent writer.

If any rooms in the house must look solely to the north for illumination, let them be the parlor and the spare chamber. People who come and go can be cheerful for a while in a north-windowed apartment, but the constant dwellers in a house need its sunniest rooms.

The Execution of Maximilian.

New York Herald.

It is said that the Mexican authorities propose to build a monument on the site of the execution of Maximilian, the emperor of Mexico, and in commemoration of that event. We should be sorry to see our friends across the border do anything that might look like exultation over the fate of a generous and unfortunate prince. History shows that Maximilian in his Mexican adventure was more sinned against than sinning; that he was the tool of the Emperor Napoleon; that he allowed his ambition to carry away his judgment, and that, apart from his desire to overthrow the republic, his mission to Mexico was inspired by a beneficent and kindly feeling. His execution at the time was a blunder, just as much as it would have been for Mr. Johnson to have executed Jefferson Davis. Its effect upon Europe has been to keep Mexico back for at least ten years by isolating the republic from the sympathies and support of the outside world. Mexico can afford to be generous to the memory of this unfortunate Austrain prince, who was an honorable, accomplished, and virtuous gentleman, and who gave up his life in an effort to do what he thought was the best for the Mexican people.

THE ARLBERG TUNNEL.

Work Already Done on it and the Purposes it Will Serve.

From the London Standard.

The Emperor of Austria, during his recent visit to Baden and Vorarlberg, availed himself of the opportunity to inspect the Arlberg Tunnel, which, our Vienna correspondent informs us, is making satisfactory progress. To the engineer, whose habit is to regard mother earth as a something on which to exercise his skill, this will be glad tidings. It will afford him proof—were any required—that provided the capitalists find the funds, no natural obstacle need stand in the way of the navvy's pick and shovel. Diamond drills, compressed air borers, dynamite, and nitroglycerine have proved weapons more powerful than the forces of nature, and what the fist of autocrats, with legions of slaves at their bidding, could not accomplish, the prosaic contractor "sign articles" to complete within a given time, and for the sole consideration of so many filthy ducats paid punctually. Nor will the tourist who values his holiday run in a direct ratio to the number of leagues he can cover in the course of it, fail to rejoice at news which holds out the prospect of his being able to reach Styria and the Tyrol by a shorter route from France and Switzerland than those at present open. The Emperor justly estimates the value of the enterprise in stating that it is not only of importance to Austria and Hungary, but that it will greatly influence the international traffic between the East and the West of Europe.

To the anachronists, however, who still preserve some kindly regard for ancient associations and the amenities of nature generally, these Alpine tunnels are hateful works of art. A railway over the Brenner Pass was not quite what the old-fashioned traveler cared to see. But in time he reconciled it, as he had reconciled the still more imposing Semmering line, with his æsthetic conscience, and came to regard the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard Tunnels and the Vesuvian Railway as inevitable features in a dull world with little regard for sentiment, but a great deal for conveniences that bring dividends to the people that risk their money in contriving them. Mont Cenis and its tunnel are, however, now devoid of novelty, and in the course of the Autumn St. Gothard and its line of underground excavations will be part of the road which may be said to begin at Immensee, on the Lake of Zug, and end at Milan, which it unites with the Cisalpine system of railways. There has, indeed, been some talk of piercing Mont Blanc, though, happily, before this is done we shall have time to recover our shattered ideas of the fitness of things, and regain what composure Sir Edward Watkin has left us by the announcement that the submarine bore between Dover and Calais "is simply a question of time and money." The Arlberg works are, however, much nearer completion. It is little over a year since the project was first mooted, and so quietly have the contractors been going about their business that outside engineering circles, the piercing of the watershed between the Rhine and the Danube has excited less attention than the importance of the enterprise deserves.

The Arlberg is, indeed, one of those Alpine passes of which the foot is better known than the summit. The iron horse has not yet reached its base, and though the road, blasted, in places, through the Alfenzthal out of the solid rock, is sufficiently picturesque, most travellers bound for the Tyrol prefer the roundabout railway journey by way of Munich and Innsbruck, to having their bones shaken in the diligences that ply between Bludenz and the pleasant town on the Inn. But in many respects this spot, which is now being pierced, is geographically far more important than some others of more historical note. It is the watershed of the two greatest rivers of Europe, and may thus be fairly entitled to the distinction of holding, as it were, the balance between the Northern and Southern Germanic States. To the one belongs the water-way which, after coursing through the fairest portion of Europe, creeps between mud flats and Dutch sluices into the German Ocean. To the other, the still greater river which, after supplying ports to so many States, discharges itself into the Black Sea and *is*, therefore, almost lost to commerce.

The contractors who have undertaken to bore through the Arlberg have a less difficult task before them than that presented to M. Favre and his colleagues, and still less arduous than that of the tunneler of Mont Cenis, for they have the experience of their predecessors to guide them. Nor can the cost be, yard for yard, more. For what amount the Arlberg Tunnel will actually be completed it would be rash to affirm. The St. Gothard boring—or, rather, the succession of 59 tunnels of which the work consists—has absorbed, it is said, £6,800,000. But the obstacles which unexpectedly intervene to retard the progress of such undertakings are always unknown factors in calculating their price. Already, the firms engaged in piercing the Arlberg have for several months been unable to fill the exact terms of their contract, which stipulated that they were to excavate something like 10 feet per diem. Up to May their progress was not so great as this, especially on the western side of the mountains, where the rocks are tougher than those on the eastern slope. The work was further impeded by the inrush of immense quantities of water; but this enemy of the engineer having been subdued, the undertaking is now proceeding at an even more rapid rate than that prescribed in the bond. Altogether nearly 6,000 yards have been bored, the greatest headway being, however, made on the eastern side, where the tunnel is already considerably more than 3,000 feet from the surface. It must, therefore, be a long time before it can be utilized for traffic purposes. For even after the main task is completed the approaches have still to be made, and a hundred difficulties overcome, such as those which have hitherto prevented the utilization of the St. Gothard boring. Once completed, however, it will afford a quick route from Switzerland and France to the western Provinces of Austria. The first region to be benefited by the railway running under the Arlberg will, of course, be the Vorarlberg, but Salsburg, Styria, Upper and Lower Austria, Tyrol, and Istria will all be tapped by it.

Agnes Booth, Eben Plimpton and Dominick Murray will appear in Mrs. Burnett's forthcoming play at the Madison Square Theatre.

VERY LITTLE AND VERY BIG.

An Interview With Gen. Tom Thumb and Wife and Chang, the Giant.

Hearing that Gen. Thom Thumb and wife had arrived in the city a little in advance of the great Barnum turnout, a *Gazette* man shouldered his reportorial pencil and wending his way to the Grand Hotel, presented his card, and was shortly piloted to room No. 355, and ushered into the presence of the doughty little warrior and his even more diminutive wife. It was rather an unseemly hour to call upon married folks, being about 11 o.clock by the General's watch, but neither of those lilliputian specimens of humanity had sought their downy couch. After a few brief words of salutation, the interviewing process was begun. Both were lolling back in huge armchairs, with their little legs dangling in the air many inches from the floor.

The General, it was noticed, had become corpulent, and age had begun to tell upon him. His hair is smartly sprinkled with gray, while numerous wrinkles have furrowed his brow. This suggested the question o age, to which the General replied that he was 43.

"No older?" asked the scribe, remembering the many years he had been before the public.

"No," replied the General. "Many I know take me to be 50, but the mistake is owing so Mr. Barnum, he having represented me in my young days as some seven years older than I really was. I began my show life when only 4 years of age, but the public was told that I was 11."

"Ah, ha! Then Barnum does tell stories sometimes!" remarked the reporter.

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Stratton; "just see what awful stories he told about our courtship and marriage."

"What were those stories?" asked the scribe anxious to know the size of the great P. T.'s fabrications.

"Why, don't you know? He claims all the credit of our marriage, leading people to suppose that he did all the courting."

"Well, now what are we to infer from that, Mrs. Stratton?"

"Why, it is all a mistake, as I can testify to. It was a match of our own making, wasn't is, General?"

"Yes," said Tom, while a slight blush suffused his face. "I think I am man enough to do my own courting. Why, I have kissed more women, sir, than any man in the world," and the diminutive rascal bolstered himself up in his cushioned chair and winked slyly at the man of news.

"Did you hear that, Mrs. Stratton?" asked the would be mischief maker of the press, sharpening his pencil anew, for he expected a scene and was preparing for it.

"Oh, yes, I know the General, but I am not a bit jealous. Yes, he used to kiss every lady that bought a picture from him, and as he has been travelling for thirty-nine years, I expect he has kissed a great many. But he doesn't do it now. Not while I'm around, at any rate."

"Do you and the General ever quarrel?"

"W-e-l-l," drawled out the little lady, looking slyly at Tom and then at the reporter, until finally both laughed.

"That is sufficient," said the scribe; "let us not dwell upon so painful a subject."

"We don't exactly quarrel," said Tom, finely, "we merely disagree."

"Oh! ah! I see!" said the scribe.

"Well, when married folk tell me they never have any spats," said Mrs. S., "I just don't believe them, that's all. I am too much of a woman for that;" and both swung their little feet and twitched nervously during the painful pause that followed.

"Have you any children?" next asked the *Gazette* man, he being reminded of it by the General's allusion to his wedding.

"None living," said the lady; "we never had but one and that is dead, though according to the papers we have had several."

After inspecting the numerous presents of the General and pictures of his wife's deceased sister, Minnie Warren, the scribe bade the couple a hasty good night and climbed aloft to the room of Chang, the Chinese giant. That gentleman was just preparing for bed, and as the article as furnished by the Grand Hotel was fully three feet too short for his huge proportions, he had spread two mattresses upon the floor and was about to retire camp-fashion. Chang is indeed a wonderful specimen of humanity, making the reporter almost ashamed of himself as he looked smilingly down upon him. He was found to be quite an intelligent man, speaking several different languages, his English—that is, the little he spoke—being quite pure and entirely free from the "washee, washee" slang.

Chang informed the reporter that he was over eight feet high and weighed 360 pounds.

Love.

There is nothing on earth worthy of being compared for a moment with Love. No other thing that can give, by itself, unalloyed happiness. A loveless life is worthless, though passed in luxury, and crowned with the proudest laurels of successful ambition. A life well set about with love is blessed though haunted by that relentless fate which seems to deny to some men and women what the world calls success. To have been without a parent's love in childhood, without a love of brothers and sisters; to have passed youth without that more romantic love which makes heaven of earth; and to live on in maturity, neither feeling nor inspiring that strong, enduring love which makes any sacrifice easy, any toil pleasure, any burden light, so that it benefits the well-beloved, is to be poor indeed—so poor that even the pitying angels have nothing to give them that can do any good. And yet, how many know nothing of love, or only understand the word in its coarsest sense, so that one blushes to have uttered it in their presence. How many, more pure than these, sneer at it as a delusion and absurdity, not understanding that pure love is not a thing of the senses, but of the soul; not a flame, flickering and flashing over the passionate time of life, but a soft, steady glow, lighting it from the cradle to the grave, and one may even hope, burning on beyond it, since Heaven itself is love

To sail down the bay in a yacht,
When the weather is dreadfully hacht,
Is the very best way,
To while time away,
And to make folks envy your lacht.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES AND RECIPES.

The pickle question comes up every autumn as regularly as the season comes around. The purport of a large number of letters is: "How can we put up pickles to look like those in the store?" We have stated a number of times, and our letters of inquiry make it necessary to state again, that the fine appearance of the pickles sold in glass jars is due to two things. First, the "greening" of the pickles, and second, to the use of coloring vinegar. If people will buy very green pickles, they do so at the risk of copper poisoning. The bright green is produced by the use of copper in some form. The salted cucumbers are freshened by soaking them out of blood-warm water in a copper kettle; but the more common method is, to freshen the cucumbers by soaking them in luke-warm water, which is changed every 24 hours. Then to harden them, they are soaked in alum water, an ounce of alum to every five gallons, and to green them, an eighth of an ounce of verdigris is added to each five gallons of the alum water. Mind, we do not advise the use of verdigris in pickles. We prefer to take our verdigris without any pickles, but we give the method as stated in the works upon the subject. So far as we are aware, there is no method of having very bright green pickles without the use of copper in the form of verdigris, or by using copper vessels.

Colorless vinegar, the second condition upon which the fine appearance of the "store pickles" depends, has nothing unwholesome about it. This vinegar, though sold as "white wine vinegar," is really made from whiskey. It is not possible to produce vinegar except from alcohol in some form; it is the alcohol in cider, wine, beer, etc., that is converted into vinegar, and weak whiskey and water will, under the proper conditions, form vinegar. Such vinegar, while without the pleasant fragrance of that made from cider, is just as wholesome as any other, and is the kind used by the manufacturers for the pickles put up for sale.

For home pickles, why care if they are green or not? It is the taste and not the eye, that is to be gratified, and so long as the green color can only be had at the risk of poisoning by copper, let it be understood that all intensely bright green pickles are suspicious, and are to be avoided as unwholesome.

Stuffed pickles may be made either from unripe melons or from the very large peppers that are grown for the purpose. Melons thus pickled are called Mangoes, and in every melon patch there will be a number that will not ripen before frost, that may be used for the purpose. Those of the size of a large orange are best; cut out a piece from the stem end, large enough to admit a spoon to remove the contents; when this has been done, put the plug back in place, and secure it by a wooden pin. The melons thus prepared should be placed in a stone or wooden vessel and covered with brine, in which they are to remain for 24 hours. The stuffing is to be made ready according to the materials at hand; green tomatoes, cucumbers, cabbage, green peppers, onions, and the like, are to be chopped small; shredded horse-radish, mustard-seed, and any desired spice may be added. Take the melons from the brine, rinse them well, and fill them with the stuffing, securing the plug to each by means of wooden pins, or by sewing with coarse thread. Place the stuffed melons in a jar, and pour scalding vinegar over them. Pour off the vinegar the next day, scald and return, and do this for three or four successive days. Peppers can be treated in a similar manner, but with these it is better to make an opening in the side. The stuffing in either case may be varied according to fancy.

Summer Complaints.

Our readers are well aware that we do not advocate promiscuous dosing. Still every family, especially those living in the country, has its domestic remedies, and every mother is, or should be, able to treat those troubles that occur in her household, that are not sufficiently grave to warrant the calling in of the family doctor. At this season, one of the most common troubles is diarrhœa, or looseness of the bowels. It is not only very common, but with children is often concealed from the parents, and thus becomes established. Complaints of this kind usually yield to some mild form of astringent. For such troubles there is everywhere at hand a most excellent remedy in the form of the root of the common Blackberry, whether of the upright or the creeping form, it makes no difference. The roots of one or the other kind are to be had everywhere in the country, and a decoction or tea made from them, is regarded by our best medical men as a most useful remedy in nearly all forms of what is popularly known as Summer Complaints. As the plants are everywhere, the remedy is always to be had. A decoction made by boiling an ounce, more or less, in a pint and a half of water down to a pint, is the usual method of administration. Of the tea thus prepared, a wine-glassful is the usual dose for a grown person, and a teaspoonful for a small child. The testimony from all parts of the country is in favor of the efficacy of this remedy for old and young, and in recent and prolonged cases. In the obstinate army diarrhœa, which gave so much trouble in our camps, this was found to be a most useful remedy. As its effect is that of a pure astringent, it may be taken without reference to any exact amount, and, if desired, may be rendered more palatable by the use of aromatics. It will be well, when the growing season is over, and before the ground is closed by frost, to dig a supply of the roots to be kept on hand for use in an emergency.

Fruit Stains.

In the season of fruits, the napkins used at table, and often the handkerchiefs and other articles, will become stained. Those who have access to a good drug-store can procure a bottle of Javelle Water. If the stains are wet with this before the articles are put into the wash, they will be completely removed. Those who can not get Javelle water can make a solution of Chloride of lime. Four ounces of the Chloride of Lime is to be put into a quart of water, in a bottle, and after thorough shaking allow the dregs to settle. The clear liquid will remove the stains as readily as Javelle water, but in using this, one precaution must be observed. Be carefully to thoroughly rinse the article to which this solution has been applied.

HORSE-SHOEING.

BY D. D. SLADE, M.D., PROFESSOR OF AGRICULTURAL ZOOLOGY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Horse-shoeing, in the estimation of many intelligent people, is invested by certain mysterious principles, a knowledge of which they have neither the courage nor the disposition to acquire. They are bewildered by the numerous theories and arguments which are advanced for this or that mode of procedure, until they give over the subject in despair, and leave it in the hands of those who know even less than themselves. This obscurity, however, vanishes, if, laying aside all theories, the matter is presented in a simple and intelligent manner based as it should be, upon Anatomy and Physiology.

Let us consider, in the first place, whether shoeing is necessary in all cases, and if necessary, how it shall be done. In the undomesticated condition of the horse, the equilibrium between the growth and wear of the hoof, which is but a horny appendage to the skin, is exactly maintained, but when subjected to labor upon hard and stony roads, this balance is destroyed, and the wear exceeds the growth. Hence arose the necessity of providing a defence against this excessive wear, resulting in the application of a metallic rim to the edges of the ground surface of the hoof. Such was the origin of the art of the Farrier. Under certain circumstances, however, as in strictly rural districts, upon soft and sandy roads, this excess of wear does not occur, and I am persuaded that in many cases shoeing might be entirely dispensed with, much to the relief of man and beast. Especially in the case of a young animal that has never been brought to the forge, the feet are eminently fitted by nature to a certain amount of hard usage and we but blindly follow a custom when we subject him to the constant wearing of shoes. Even during the winter months, and upon slippery roads, the unshod horse, will in most cases do his full share of labor, as any one can testify who has had experience.

The preparation of the hoof for the shoe where this last is actually required, is of vastly more importance than the particular kind of shoe, and necessitates, first and above all things, the proper levelling of the hoof. When the unshod foot comes to the ground every portion of its surface sustains some share of the weight, and also undergoes an amount of wear. The moment, however, that a shoe is applied, the weight is unequally distributed, especially when armed with high calkins, and the growth of the horn exceeds its wear, obliging the removal of the shoe at stated intervals, and the reduction of the foot to its normal condition.

In the young animal, shod for the first time, we have the appearances presented by a perfectly normal foot, which requires no preparation whatever for the proper application of the shoe, beyond slightly levelling with the rasp the ground surface of the outer crust. In the case of the horse that has previously been shod, it will be found that in the great majority of cases, the excess of horn which is to be removed exists at the toe. The wear at this point is prevented by the firm nailing of the shoe, and the consequent absence of all attrition, while at the heels, constant friction goes on between the two opposing surfaces owing to the non-use of nails, and modifies the growth. The amount of this fiction may readily be seen by examining the foot surface of any iron shoe that has been worn for the usual length of time. In so important a matter as bringing the foot to a proper level we must be governed by certain rules. Any excess of growth at the toe renders the pasterns more oblique, and consequently throws greater weight upon tendons and ligaments at the posterior portion of the limb, whereas too great height of heels throws undue violence upon the bones and joints of the extremities. Both of these conditions must be guarded against. Sufficient accuracy of level may be attained by the experienced eye, either in looking across the upturned foot, or by viewing it on the ground either from the front or at the side of the animal. In this last position the ground surface of the foot should present a level parallel to a line drawn transversely to the direction of the pasterns, or what, perhaps, may constitute a more practical rule to the majority of readers, the surface of the outer rim or crust of horn should be brought to a level with the firm, unpared sole. The sole requires no reduction whatever, and should be left untouched. Nature provides, by a process of exfoliation, for any excess of growth, and it needs no argument to convince the unprejudiced that we cannot improve upon her plans. Those who advocate the removal and paring out of the sole for the purpose of giving a supposed elasticity to this part, forget that, by so doing, they take away the natural defence against injury and disease, for which no substitute can be employed.

The frog is also to be retained in its full integrity, requiring neither paring nor cutting, however great the temptation to do these may be. The almost universal custom of destroying the natural buttresses which exist at the posterior portions of the foot by cutting deep notches in them is as irrational as it is barbarous. No process could be devised which would lead more speedily or surely to the contraction and consequent destruction of all the tissues of this region, than this "opening up the heels." I have never yet met with the man who could offer a satisfactory reason for this mutilation of the foot.

Rasping the crust of the hoof should never be allowed. The removal of the external horny fibres exposes those beneath to atmospherical influences when they are not fitted for such exposure, whereby the crust is weakened, rendered brittle, and liable to crack. Moreover this process of rasping removes the natural external polish which gives such a beautiful surface to the healthy foot, and which no substitute in the form of oil or blacking can supply. The very existance of such a polish or varnish is ignored by many farriers, who mercilessly rasp the entire wall, and think to conceal their ignorance by giving it a coat of some vile compound.

Thus it is seen to what a simple and perfectly plain operation the preparation of the foot for the shoe is reduced, and it is this preparation which, after all, constitutes the important part of the science of shoeing. If no mutilation of the foot is practised, either before or after the application of the shoe, it cannot be doubted that the organ is in a condition best fitted to withstand the amount of labor and strength required in it. The form and kind of shoe, the fitting, the treatment of limbs, etc., are all important, but secondary.

Plowing and Pulverizing.

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Our first plowing, some fifty years ago, was done with a wooden mould-board. Then came in wrought iron mould-board, hammered out by the blacksmith. About forty years ago the introduction of the cast iron mould-board, with replaceable points, caused no little excitement among farmers, as these could be produced so much more cheaply than wrought-iron, and being harder they wore longer. But on our stony farm the gain was partly countered-balanced by the breaking of the "points," and often of the "land-side" and even mould-beard itself.—A few years later the steel mould-board and points came into use, and subsequently the chilled iron plows. But during these fifty years of improvement, and from time immemorial before that, the chief ends aimed at have been the perfecting of the old instrument, in form, in material, in the frame, in coulters, guiding wheels, etc. The principle has been the same, viz., the cutting off of a furrow slice and inverting it more or less perfectly.

But there has all the while been the feeling that Jethro Tulll was right in claiming that through *pulverising* the soil was *the* great revuisite or cultivation. And to secure this we had a succession of implements devised, as cultivators, rotary diggers, rotary harrows, etc. Most of them have been valuable so far as they have helped towards dividing the soil, so as to provide a finer seed bed. But we are incline to believe that Charles F. Sackett has now made such modifications and additions to the common plow, as to amount to a radical and most valuable change in its mode of operation and in the desirable results produced. Here is a general idea of it: First a surface plow which is readily and quickly adjusted to cut off two, three, or four inches in depth of the soil, and turn it well over into the bottom of the previous furrow. Following this, upon the same bearer or frame, is another plow adjustable to take up a sub-furrow of any desired depth. But this second, or sub slice, is not merely turned over in a mass upon the top of the first one with only such breaking as the lifting and the turning over will secure. Quite different. Upon the frame is an open-work wrought iron wheel or cylinder, say 40 inches in diameter, which follows upon and smoothes down in part the first turned slice of land, with its grass, stubble, weeds, etc. The second furrow is thrown *into* the revolving wheel, and carried round and round on its inside, among its teeth, and against its open-work bars on the rim and outer side, and it is so broken and pulverized quite as much as it could be done with roller any harrow, and without any trampling or packing by teams; it is left light and fine and in excellent condition for receiving seed. There is also provision for attaching both seed drill and fertilizer distributor. In brief, at one operation the soil is plowed, finely divided; sod, stubble, etc., buried, and seed sown. There are several simple, ingenious devices for raising and lowering the plows and wheels, for various depths, for turning at the side of the field, for self-transporting, etc.; etc., that woulp need engravings and lengthy descriptions to explain the fully.

Sunlight.

From Homes.

The sun, if you will only open your house to him, is a faithful physician, who will be pretty constant in attendance, and who will send in no bills. Many years ago glass was something of a luxury, but now we can all have good-sized windows, and plenty of them, at moderate cost, and there is no excuse for making mere loop-holes, through which the sun can cast but half an eye, and from which one can gain only narrow glimpses of the beautiful outer world.

Bay-windows are a good thing. Their effect is very much like letting heaven into one's house, at least it ought to be like that, for it is nothing but absurdity and wickedness to darken such windows with shutters or heavy curtains until only a struggling ray of sunlight can be seen.

If bay-windows are too expensive, a very desirable substitute can be had by placing two ordinary sized windows side by side, with a wide capacious ledge at the bottom for seats or for plants.

A room with a window like this cannot fail to be cheery, and its effect in a simple cottage house is quite sumptuous. There is likewise in its favor the fact that it is less exposed than the deep bay-window to outer heat and cold.

"To sleep in unsunned chambers, and to work day after day in unsunned rooms, is the unrepented sin of half the nation," vigorously affirms a prominent writer.

If any rooms in the house must look solely to the north for illumination, let them be the parlor and the spare chamber. People who come and go can be cheerful for a while in a north-windowed apartment, but the constant dwellers in a house need its sunniest rooms.

The Execution of Maximilian.

New York Herald.

It is said that the Mexican authorities propose to build a monument on the site of the execution of Maximilian, the emperor of Mexico, and in commemoration of that event. We should be sorry to see our friends across the border do anything that might look like exultation over the fate of a generous and unfortunate prince. History shows that Maximilian in his Mexican adventure was more sinned against than sinning; that he was the tool of the Emperor Napoleon; that he allowed his ambition to carry away his judgment, and that, apart from his desire to overthrow the republic, his mission to Mexico was inspired by a beneficent and kindly feeling. His execution at the time was a blunder, just as much as it would have been for Mr. Johnson to have executed Jefferson Davis. Its effect upon Europe has been to keep Mexico back for at least ten years by isolating the republic from the sympathies and support of the outside world. Mexico can afford to be generous to the memory of this unfortunate Austrain prince, who was an honorable, accomplished, and virtuous gentleman, and who gave up his life in an effort to do what he thought was the best for the Mexican people.

THE ARLBERG TUNNEL.

Work Already Done on it and the Purposes it Will Serve.

From the London Standard.

The Emperor of Austria, during his recent visit to Baden and Vorarlberg, availed himself of the opportunity to inspect the Arlberg Tunnel, which, our Vienna correspondent informs us, is making satisfactory progress. To the engineer, whose habit is to regard mother earth as a something on which to exercise his skill, this will be glad tidings. It will afford him proof—were any required—that provided the capitalists find the funds, no natural obstacle need stand in the way of the navvy's pick and shovel. Diamond drills, compressed air borers, dynamite, and nitroglycerine have proved weapons more powerful than the forces of nature, and what the fiat of autocrats, with legions of slaves at their bidding, could not accomplish, the prosaic contractor "sign articles" to complete within a given time, and for the sole consideration of so many filthy ducats paid punctually. Nor will the tourist who values his holiday run in a direct ratio to the number of leagues he can cover in the course of it, fail to rejoice at news which holds out the prospect of his being able to reach Styria and the Tyrol by a shorter route from France and Switzerland than those at present open. The Emperor justly estimates the value of the enterprise in stating that it is not only of importance to Austria and Hungary, but that it will greatly influence the international traffic between the East and the West of Europe.

To the anachronists, however, who still preserve some kindly regard for ancient associations and the amenities of nature generally, these Alpine tunnels are hateful works of art. A railway over the Brenner Pass was not quite what the old-fashioned traveler cared to see. But in time he reconciled it, as he had reconciled the still more imposing Semmering line, with his æsthetic conscience, and came to regard the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard Tunnels and the Vesuvian Railway as inevitable features in a dull world with little regard for sentiment, but a great deal for conveniences that bring dividends to the people that risk their money in contriving them. Mont Cenis and its tunnel are, however, now devoid of novelty, and in the course of the Autumn St. Gothard and its line of underground excavations will be part of the road which may be said to begin at Immensee, on the Lake of Zug, and end at Milan, which it unites with the Cisalpine system of railways. There has, indeed, been some talk of piercing Mont Blanc, though, happily, before this is done we shall have time to recover our shattered ideas of the fitness of things, and regain what composure Sir Edward Watkin has left us by the announcement that the submarine bore between Dover and Calais "is simply a question of time and money." The Arlberg works are, however, much nearer completion. It is little over a year since the project was first mooted, and so quietly have the contractors been going about their business that outside engineering circles, the piercing of the watershed between the Rhine and the Danube has excited less attention than the importance of the enterprise deserves.

The Arlberg is, indeed, one of those Alpine passes of which the foot is better known than the summit. The iron horse has not yet reached its base, and though the road, blasted, in places, through the Alfenzthal out of the solid rock, is sufficiently picturesque, most travellers bound for the Tyrol prefer the roundabout railway journey by way of Munich and Innsbruck, to having their bones shaken in the diligences that ply between Bludenz and the pleasant town on the Inn. But in many respects this spot, which is now being pierced, is geographically far more important than some others of more historical note. It is the watershed of the two greatest rivers of Europe, and may thus be fairly entitled to the distinction of holding, as it were, the balance between the Northern and Southern Germanic States. To the one belongs the water-way which, after coursing through the fairest portion of Europe, creeps between mud flats and Dutch sluices into the German Ocean. To the other, the still greater river which, after supplying ports to so many States, discharges itself into the Black Sea and is, therefore, almost lost to commerce.

The contractors who have undertaken to bore through the Arlberg hace a less difficult task before them than that presented to M. Favre and his colleagues, and still less arduous than that of the tunneler of Mont Cenis, for they have the experience of their predecessors to guide them. Nor can the cost be, yard for yard, more. For what amount the Arlberg Tunnel will actually be completed it would be rash to affirm. The St. Gothard boring—or, rather, the succession of 59 tunnels of which the work consists—has absorbed, it is said, £6,800,000. But the obstacles which unexpectedly intervene to retard the progress of such undertakings are always unknown factors in calculating their price. Already, the firms engaged in piercing the Arlberg have for several months been unable to fill the exact terms of their contract, which stipulated that they were to excavate something like 10 feet per diem. Up to May their progress was not so great as this, especially on the western side of the mountains, where the rocks are tougher than those on the eastern slope. The work was further impeded by the inrush of immense quantities of water; but this enemy of the engineer having been subdued, the undertaking is now proceeding at an even more rapid rate than that prescribed in the bond. Altogether nearly 6,000 yards have been bored, the greatest headway being, however, made on the eastern side, where the tunnel is already considerably more than 3,000 feet from the surface. It must, therefore, be a long time before it can be utilized for traffic purposes. For even after the main task is completed the approaches have still to be made, and a hundred difficulties overcome, such as those which have hitherto prevented the utilization of the St. Gothard boring. Once completed, however, it will afford a quick route from Switzerland and France to the western Provinces of Austria. The first region to be benefited by the railway running under the Arlberg will, of course, be the Vorarlberg, but Salzburg, Styria, Upper and Lower Austria, Tyrol, and Istria will all be tapped by it.

Agnes Booth, Eben Plimpton and Dominick Murray will appear in Mrs. Burnett's forthcoming play at the Madison Square Theatre.

VERY LITTLE AND VERY BIG.

An Interview With Gen. Tom Thumb and Wife and Chang, the Giant.

Hearing that Gen. Thom Thumb and wife had arrived in the city a little in advance of the great Barnum turnout, a *Gazette* man shouldered his reportorial pencil and wending his way to the Grand Hotel, presented his card, and was shortly piloted to room No. 355, and ushered into the presence of the doughty little warrior and his even more diminutive wife. It was rather an unseemly hour to call upon married folks, being about 11 o'clock by the General's watch, but neither of those lilliputian specimens of humanity had sought their downy couch. After a few brief words of salutation, the interviewing process was begun. Both were lolling back in huge armchairs, with their little legs dangling in the air many inches from the floor.

The General, it was noticed, had become corpulent, and age had begun to tell upon him. His hair is smartly sprinkled with gray, while numerous wrinkles have furrowed his brow. This suggested the question o age, to which the General replied that he was 43.

"No older?" asked the scribe, remembering the many years he had been before the public.

"No," replied the General. "Many I know take me to be 50, but the mistake is owing so Mr. Barnum, he having represented me in my young days as some seven years older than I really was. I began my show life when only 4 years of age, but the public was told that I was 11."

"Ah, ha! Then Barnum does tell stories sometimes!" remarked the reporter.

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Stratton; "just see what awful stories he told about our courtship and marriage."

"What were those stories?" asked the scribe anxious to know the size of the great P. T.'s fabrications.

"Why, don't you know? He claims all the credit of our marriage, leading people to suppose that he did all the courting."

"Well, now what are we to infer from that, Mrs. Stratton?"

"Why, it is all a mistake, as I can testify to. It was a match of our own making, wasn't is, General?"

"Yes," said Tom, while a slight blush suffused his face. "I think I am man enough to do my own courting. Why, I have kissed more women, sir, than any man in the world," and the diminutive rascal bolstered himself up in his cushioted chair and winked slyly at the man of news.

"Did you hear that, Mrs. Stratton?" asked the would be mischief maker of the press, sharpening his pencil anew, for he expected a scene and was preparing for it.

"Oh, yes, I know the General, but I am not a bit jealous. Yes, he used to kiss every lady that bought a picture from him, and as he has been travelling for thirty-nine years, I expect he has kissed a great many. But he doesn't do it now. Not while I'm around, at any rate."

"Do you and the General ever quarrel?"

"W-e-l-l," drawled out the little lady, looking slyly at Tom and then at the reporter, until finally both laughed.

"That is sufficient," said the scribe; "let us not dwell upon so painful a subject."

"We don't exactly quarrel," said Tom, finely, "we merely disagree."

"Oh! ah! I see!" said the scribe.

"Well, when married folk tell me they never have any spats," said Mrs. S., "I just don't believe them, that's all. I am too much of a woman for that;" and both swung their little feet and twitched nervously during the painful pause that followed.

"Have you any children?" next asked the *Gazette* man, he being reminded of it by the General's allusion to his wedding.

"None living," said the lady; "we never had but one and that is dead, though according to the papers we have had several."

After inspecting the numerous presents of the General and pictures of his wife's deceased sister, Minnie Warren, the scribe bade the couple a hasty good night and climbed aloft to the room of Chang, the Chinese giant. That gentleman was just preparing for bed, and as the article as furnished by the Grand Hotel was fully three feet too short for his huge proportions, he had spread two mattresses upon the floor and was about to retire camp-fashion. Chang is indeed a wonderful specimen of humanity, making the reporter almost ashamed of himself as he looked smilingly down upon him. He was found to be qui e an intelligent man, speaking several different languages, his English—that is, the little he spoke—being quite pure and entirely free from the "washee, washee" slang.

Chang informed the reporter that he was over eight feet high and weighed 360 pounds.

Love.

There is nothing on earth worthy of being compared for a moment with Love. No other thing that can give, by itself, unalloyed happiness. A loveless life is worthless, though passed in luxury, and crowned with the proudest laurels of successful ambition. A life well set about with love is blessed though haunted by that relentless fate which seems to deny to some men and women what the world calls success. To have been without a parent's love in childhood, without a love of brothers and sisters; to have passed youth without that more romantic love which makes heaven of earth; and to live on in maturity, neither feeling nor inspiring that strong, enduring love which makes any sacrifice easy, any toil pleasure, any burden light, so that it benefits the well-beloved, is to be poor indeed—so poor that even the pitying angels have nothing to give them that can do any good. And yet, how many know nothing of love, or only understand the word in its coarsest sense, so that one blushes to have uttered it in their presence. How many, more pure than these, sneer at it as a delusion and absurdity, not understanding that pure love is not a thing of the senses, but of the soul; not a flame, flickering and flashing over the passionate time of life, but a soft, steady glow, lighting it from the cradle to the grave, and one may even hope, burning on beyond it, since Heaven itself is love

To sail down the bay in a yacht,
When the weather is dreadfully hacht,
Is the very best way,
To while time away,
And to make folks envy your lacht.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES AND QUERIES.

The pickle question comes up every autumn as regularly as the season comes around. The purport of a large number of letters is: "How can we put up pickles to look like those in the store?" We have stated a number of times, and our letters of inquiry make it necessary to state again, that the fine appearance of the pickles sold in glass jars is due to two things. First, the "greening" of the pickles, and second, to the use of coloring vinegar. If people will buy very green pickles, they do so at the risk of copper poisoning. The bright green is produced by the use of copper in some form. The salted cucumbers are freshened by soaking them out of blood-warm water in a copper kettle; but the more common method is, to freshen the cucumbers by soaking them in luke-warm water, which is changed every 24 hours. Then to harden them, they are soaked in alum water, an ounce of alum to every five gallons, and to green them, an eighth of an ounce of verdigris is added to each five gallons of the alum water. Mind, we do not advise the use of verdigris in pickles. We prefer to take our verdigris without any pickles, but we give the method as stated in the works upon the subject. So far as we are aware, there is no method of having very bright green pickles without the use of copper in the form of verdigris, or by using copper vessels.

Colorless vinegar, the second condition upon which the fine appearance of the "store pickles" depends, has nothing unwholesome about it. This vinegar, though sold as "white wine vinegar," is really made from whiskey. It is not possible to produce vinegar except from alcohol in some form; it is the alcohol in cider, wine, beer, etc., that is converted into vinegar, and weak whiskey and water will, under the proper conditions, form vinegar. Such vinegar, while without the pleasant fragrance of that made from cider, is just as wholesome as any other, and is the kind used by the manufacturers for the pickles put up for sale.

For home pickles, why care if they are green or not? It is the taste and not the eye, that is to be gratified, and so long as the green color can only be had at the risk of poisoning by copper, let it be understood that all intensely bright green pickles are suspicious, and are to be avoided as unwholesome.

Stuffed pickles may be made either from unripe melons or from the very large peppers that are grown for the purpose. Melons thus pickled are called Mangoes, and in every melon patch there will be a number that will not ripen before frost, that may be used for the purpose. Those of the size of a large orange are best; cut out a piece from the stem end, large enough to admit a spoon to remove the contents; when this has been done, put the plug back in place, and secure it by a wooden pin. The melons thus prepared should be placed in a stone or wooden vessel and covered with brine, in which they are to remain for 24 hours. The stuffing is to be made ready according to the materials at hand; green tomatoes, cucumbers, cabbage, green peppers, onions, and the like, are to be chopped small; shredded horse-radish, mustard-seed, and any desired spice may be added. Take the melons from the brine, rinse them well, and fill them with the stuffing, securing the plug to each by means of wooden pins, or by sewing with coarse thread. Place the stuffed melons in a jar, and pour scalding vinegar over them. Pour off the vinegar the next day, scald and return, and do this for three or four successive days. Peppers can be treated in a similar manner, but with these it is better to make an opening in the side. The stuffing in either case may be varied according to fancy.

Summer Complaints.

Our readers are well aware that we do not advocate promiscuous dosing. Still every family, especially those living in the country, has its domestic remedies, and every mother is, or should be, able to treat those troubles that occur in her household, that are not sufficiently grave to warrant the calling in of the family doctor. At this season, one of the most common troubles is diarrhœa, or looseness of the bowels. It is not only very common, but with children is often concealed from the parents, and thus becomes established. Complaints of this kind usually yield to some mild form of astringent. For such troubles there is everywhere at hand a most excellent remedy in the form of the root of the common Blackberry, whether of the upright or the creeping form, it makes no difference. The roots of one or the other kind are to be had everywhere in the country, and a decoction or tea made from them, is regarded by our best medical men as a most useful remedy in nearly all forms of what is popularly known as Summer Complaints. As the plants are everywhere, the remedy is always to be had. A decoction made by boiling an ounce, more or less, in a pint and a half of water down to a pint, is the usual method of administration. Of the tea thus prepared, a wine-glassful is the usual dose for a grown person, and a teaspoonful for a small child. The testimony from all parts of the country is in favor of the efficacy of this remedy for old and young, and in recent and prolonged cases. In the obstinate army diarrhœa, which gave so much trouble in our camps, this was found to be a most useful remedy. As its effect is that of a pure astringent, it may be taken without reference to any exact amount, and, if desired, may be rendered more palatable by the use of aromatics. It will be well, when the growing season is over, and before the ground is closed by frost, to dig a supply of the roots to be kept on hand for use in an emergency.

Fruit Stains.

In the season of fruits, the napkins used at table, and often the handkerchiefs and other articles, will become stained. Those who have access to a good drug-store can procure a bottle of Javelle Water. If the stains are wet with this before the articles are put into the wash, they will be completely removed. Those who can not get Javelle water can make a solution of Chloride of lime. Four ounces of the Chloride of Lime is to be put into a quart of water, in a bottle, and after thorough shaking allow the dregs to settle. The clear liquid will remove the stains as readily as Javelle water, but, in using this, one precaution must be observed. Be carefully to thoroughly rinse the article to which this solution has been applied.

Desirable Property for Sale

THE HOUSE and an acre and a quarter of land on the East side of Wellington Street, in the village of Madoc, owned by Mrs. Gunn. The above lot is well situated, near the Post Office. Title guaranteed. Terms easy. Apply to

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Barristers, Madoc.

Dated, 1st June, 1880.

TO BE LET.

LOTS 57 and 58, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.

Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

FOR SALE.

A CORNER LOT on Church and Elgin streets, Madoc, with two good new frame dwellings and a good new frame barn, also plenty of room for three more dwellings on the lot. This property is situated about twenty rods from the business portion of the village.

Terms liberal. Apply to
WILLIAM MOORE.
On the premises.

Madoc, March 29th 1880.

$2.50! ONLY $2.50!

FOR

IRONSTONE CHINA TEA SETS

Only $1.10 per bush. for good Dried Apples
" 30, 40 and 50c per lb. for good Teas.
" Cost Price for Boots and Shoes, etc.

FLOUR, PORK AND GENERAL GROCERIES,

N. D. PETERS,

O'Flynn Block, - Madoc.

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Municipal Council of the United Townships of Elzevir and Grimsthorpe will pass a By-Law at their next meeting, to be held on the 31st of October next, for the purpose of opening and establishing a Road commencing at south side of Lot 16, in 4th Concession of Elzevir, running across part Lot 16 in the 4th, 16 and part 17 in the 5th, to 6th Concession line, Elzevir. All persons interested therein will govern themselves accordingly.

E. JAMES.
Township Clerk.

Bridgewater, 12th Sept., 1881. 232-4t.

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—AT—

D. W. WRIGHT'S,

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Stone and Glass Fruit Jars

A SPLENDID QUALITY OF

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In 10 gallon kegs and on draught, for summer use.

—A choice lot of

Groceries, Crockery and Liquors,

Gooderham & Worts' Proof, Old Rye, and Malt Whiskies always in stock.

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A full stock of Pure Drugs and Chemicals always on hand.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS
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Carefully Compounded.

A full stock of

SCHOOL BOOKS,

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At Publishers' prices.

Agent, Montreal Telegraph Co

Madoc, August 16th, 1881.

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JUST RECEIVED AT THE

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CANNED PORK & BEANS.
" LUNCH TONGUE.
" C. C. BEEF.
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" OX-TAIL SOUP.
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EXTRACT COFFEE,
CONDENSED MILK,
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BRANCH OFFICE, DETROIT THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE, west front street, over OVERELL'S STORE, opposite GLASGOW WARE HOUSE, BELLEVILLE,

on all the various diseases of the Head, Throat, and Chest, including the Eye, Ear, and Heart.

The Doctor will also attend to all

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Over 20,000 successfully treated at our Head Office in Detroit since 1870.

The very best references given from all parts of Canada from those already cured.

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LOT No. 31, 10th Con., Madoc. Good iron ore beds on the same. Gold has also been found. Apply to JOHN BROAD.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

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MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

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LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

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This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

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And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

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JAS. WHYTOCK,

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DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

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Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

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We keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Nails,
Glass,
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AT VERY LOW PRICES.

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We are offering nails at $2.85 per keg.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, April, 28th, 1881.

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WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

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CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,

Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Cash price.

JANE WRIGHT.

MADOC, January 1st, 1880.

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All Wool Tweed Suits For $6.50.

Diagonal Suits $9.

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